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THE NEW YORKER

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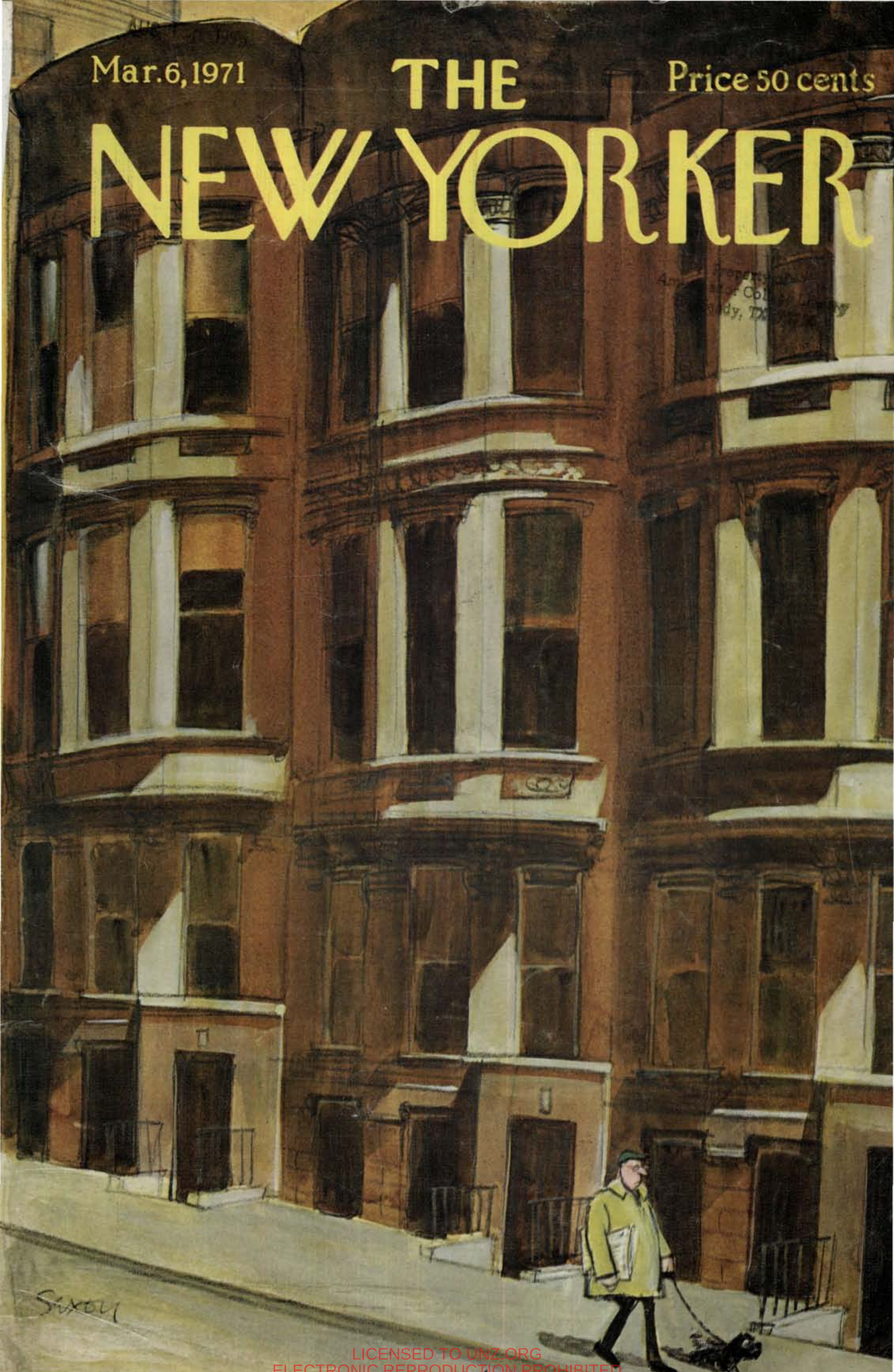

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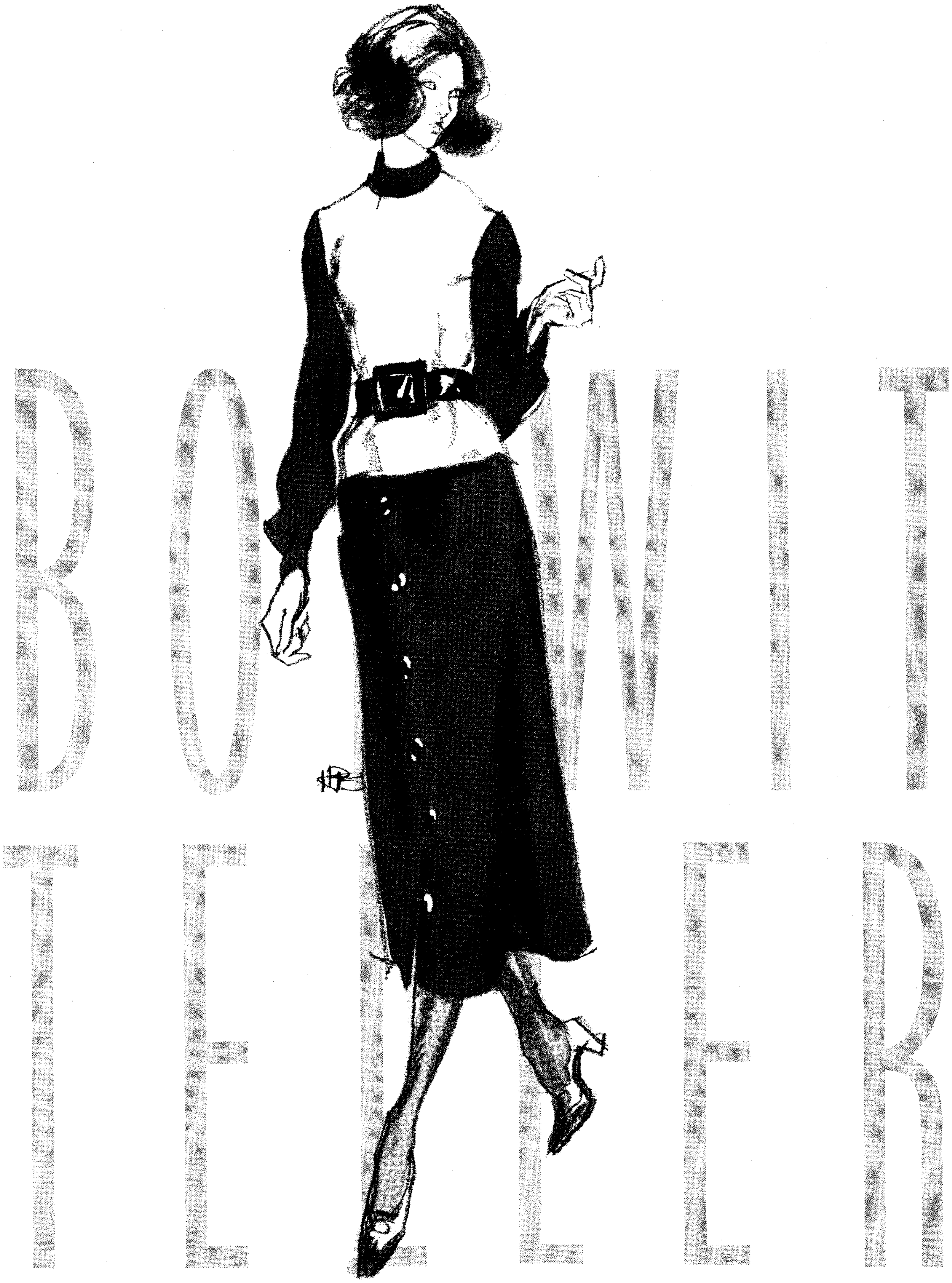

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—A London play by Ronald Millar, suggested by Helen Waddell's novel "Peter Abelard" and the letters of Heloise and Abelard. Diana Rigg and Keith Michell head a cast directed by Robin Phillips. Previews Thursday, March 4, through Tuesday, March 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 10. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AC/DC—A London import by Heathcote Williams, directed by John Hirsch. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Acrobats and Line—A brace of one-acters by Israel Horovitz. "Line," by far the longer of the two, is a comedy with sad and grim undertones about a group of people jockeying for position in a line that goes nowhere. The characters are droll and the actors—Barnard Hughes, John Randolph, John Cazale, Richard Dreyfuss, and Ann Wedgeworth—do them full justice. The curtain-raiser is a brief, alarming skit about a pair of acrobats. James Hammerstein was the director. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned play by Paul Zindel, about three unpleasant sisters. With Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

Four on a Garden—Abe Burrows has brought four playlets over from Paris, and they have travelled badly. Carol Channing and Sid Caesar are the labor-in-vain stars. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, March 21.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Extra performance Wednesday, March 3, at 11 A.M.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Peter Brook's highly personal version of Bottom's dream. Luckily, the words remain, and they are glorious. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:50. Closes here on Saturday, March 13, after which it will move to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for a two-week extension.)

Pinkville—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's **An Enemy of the People** will be the third in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, March 10. Opens officially on Thursday, March 11, at 7, and will run through Sunday, April 18. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, March 4, at 2.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: An entertaining production of Har-

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old Pinter's early, funny, scary play, **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY,** with Betty Field. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Friday, March 12, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

The School for Wives—Brian Bedford plays a man so obsessed with the need not to be cuckolded that he would sooner stop the world than risk an ordinary marriage. The translation of Molière's delightful comedy is by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Slag—This offering, by the young English dramatist David Hare, may be a try at a satire on British society, or it may be just an eccentric, often puzzling comedy about three schoolmistresses. Whatever, there are many entertaining moments, and the performance, under Roger Hendricks Simon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. With Roberta Maxwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—**HEDDA GABLER:** Claire Bloom's Hedda is quite good, though not all it might be, and she is given rather weak support by the rest of the cast. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Miss Bloom is a charming Nora. Monday through Saturday, March 8-13. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Uncle Vanya—The Roundabout Theatre's production of Chekhov's play. Reopens Friday, March 5. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Mondays through Fridays—except Thursday, March 11—and Sundays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. With Pamela Payton-Wright. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. Starting Monday, March 8, Barbara Sharma will replace Miss Rodd. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Look Where I'm At!—Ron Husmann in a musical adapted by James Leasor from Thorne Smith's novel "Rain in the Doorway." The music is by Jordan Ramin and the lyrics are by Frank Stanton and Murray Semos. Previews through Thursday, March 4. Opens officially on Friday, March 5. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

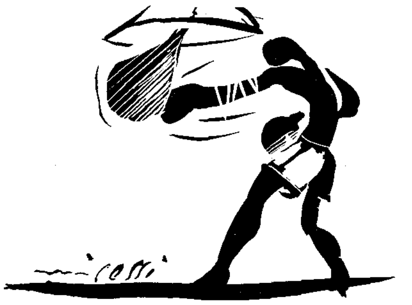
The Survival of St. Joan—A rock opera, with a book and lyrics by James Lineberger and music by Hank and Gary Ruffin. (Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. 228-5737. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tarot—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines called to them from the doorway: —Are you coming, young fellows? (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —I'm ready, Buck Mulligan answered, going towards the door. Come out, Kinch. You have eaten all we left, I suppose. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait, saying, well-nigh with sorrow: —And going forth he met Butterfly. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** She had the remembrance of all this; she had the consciousness of being nine-and-twenty, to give her some regrets and some apprehensions; she was fully satisfied of being still quite as handsome as ever; but she felt her approach to the years of danger, and would have rejoiced to be certain of being properly solicited by baronet-blood within the next twelvemonth or two. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Then might she again take up the book of books with as much enjoyment as in her early youth; but now she liked it not. Always to be presented with the date of her own birth, and see no marriage follow but that of a youngest sister, made the book an evil; and more than once, when her father had left it open on the table near her, had she closed it, with averted eyes, and pushed it away. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She had had a disappointment, moreover, which that book, and especially the history of her own family, must ever present the remembrance of. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "Moves," "Abyss" (première), and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Olympics," "Reflections," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Moves," "Abyss," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 2:30: "Olympics," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 7:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8: "Olympics," "Abyss," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Petrouchka," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Moves," "Abyss," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Konservatoriet," the new unnamed ballet, and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Moves," "The Lesson," and another work to be announced. (City Center,

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131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 28.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—End of a winter series of appearances by nine companies. **NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday, March 3, at 2: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Structures.". . .¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Echo," and "Tent.". . .¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Scenario," and "Structures.". . .¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Structures," and "Tent.". . .¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:30: "Divertissement I," "Echo," and "Tower.". . .¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Tent.". . . **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM.** Monday, March 8, at 7:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Fun and Games," and "Rhythmetron.". . .¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 2: "Design for Strings," "Biosfera," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fête Noire." . . .¶ Friday, March 12, at 8; "Fête Noire," "Fun and Games," and "Rhythmetron.". . . **ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY,** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30: "Lords of Persia," "Naked Leopard," "Black Lake," and "Of Love" (première). . . . **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, March 11, and Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Jibe," "Air Antique," "Cahoots," "Implex" (première), "Tristan, Isolde, Aida, Hansel and Gretel" (première), "Earthling," and "Slouching Toward Bethlehem." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Yuriko—With her modern-dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 7, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—On Friday, March 5, a five-man folk-rock group called the New Seekers will start a gig here. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz, usually electrified, from ten to two. Through Saturday, March 6, the music will come from a trio led by guitarist Charlie Brown. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—History is made at night here, by the great and good historian Mary Lou Williams, and history repeats itself, from eight to one every night except Sunday, though never in the infinite variety of phrasing she sets down upon her pianoforte. Sundays are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, a true venerable, whose piano is purely pristine.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where some of this city's best guitar work can be heard—and the performers are coming and going with alacrity: Wednesday, March 3, Jim Hall and Ron Carter; Thursday, March 4, the Joe Puma duo; Friday, March 5, Gene Bertoncini and Linc Milliman; Saturday, March 6, Kenny Burrell and Wilbur Little; Sunday, March 7, the Chuck Wayne duo; beginning Wednesday, March 10, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Spareribs and other dishes that constitute soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander make up the rhythm section of the steady jazz quartet that is based in this casual club. Beginning Tuesday, March 9, tenor player Zoot Sims will be the leader. Friday through Sunday, March 5-7, Maxine Sullivan will sing with the group, and Friday through Sunday, March 12-14, blues singer Jimmy Rushing will do the same. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are working together in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—Cecil Young, a pianistic showman, leads a trio that includes Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums in this softly lighted new spot. While the other musicians are soloing, you may find Young singing and posturing near your table, but let it be, let it be. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul food.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Two masters of their instruments can be heard here currently, the first being bassist Charles Mingus, who will be around with his quintet through Sunday, March 7, and the second being guitarist Larry Coryell, who will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, March 9. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Cramped basement quarters where steam pipes crackle overhead while patrons sip coffee, tea, or cider. Alex Taylor, the older brother of James and Livingston Taylor, is singing his family's kind of folk material in a plaintive voice. He stays through Monday, March 8. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers onstage.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, pianist, arranger, bandleader, songwriter, film-score composer, lecturer, and disc jockey Billy Taylor leads his nearly impeccable trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . .¶ Downstairs: Pop, jazz, and dancing. Through Thursday, March 4, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt; Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt and Factory; Sunday, March 7, at three, a benefit by Woody Allen's New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra, with Eric Knight on Moog Synthesizer; that evening, folk music by various performers; Monday, March 8, Symphony Sid and Latin bands; Tuesday through Thursday, March 9-11, Joe Beck Control and Farmer Brown; Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, Joe Beck Control.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Drummer Elvin Jones, who may have some thunderbolts up his sleeve, leads his quartet until Tuesday, March 9, when pianist McCoy Tyner arrives with his frequently febrile quintet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, March 7, pianist Claude Hopkins and trombonist Roswell Rudd will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

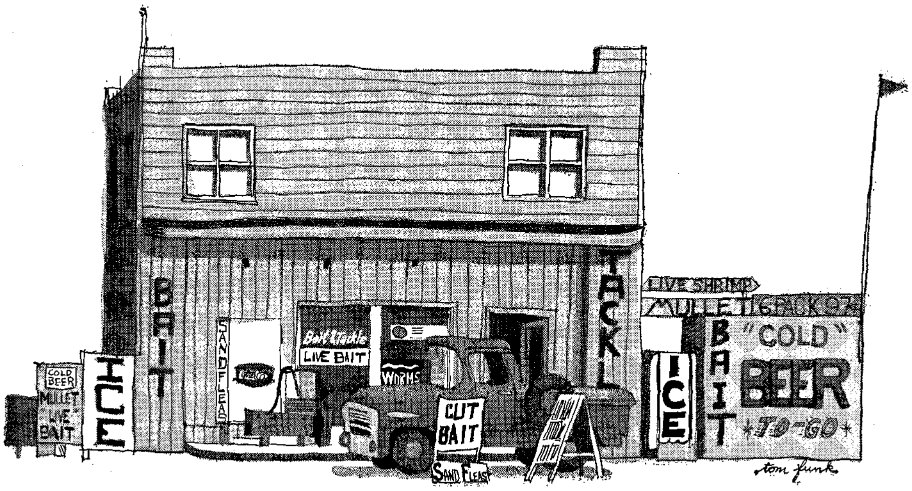
C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have planned this one, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night, but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Three times nightly, Los Vegas entertain. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—



VEGA. THE LITTLE CAR THAT BEGS TO BE DRIVEN.

There's only one way, really, to find out what a Vega is all about and that's to drive one.

Road & Track magazine drove one and wound up saying, right there in black and white on page 34 of their September issue: "Vega is beyond a doubt the best handling passenger car ever built in the United States."

Not the best handling economy car.

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Now, if you find that a little hard to swallow, we'll understand. After all, who'd expect an economical little car like Vega to be a hero on the highway? You'd expect it to be, well, economical.

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Wait until you turn one on and feel the enthusiastic response of Vega's standard 140-cubic-inch overhead cam engine.

Wait until you feel those big 10-inch front disc brakes, also standard, take hold.

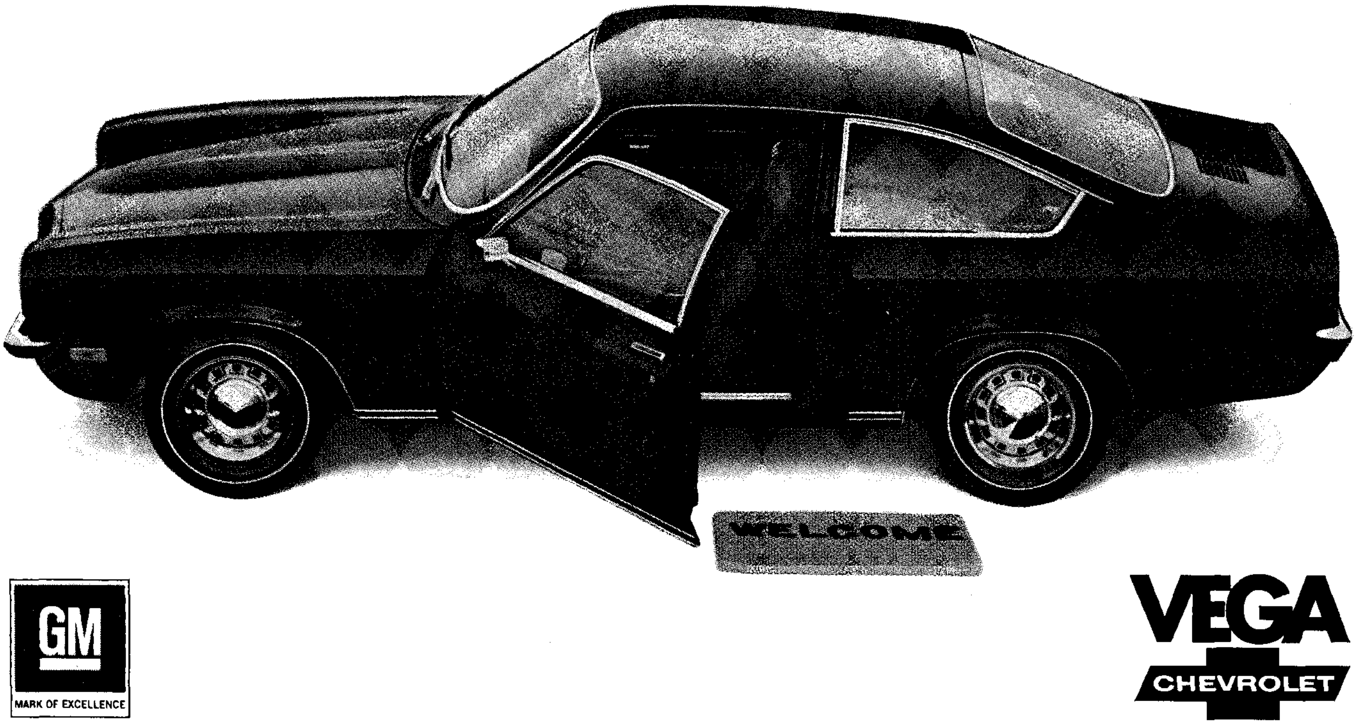
Wait until you take some tight turns in a Vega and feel how responsive the steering is, yet how nice and firm on the straightaway.

Wait until you hit the highway and feel how smooth and steady and quiet a Vega runs at highway speeds, even in blustery crosswinds.

Wait until you drive a Vega.

But don't wait long.

How about today or tomorrow?



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Round-the-clock action is the idea. So far, this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. The bandstand will be occupied by Children of God through Sunday, March 7; by Holy Modal Rounders Tuesday through Thursday, March 9-11; and by Freeway on Friday and Saturday, March 12-13. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along. A mecca for those who are comely, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The tumult and the shouting is done by All-Andalusia boys and girls in the flamencan troupe run by Manuel Santaella. Bertha Dupuy, a Cuba Libra, sings Latin-American chansons with the ardor they deserve. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—"Aren't all these songs great?," Buddy Greco seems to be saying, and the fact is that yes, they are, as long as it is he who is singing them. On Thursday, March 4, the Temptations, that bundle of en-masse singing and en-masse choreography, will be taking over. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Nevada. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quintet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. After two, the music arrives by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The main event in the comforting and noble **PERSIAN ROOM** is Abbe Lane, all dressed up and ready to go-go. This she does, to the accompaniment of her own soprano, at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, March 3 (her first night), and during dinner and supper thereafter. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **EDWARDIAN ROOM,** the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Sometimes she feels like a motherless child, and sometimes she's out on the town, but whatever she sings, she remains the one and only Carmen McRae. The last of her dinner and supper sessions happen on Wednesday, March 3. Louis Prima and his

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rumbustious band move in the following night. Dancing, too—some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

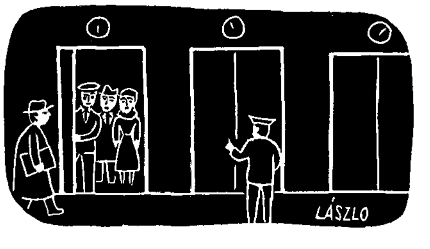
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony leads a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** with an *avant*-theatre buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **MAISONETTE** (Quintero's masterly *paso-doble* bandsmen and Hal Turner's brisk Americanos) and **LA BOITE** (more piano) and returns to the **ST. REGIS ROOM** for the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the others shut down Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** has become a marina for one of the oldest self-propelled showboats still in service: Louis Armstrong, who does dinner and supper sets of chortling with band accompaniment. Eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): The kibbutz overlooks the entire Eastern Mediterranean; the kibitzer (Avram Grobard, prop.) overlooks no opportunity to chaff. An amiable life, sprinkled with perpetual music and song. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is frequently active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who has serious doubts about everything and everybody, is more than willing to think things over—out loud, and quite out loud. Nine-thirty and thereafter. Her *dernier cri* occurs on Saturday, March 6. On Thursday, March 11, Shelley Berman, a soliloquist whose words of truth are often spoken in bitter jest, takes up residence. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975. but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Merredin, Western Australia, is wintering in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner up until ten. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds now and then to the sparkle. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): One of the rare visits to these shores of Greta Keller, for whom the aura of this refectory is the perfect setting. Her songs are, as they should be, the perfect setting for her native Vienna. She absents herself only on Sundays. Paul Mann, her pianist, stays aboard the podium even when Miss Keller is at ease. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Rudy Barron often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Wayne Sanders, one of the final inhabitants of Goldie's New York, has taken a new lease on

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

life and the local piano. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Take a tried-and-true musical, sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty reprise Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings by a leading Optical artist; through Saturday, March 13. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jo Baer—Minimal paintings done in 1962-63; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

François and Bernard Baschet—More of these artists' sound-making sculptures, which have received wide attention; through Saturday, March 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Baziotes (1912-63) **and Adolph Gottlieb**—Works by two Abstract Expressionists: mostly late paintings by the former, recent works on paper by the latter; through Saturday, March 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Watercolors and some pastels, done between 1915 and 1950, of landscapes and figures; through Thursday, March 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruce Beasley—Cast-Lucite sculptures by a West Coast artist; through March 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Virginia Berresford—Watercolors, mostly of Maine and Martha's Vineyard, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 13. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; through March 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Large paintings by this composer in stripes; through Thursday, March 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Delvaux and Paul Wunderlich—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist; through March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Twenty-three drawings, some with color, by this West Coast artist; starting Saturday, March 6. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Laddie John Dill—Settings created by tubes of colored lights; through March 20. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleade Enders—Realistic paintings of American subjects; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Mark Feldstein—Hard-edge paintings in a square (four feet by four feet) format; through Thursday, March 11. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Compositions of fluorescent lights; starting Saturday, March 6. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Joel Goldblatt—Still-lifes in simplified handling; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sante Graziani—Paintings and graphics based on Old Masters, by the head of an art school in Massachusetts; through March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Gussow—Polished-bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Harvey (1916-67)—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes,

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still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; through March 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Clinton Hill—Romantic color abstractions that emphasize texture and transparency; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Harold Jacobs—Constructions in combinations of wood, vinyl, Plexiglas, and metal; through Saturday, March 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Philip Jamison—More paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Lester Johnson—Paintings that apply Abstract Expressionist principles in figurative compositions; through March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Six satiric figure sculptures made of painted canvas; through Saturday, March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects, and portraits; through Saturday, March 13. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Saturday, March 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract constructions in Plexiglas; through Thursday, March 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Golda Lewis—Abstract compositions that combine paper, canvas, and found objects; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Eleanor Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings based on Indian motifs; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Clement Meadmore—One large sculpture in Corten steel and five smaller works by an Australian; starting Saturday, March 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—The artist's life situation in New Mexico, presented through painted panels and a reconstruction of his environment; through Saturday, March 13. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

J. Pindyck Miller and Barry Lieberman—Geometrical sculptures in aluminum or aluminum and wood by Mr. Miller, and abstract paintings by Mr. Lieberman; through Saturday, March 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstract paintings; through March 20. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned oils on canvas; through March 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Paone—Subjective landscapes and fantastic still-lifes; through Saturday, March 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by a Russian widely known in France; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Harvey Quaytman and George Kuehn—Shaped color-field canvases by the first, and structures of rope, chain, and water by the second; through Thursday, March 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeanne Reynal and Gregory Masurovsky—Sculptures by the former, a well-known mosaicist, and drawings by the latter; through Saturday, March 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Robertson-Swann—The first exhibit in America of abstract paintings in oil and watercolor by an Australian artist who is also a sculptor; through Saturday, March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Morton Rosengarten—The first one-man show in New York of heads in bronze by this Canadian; through Saturday, March 13. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings in hyper-real style; through Saturday, March 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jane Sargeant—Still-lifes; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Small works on paper in colored pencils and inks that combine Abstract Expressionism and Pop imagery; through Saturday, March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics; through Saturday, March 13. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Simon—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; starting Saturday, March 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Large, shaped canvases; through March 17. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; starting Tuesday, March 9. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Sweeney—The first one-man show of wood and metal constructions with neon tubing by this teacher at Ohio State; starting Saturday, March 6. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Tworkov—Paintings of the last two years by this former "first-generation" Abstract Expressionist. The show is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum. Through Wednesday, March 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

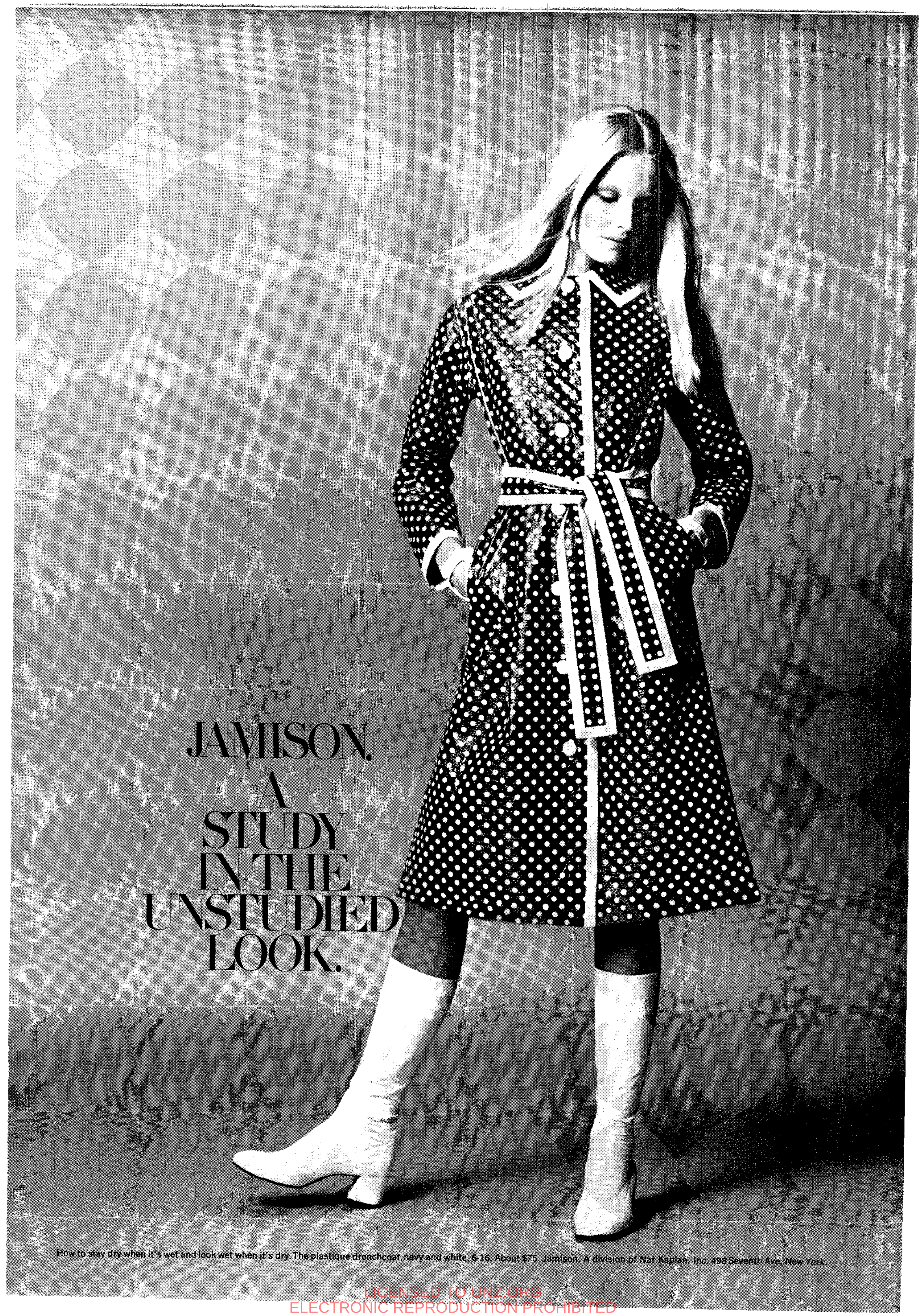
George Vander Sluis—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Fifty early drawings by this American of the Paris School; through Saturday, March 13. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William T. Williams—Interwoven arcs of bright color; starting Saturday, March 6. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Youngerman—Recent examples of this artist's emblematic paintings, also stainless-steel sculptures, gouaches, and a portfolio of silk-screens; through Wednesday, March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through March 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DANENBERG,** 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through March 27. . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY,** 305 Bowery: Landscapes by Fairfield Porter, Gabriel Laderman, and other representational artists; starting Friday, March 5. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Hudson River artists, among them Durand, Cole, Bierstadt, Church, and Doughty; through Saturday, March 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: A hundred and forty works, ranging from folk paintings by the earliest Colonial artists through W.P.A. art, ad-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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dressed to the enigma "What is American in American Art?"; through Saturday, March 6. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Four Latin-American sculptors working in advanced modes; through March 18. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to midnight.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Thon, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through Saturday, March 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred Italian drawings from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth; starting Tuesday, March 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 8.). . . **PALEY & LOWE,** 59 Wooster St.: Paintings, prints, and sculptures by ten artists; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through March 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and forty-one paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and prints by Whistler and European and American contemporaries such as Bonnard, Courbet, Manet, Redon, Sargent, and Seurat; starting Thursday, March 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through March 21. . . . ¶ Forty photographs by Stephen Shore, a young New York photographer; through March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953); through March 28. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. . . . ¶ Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through March 14. A complement to this exhibit is his show (ending Wednesday, March 10) at French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 4. (Admission is $1.). . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Starts Thursday, March 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through March 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through Sunday, March 7. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through April 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

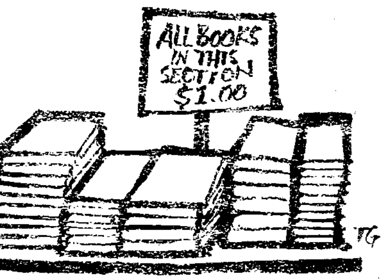
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde;" through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two contemporaries, Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 3: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "La Bohème" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dorothy Kirsten's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Kirsten, Colette Boky, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Jon Vickers, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, March 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 9: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 10: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and Raymond Gibbs. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 3, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 7:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Elaine Bonazzi, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Salvador Novoa. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 7:15: The première of Menotti's "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Herman Malamood, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Salvador Novoa. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 7:15: "The Most Important Man," with Beverly Wolff, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Eugene Holmes. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele

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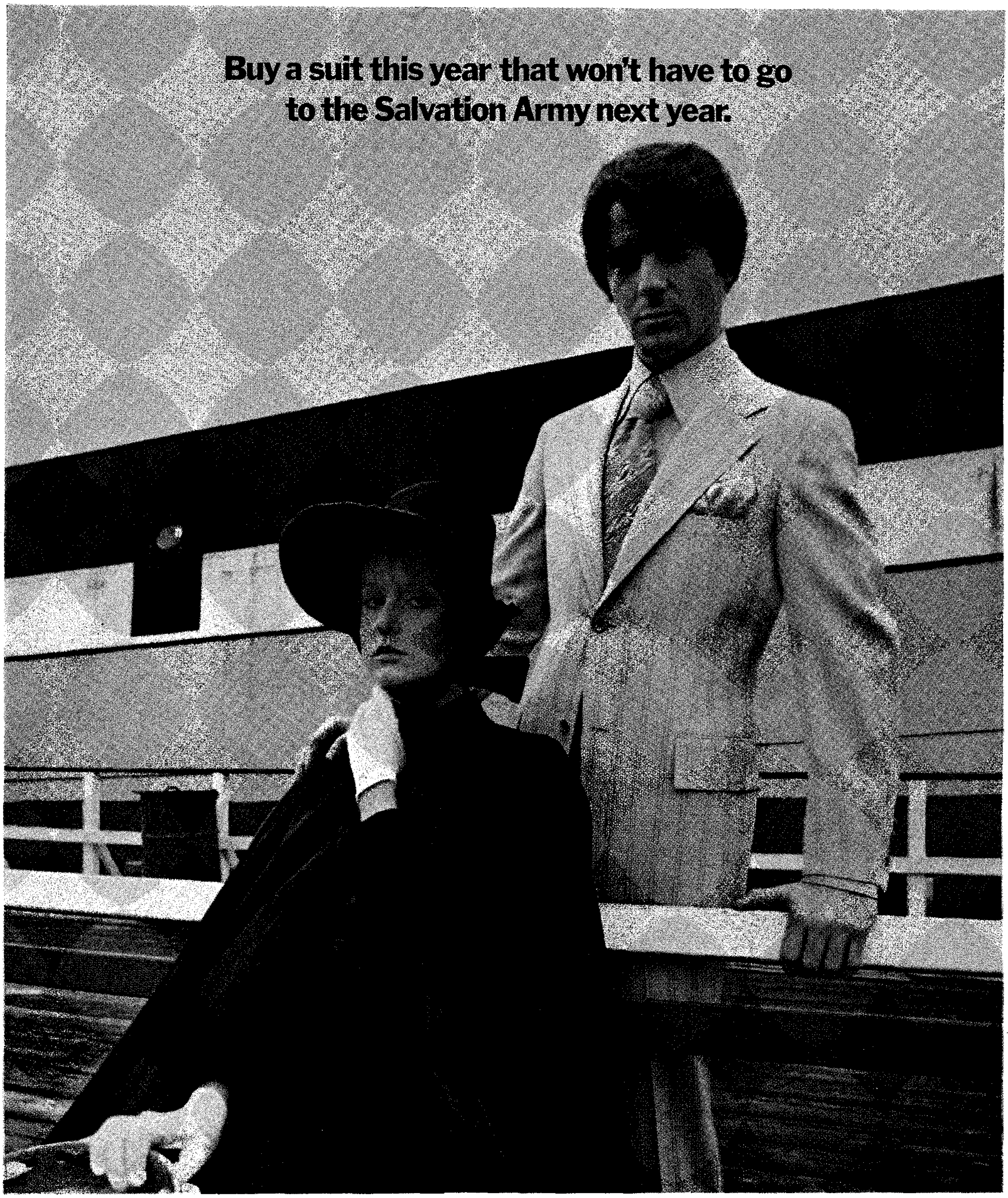
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Molese, and David Clatworthy. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Karl Böhm conducting on Thursday, March 4, at 8:30; Friday, March 5, at 2; Saturday, March 6, at 8:30; and Monday, March 8, at 7:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano); and Thursday, March 11, at 8:30; Friday, March 12, at 2; and Monday, March 15, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra—Robert Shaw conducting, with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 9, at 8:15.)

"L'Orfeo"—Charlotte Bergen directing a chorus and orchestra in Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Richard Shadley and Robert White, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; and Ara Berberian and Clarke Salonis, basses. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society, the Midwood High School Choral Society, and soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a benefit concert, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 9.)

Bach Aria Group—Seymour Lipkin directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Judith Alstadter—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

John Emery Ranck—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Early Music Consort of London—A program of vocal and instrumental music of the Renaissance and baroque periods. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:40.)

Jacques Klein—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist, in the second of two recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Hungarian Quartet—The second of two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Michael Lorimer—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, March 7, at 5, and Tuesday, March 9, at 7: Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Richard Goode, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 13, at 9: The Messrs. Treger, Parnas, de Peyer, and Goode, along with Peter Serkin, piano; and Luciano Berio, harpsichord.

Zola Shaulis—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Flute, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Michael Tree, viola; and Kun Woo Paik, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 8, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—Julius Rudel conducting a chamber-music program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet and Jean-Pierre Rampal—The last two in a series of three programs of works for flute and strings. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 11, and Sunday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Isidore Cohen and Felix Galimir, violin; Nobuko Imai and Philipp Naegele, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Craig Sheppard, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with the New York Chamber Soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears—With Thelonious Monk. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Quicksilver Messenger Service, War, and Eric Burdon—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Three Dog Night, Stevie Wonder, and Bloodrock—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 5, at 8.

Gary Burton Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.

The Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.

James Taylor, Carole King, and Jo Mama—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Kenny Burrell Quartet, and Frank Forster Quartet—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Johnny Winter And, Elvin Bishop Group, and Allman Brothers—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

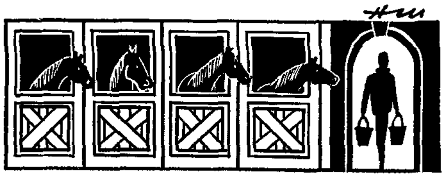
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Frazier, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, March 8. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Oakland. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.



Karate—At Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 6, at 8: All-American Open Karate Championships. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 3: Tournament of Champions.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 8, through Saturday, May 22. The Swift, Monday, March 8, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 13. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, March 3, through Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 13, at 1.) . . . MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK: Gene Forrell conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.)

Theatre Fair for Children—The first two in a series of three weekend programs, sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts. Saturday, March 6: "Hot Feet," by the Paper Bag Players. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7: "Song of the Black Journey," by Voices, Inc. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13: "There Are Two Lives" and "I Sing to Myself," by the Touchstone Players. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14: "Journeys," by the Little Theatre of the Deaf. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. Performances at 1 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 753-6431.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP: "Persephone." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 13, at 3.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, March 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, March 7, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, March 6, at 1.) . . . TRIANGLE THEATRE: "The Marvelous Adventures of Tyl." (316 E. 88th St. Friday, March 12, at 4 and 7:30, and Saturday, March 13, at 11, 3, and 7:30. Admission is free.)

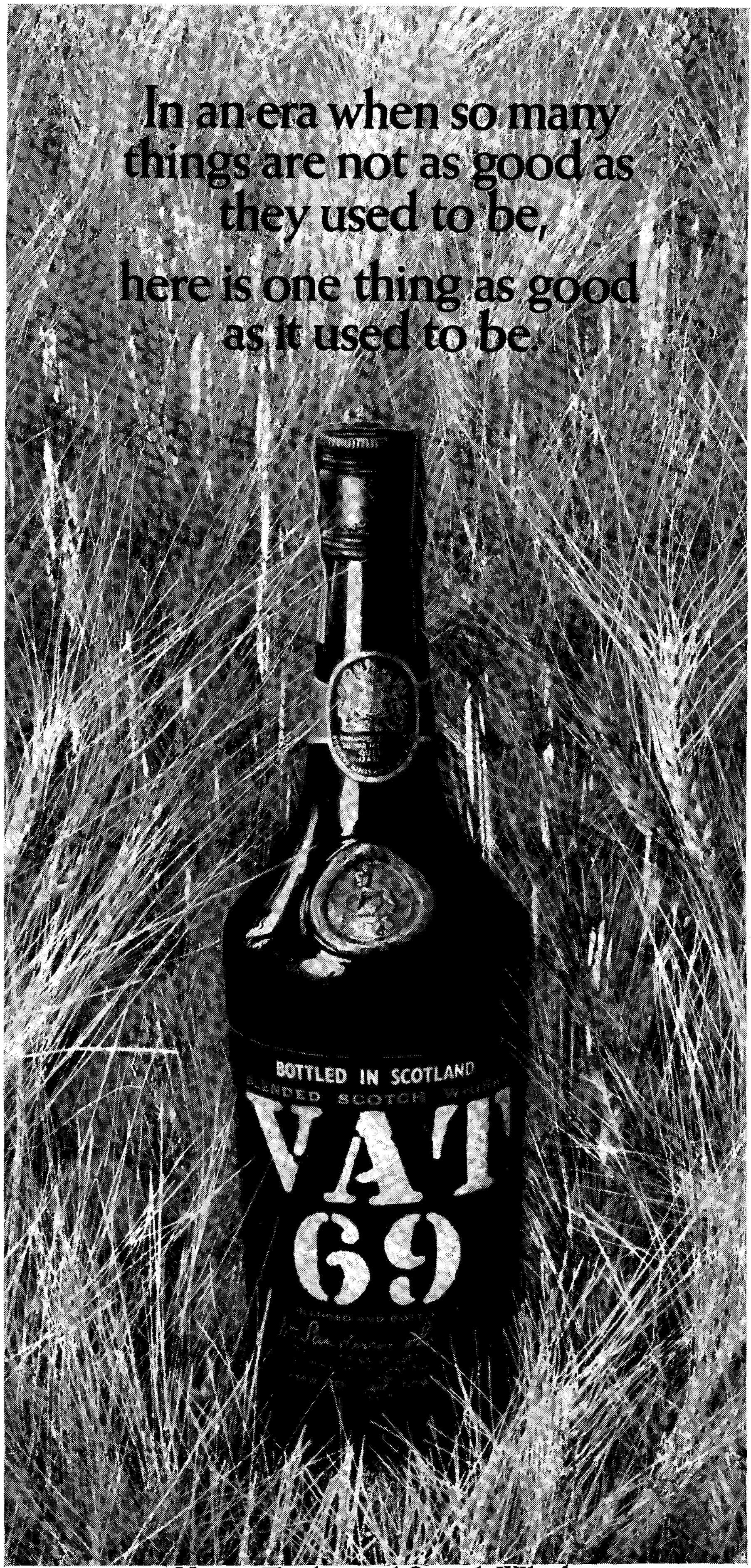
Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Eskimo Art in Poetry and Pictures," an exhibition of drawings by the Eskimo artist Oonark, together with a selection of twenty Eskimo poems. Circulated by the Canadian Government and the National Museum of Man in Ottawa. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—James Dickey reading from his novel, "Deliverance." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Lectures—Ralph Nader speaking about consumer affairs and the environment. Thursday, March 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Two talks by Buck-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

minster Fuller: “Planetary Planning,” Friday, March 5, at 8:30. . . . “New Educational Strategy,” Friday, March 12, at 8:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Antiques Fair with Gardens—American and European furniture, paintings, silver, and other relics, combined with flower exhibits and garden displays. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 6, through Sunday, March 14. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 5, at 2: Chinese paintings of the tenth century to the eighteenth, from the collection of Chiang Er-shih. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, from the Huntington Hartford collection and from other sources. (Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.) Exhibition starts Friday, March 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures, including works by Giacometti, Calder, Rodin, and Moore; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, March 5.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 3 at 2 and 5:30: “Acts of the Apostles, Parts I and II” (1969), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 4 at 2 and 5:30: “David Harum” (1915), directed by Allan Dwan, with William H. Crane and Harold Lockwood. . . . ¶ March 4 at 8: “David Harum” and “Manhandled” (1924), directed by Allan Dwan, with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ March 5 at 2 and 5:30: “Stage Struck” (1925), directed by Allan Dwan, with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ March 6 at 11:30: A program of early silent films by Max Linder and Mack Sennett. . . . ¶ March 6 at 3 and 5:30: A program of early silent films by Allan Dwan. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30 and 5:30: “Robin Hood” (1922), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ March 8 at 12:30: “Fighting Odds” (1917), directed by Allan Dwan, with Maxine Elliott. . . . ¶ March 8 at 6 and March 9 at 2: “The Last Stop” (1948), a Polish film, directed by Wanda Jakubowska. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: A program of two films by Beverly and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2 and 5:30: “Fighting Odds” (1917), directed by Allan Dwan, with Maxine Elliott. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2 and 5:30: “I Spy” (1933), directed by Allan Dwan, with Ben Lyon. . . . ¶ March 11 at 8: “Manhandled” (1924), directed by Allan Dwan, with Gloria Swanson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of French films. Through March 4: “Les Carabiniers” (1962), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marino Mase. . . . March 5-6: “Don Juan,” directed by Marcel Bluwal. . . . March 7 and 10: “Ubu Roi,” directed by Jean-Christophe Averty. . . . March 11-12: “Les Mystères de Paris,” with Jacques Dacqmine and François Chaumette. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ “The film as art” is the announced *raison d’être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o’clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—First league games here—Mets vs. Montreal, at Shea Stadium, April 6-8. . . .

¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, at Yankee Stadium, April 13-15.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden. March 16.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 26.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 8-11.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 14, 21, 23, 28, and 31, and April 4.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 3.). . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 10.). . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 10.)

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 3.

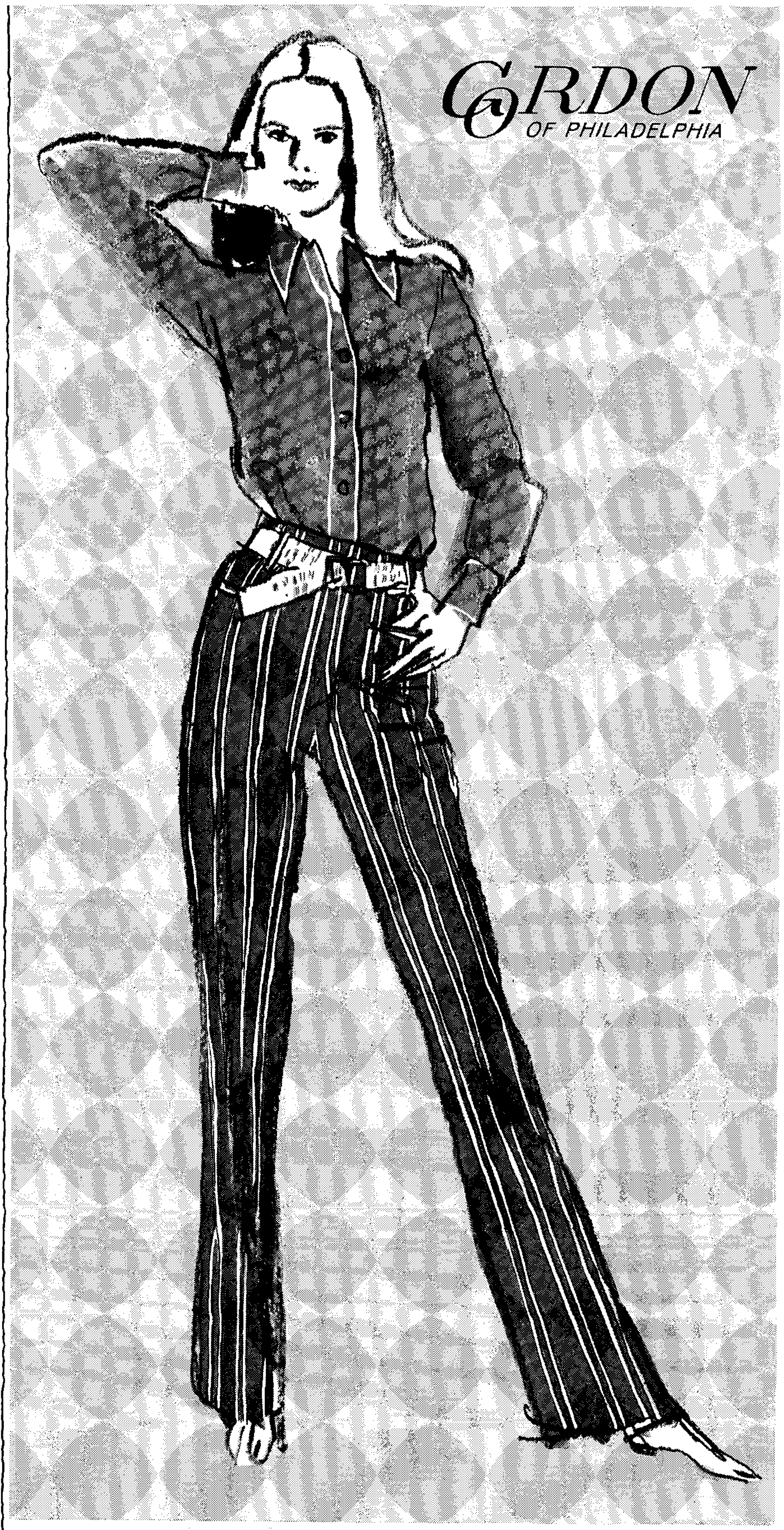
Tennis—1971 Tennis Champions Classic semi-finals: Rod Laver vs. Dennis Ralston and Tom Okker vs. Roy Emerson. (Madison Square Garden. March 18.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 17. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 14. . . . ¶ Menuhin Festival Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 17 and 19. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, March 21. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 23. . . . ¶ Birgit Nilsson, soprano, March 24. . . . ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, March 28. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 4 and 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, March 14, 21, and 23. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, March 19. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 20. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, March 21. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, March 27. . . . ¶ Handel Society Chorus and Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, April 4. . . . ¶ Maureen Forrester, contralto, April 4. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Clarion Concerts Orchestra, March 16. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, March 17. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 22. . . . ¶ Albert Fuller, harpsichord, March 25. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, March 26. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, March 27. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 28. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 29. . . . ¶ M.I.T. Glee Club, March 30. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, April 5. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Lili Kraus, piano, March 24. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, April 3. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Janos Starker, cello, March 26.

Ballet—Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, at the City Center, April 13-25.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: An English comedy "The Philanthropist," by Christopher Hampton, with Alec McCowen in the title role. . . . ¶ Brenda Vaccaro in "Father's Day," a comedy by Oliver Hailey. . . . ¶ Edward Albee's new play, "All Over," with Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, George Voskovec, Madeleine Sherwood, and Betty Field. . . . ¶ A comedy imported from London, "How the Other Half Loves," starring Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. . . . ¶ A musical, "70, Girls, 70," suggested by Peter Coke's British play "Breath of Spring." Fred Ebb and Norman L. Martin wrote the book, the songs are by Mr. Ebb and John Kander, and the cast includes Mildred Natwick, David Burns, Lillian Roth, and Gil Lamb. . . . ¶ A musical by James Goldman (book) and Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics), entitled "Follies," in which Alexis Smith, Gene Nelson, Dorothy Collins, John McMartin, and Yvonne De Carlo, will appear. . . . ¶ "Lolita, My Love," a musical version by Alan Jay Lerner of Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Lolita," with a score by John Barry. John Neville, Dorothy Loudon, Leonard Frey, and Annette Ferra have the leading roles.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Wednesday, March 17. . . . ¶ Spring Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 17-18. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 21. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 30-May 31. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 3-11. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 11. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1970 and estimates for 1971 are due Thursday, April 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 9: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Thief of Paris."
From March 10: "Groupies" and "Greetings."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 9: "Brewster McCloud."
From March 10: "The Night Visitor."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 4: "The Premature Burial" and "The Little Shop of Horrors."
March 5-6: "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre" and "Machine Gun Kelly."
March 7-8: "The Masque of the Red Death" and "The Tomb of Ligeia."
March 9: Three early Roger Corman sci-fi films.
March 10: "Apache Woman," "The Last Woman on Earth," and "The Wasp Woman."
March 11: Three Roger Corman films on youth.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Music Lovers."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 6: "Puzzle of a Downfall Child."
From March 7: "The Tender Moment."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Priest's Wife."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Pursuit of Happiness."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sporting Club."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E 59th. (688-0750)
"The Night Visitor."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Wanda."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 4: "Flirtation Walk" and "Dames."
March 5-6: "Footlight Parade" and "Go Into Your Dance."
March 7-9: "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
From March 10: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 4: "Zachariah."
From March 5: "Women in Love."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 6: "The Last Valley."
From March 7: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Five Easy Pieces."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H" and "Patton."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 9: "The Man Who Had Power Over Women."
From March 10: "The Night Visitor."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 10: "Doctors' Wives."
From March 11: "THX 1138."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Get Carter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through March 10: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
From March 11: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 9: "Brewster McCloud."
From March 10: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 6: "The Projectionist."
From March 7: "Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 8: "The Blood of a Poet," "Lot in Sodom," and "Salome."
From March 9: W. C. Fields shorts.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 9: "The Man Who Had Power Over Women."
From March 10: "The Night Visitor."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Through March 9: "Freaks." (No performances on Sunday, March 7.)
From March 10: "Double Suicide."

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway." (On Monday evening, March 8, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Wuthering Heights." (On Monday evening, March 8, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight.)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 9: "The Night Visitor."
From March 10: "Dead of Summer."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Pigeons."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Body."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Garden of Delights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Road to Salina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 9: "Brewster McCloud" and "A. K. A. Cassius Clay."
From March 10: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 9: "Five Easy Pieces."
From March 10: "The Owl and the Pussycat" and "The Comic."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 3: "The Hour of the Furnaces."
March 4-10 (tentative): "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Pierrot le Fou."
From March 11: "Chikamatzu Monogatari" and "Au Hasard, Balthazar."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 9: "Hotel" and "Cool Hand Luke."
From March 10: "The Adventurers" and "Barbarella."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 4: "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Portrait of Lenin."
March 5-7: "Lola Montès" and "Carnival in Flanders."
March 8-9: "Henry V" and "Macbeth."
March 10-11: "The Birthday Party" and "A Taste of Honey."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 9: "I Love My Wife."
From March 10: "The Act of the Heart" and "In Search of Gregory."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—The big-eyed child-woman heroine (Geneviève Bujold) sings the solo with the church choir; she suffers while singing in a night club; she even—God help us—makes love with an Augustinian monk at the front of the altar. Paul Almond directed. (Midtown; starting March 10.)

The Adventurers (1970)—A low in sleazy big pictures. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Symphony; starting March 10.)

A. K. A. Cassius Clay—A documentary that traces the career of Muhammad Ali, with footage of the Clay-Liston fight and a presentation of the meaning of his draft resistance. (Cinema Studio; through March 9.)

Apache Woman (1955)—Undistinguished low-budget Western with Lloyd Bridges as a government man who falls in love with a half-breed girl. Directed by Roger Corman, who is now being advertised as if his having made poor pictures on a low budget were avant-garde. (Kips Bay; March 10.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (New Yorker; starting March 11.)

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Symphony; starting March 10.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; March 10-11.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. In French. (Elgin; through March 8.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; through March 9.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. In French. (Thalia; March 5-7.)

Chikamatzu Monogatari (1954)—A sensitive, psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting March 11.)

Claire's Knee—The new film by Eric Rohmer, who made "My Night at Maud's," is part of the same cycle—a variation on the same themes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Comic (1969)—Carl Reiner is prodigiously facile, and his inventive re-creations of silent-comedy routines help to compensate for his unimaginative treatment of the life of a silent-film comedian (well played by Dick Van Dyke). With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, and the late Pert Kelton. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 10.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Symphony; through March 9.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 4.)

Dead of Summer—With Jean Seberg, directed by Nelo Risi. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting March 10.)

Doctors' Wives—Heavy traffic from operating room to bedroom. Probably the most transparently mercenary movie since "The Adventurers." From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Rachel Roberts, John Colicos, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné; through March 10.)

Double Suicide—A 1969 film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu that finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period. Directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting March 10.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; starting March 9.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Greenwich.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through March 9.)

Flirtation Walk (1934)—Dick Powell, in a fancy uniform, singing to Ruby Keeler in frilly polka dots goes beyond Camp to Sick. This picture helps to explain why Powell later tried to change his image and took on tough-guy roles. Frank Borzage directed. With Pat O'Brien and Ross Alexander. (72nd St. Playhouse; through March 4.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 5-6.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 7-9.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; through March 9. No performances on Sunday, March 7.)

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The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Get Carter—High-powered British crime film, viciously brutal. Michael Caine plays a London hood; Mike Hodges directed. (86th St. East.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren, also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 5-6.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse; March 7-9.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Charles; starting March 10.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (Charles; starting March 10.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Thalia; March 8-9.)

Hotel (1967)—Arthur Hailey used the same formula that he was to use for "Airport," but this production (directed by Richard Quine) isn't as paralyzing. Quine manages to wring a little humor out of the collection of junk passing for a plot. With Rod Taylor, Melvyn Douglas, Karl Malden, Merle Oberon, Catherine Spaak, Kevin McCarthy, and Carmen McRae playing the Dooley Wilson role from "Casablanca." (Symphony; through March 9.)

The Hour of the Furnaces—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas. (New Yorker; March 3.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Midtown; through March 9.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Guild.)

In Search of Gregory—Complex, tricky story of obsessive romantic illusions; Tonino Guerra, who worked on the script, was co-scenarist on "L'Avventura" and "Blow-Up," and this film is in the same mode of ambiguity, but the reality-fantasy puzzle doesn't take hold. With Julie Christie, Paola Pitagora, John Hurt, Michael Sarrazin, Roland Culver, and Adolfo Celi; directed by Peter Wood. (Midtown; starting March 10.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Waverly and Festival.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the free-loaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

The Christine Jorgensen Story—With John Hansen in the title role. Directed by Irving Rapper. (Cinema Village.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2; through March 6.)

The Last Woman on Earth (1960)—She has a couple of men to keep her company. The three of them were saved from atomic radiation because they were deep-sea diving in aqua lungs. But what saved Roger Corman when he made pictures like this? (Kips Bay; March 10.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (New Yorker; March 4-10, tentative.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—The Jules Feiffer play, with Elliott Gould, directed by Alan Arkin. (Beekman.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—A plant that lives on blood and a simpleton who keeps it supplied. Roger Corman directed. (Kips Bay; through March 4.)

Lot in Sodom (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Elgin; through March 8.)

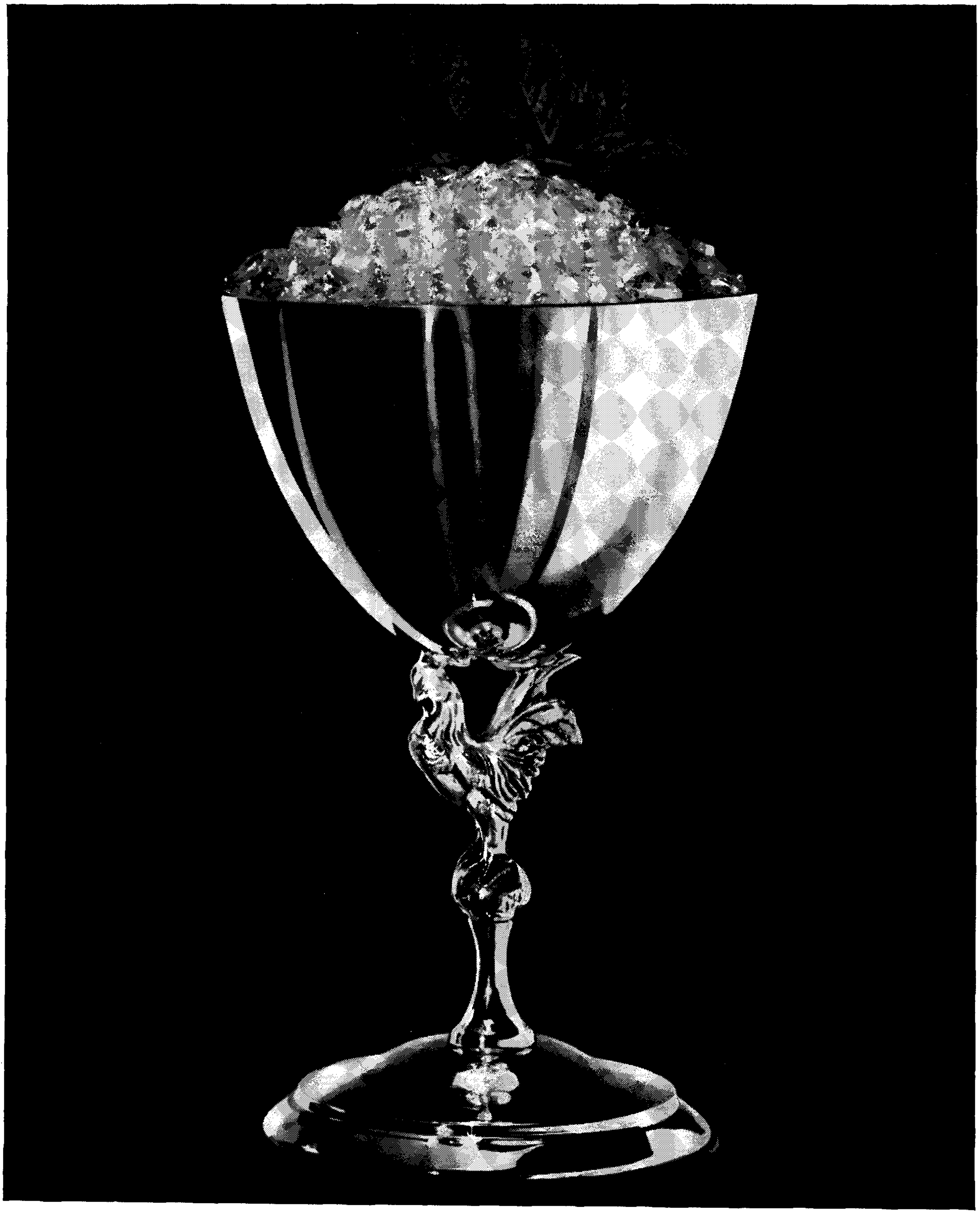
Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Juliet 2, starting March 7.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Thalia; March 8-9.)

Machine Gun Kelly (1958)—As Kelly the bank robber and kidnapper, Charles Bronson, with his stolid, brooding, Indian-looking face, gives this Roger Corman picture some substance. With Morey Amsterdam and Connie Gilchrist. (Kips Bay; March 5-6.)

The Man Who Had Power Over Women—A new British comedy melodrama, with Rod Taylor, Carol White, and James Booth, directed by



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John Krish. (Orpheum and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 9.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Sherritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (U. A. East.)

The Masque of the Red Death (1964)—Roger Corman's ornate, ambitious adaptation of Poe (combining "Hop-Frog" with the title story). The sepulchral atmosphere is, happily, redeemed by a bit of humor. With Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, and Patrick Magee. (Kips Bay; March 7-8.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov, and Oscar Werner. In French (Thalia; March 5-7.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Murray Hill.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through March 10.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through March 10.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through March 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Orpheum, and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 10.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 10.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Regency.)

Patton (1970)—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker; March 4-10, tentative.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cabdriver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Little Carnegie.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history

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and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; through March 4.)

The Premature Burial (1962)—A predictable and inane version of the Poe story, directed by Roger Corman; the only distinction is in the macabre, cavernous settings. With Ray Milland, Heather Angel, Hazel Court, and Alan Napier. (Kips Bay; through March 4.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 6.)

The Pursuit of Happiness—The disenchantment of youth and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Baronet.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child—The high-flown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (34th St. East; through March 6.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 7.)

Road to Salina—With Rita Hayworth, Robert Walker, and Mimsy Farmer, directed by George Lautner. (Paris.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

The St. Valentine's Day Massacre (1967)—The hoods include Jason Robards with scar-pasties as Al Capone, and George Segal and Ralph Meeker. Roger Corman, with a bigger budget than usual, tried for authenticity. For those who like to look at old phaetons and flivvers. . . . (Kips Bay; March 5-6.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed the name, also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes based on Beardsley's drawings. The bizarre results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Elgin; through March 8.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Cinerama. Nightly, except Monday, March 8, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sporting Club—With Robert Fields and Maggie Blye, directed by Larry Peerce. (Coronet.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia; March 10-11.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; through March 4.)

The Tender Moment—With Nathalie Delon and Renaud Verley, directed by Michel Boisrond. In French. (34th St. East; starting March 7.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Excellent photography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Charles; through March 9.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (8th St. Playhouse and Cinema Studio; starting March 10.)

THX 1138—With Donald Pleasence and Robert Duval, directed by George Lucas. (Loew's Ciné; starting March 11.)

The Tomb of Ligeia (1965)—Roger Corman uses the Poe story for a send-up of the horror-thriller genre, with Vincent Price as a necrophiliac. Opulent-looking production, shot in England and featuring Stonehenge and a handsomely crumbling abbey. (Kips Bay; March 7-8.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art.)

Wanda—Prize-winning movie about a woman who is a drifter, directed by, written by, and starring Barbara Loden. (Cinema II.)

The Wasp Woman (1959)—Susan Cabot is the fading beauty who tries to regain the look of youth by using a serum from the enzymes of wasps. Roger Corman has a lot to answer for. The ads say he was "spotlighting the feminist trend;" are exhibitors totally without shame? (Kips Bay; March 10.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Charles; through March 9.)

The Wild Child—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Regency.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Juliet 1; starting March 5.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Music Hall. On Monday evening, March 8, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (8th St. Playhouse and Cinema Studio; starting March 10.)

Zachariah—A rock Western, and as if that weren't mixture enough it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie, and the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner. Directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1; through March 4.)

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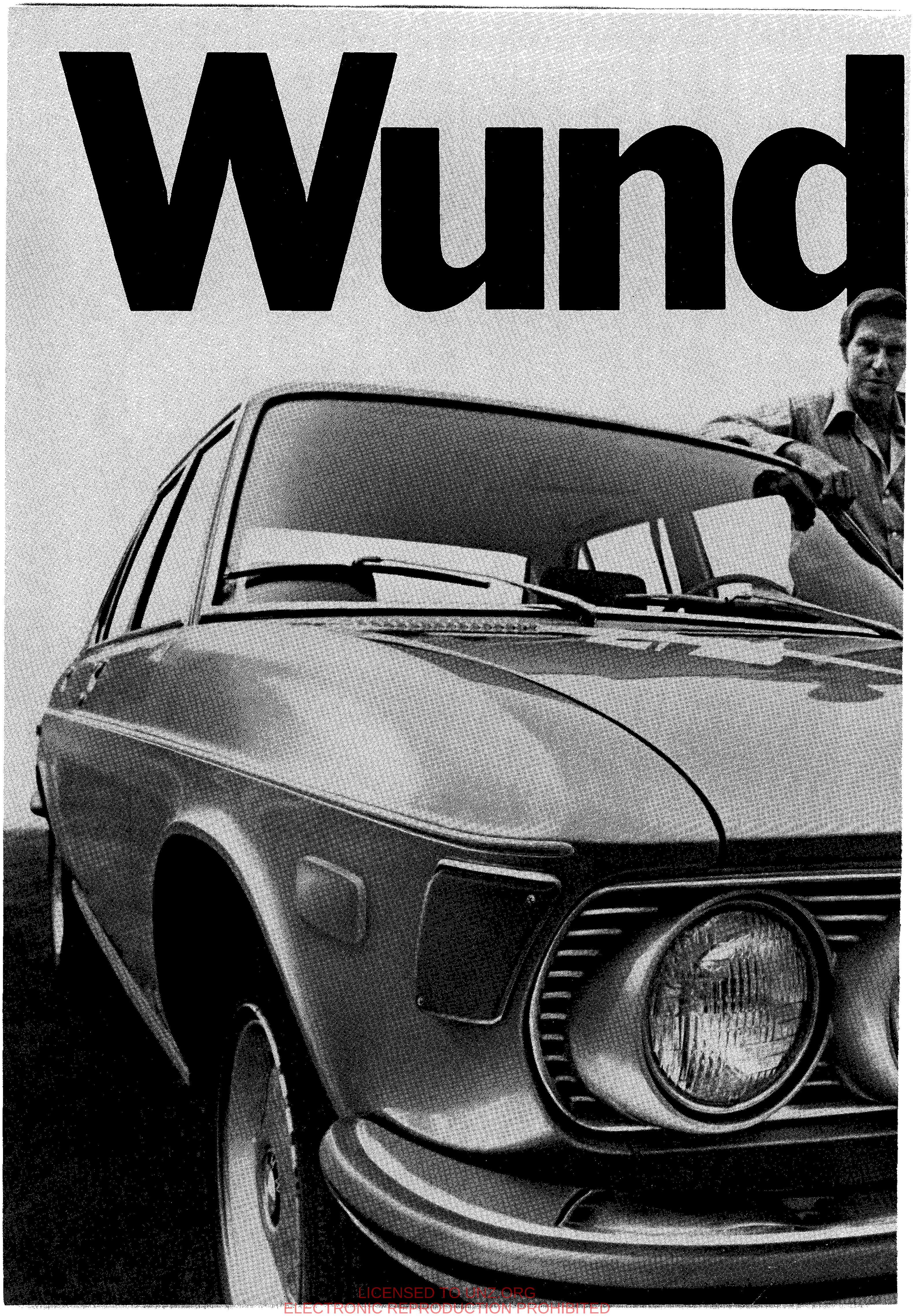
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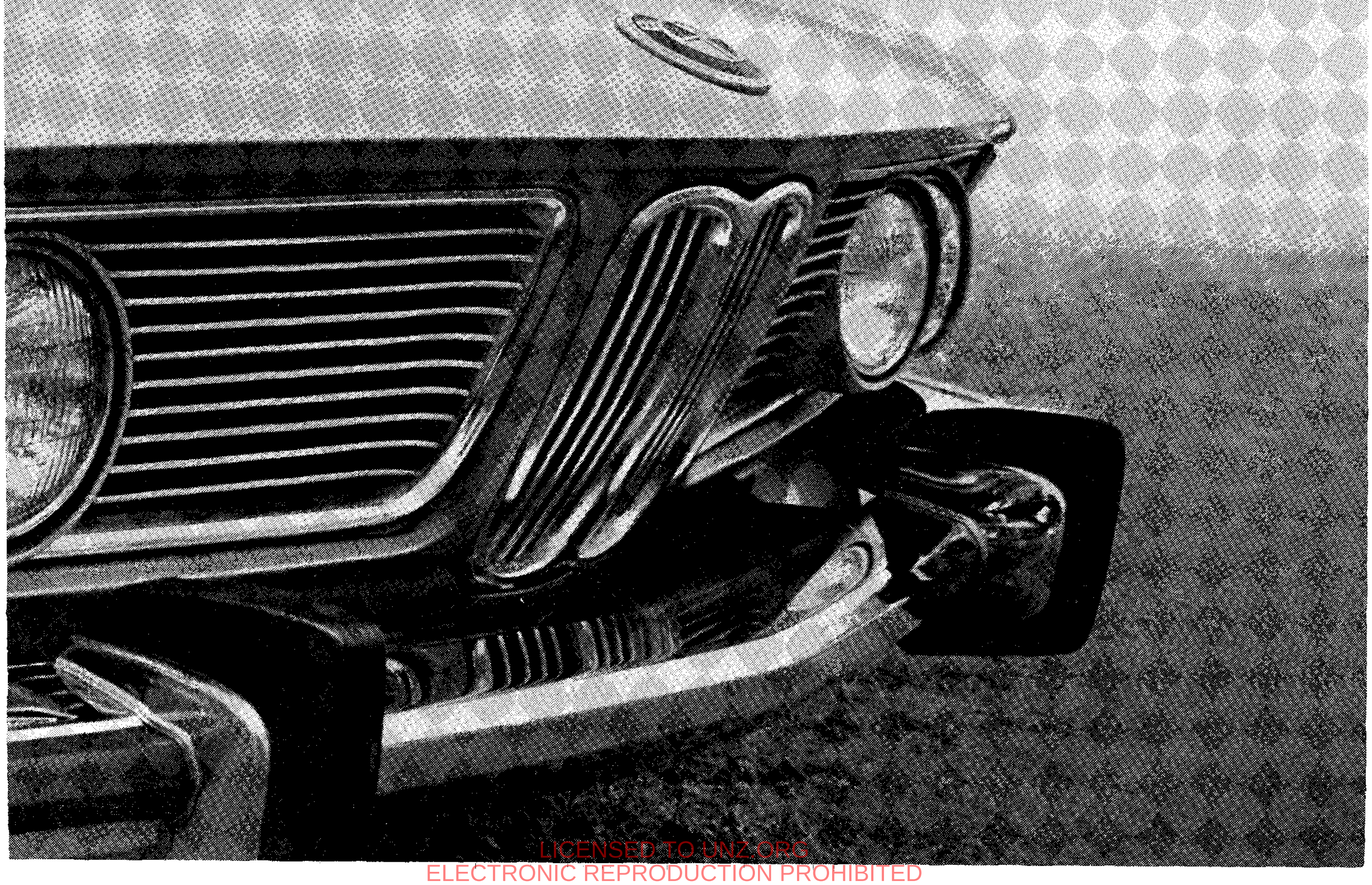

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON Monday, February 22nd, at Harvard's Sanders Theatre, Tom Wicker, of the New York *Times*, taking part in a teach-in against the war in Indo-China, made an extemporaneous speech that we believe to be of unusual importance. We quote from it here at length:

"This old war, from beginning to end, has been rooted and grounded in misapprehension. I recall being in Vietnam in early 1966 with Hubert Humphrey, who was then Vice-President. At the conclusion of that trip, we were taken around to the Ambassador's house. The Ambassador was then Henry Cabot Lodge—I'm sure most of you remember Henry Cabot Lodge. And Mr. Lodge sat at one side of the portico there, and the Vice-President of the United States sat at the other side, and they lined up the television cameras back here, and in between they sat six hapless, helpless American advisers to local district officials, and they said, 'Fellas, how's it going?' They told them how it was going. It was going pretty good. And I was a rookie at that game and was taking notes pretty madly there, and a friend of mine who had spent about two years in Vietnam came up to me and said, 'This sounds good, doesn't it? You ought to have heard what that fellow told me the other night when I was talking with him in his tent. What he said did not go anywhere near what he said on the television cameras.'

"So I think that, in many ways, is the story of this war. We've been fooling ourselves. We've been fooling ourselves time and time again. I would take issue to some extent with some of the things that have been said here tonight, because the impression, I think, has been left that evil politicians and evil administrators have fooled the American people into doing something that they did not want to do. I would not for one moment want to imply, you understand, that they haven't been trying to fool them. We were being fooled with talk about counter-insurgency back in 1961. What were we going to do in the jungle? President Kennedy was reading the handbook of the Irish Republican Army, and that's not a joke. And the White House press group at the time went down to Fort Bragg with President Kennedy, and we saw the Blue Berets at practice, or the Green Berets—well, one of those Berets—and they even had one of those ridiculous things where a fellow with something like a rocket on his back went up and over and down on the other side of a creek. He then was free to attack the enemy. They were more vulnerable than our helicopters in the Panhandle. While this show was going on, a reporter from Agence France-Presse came over to me and whispered in my ear and said—he had been in Indo-China as far back as 1951—'All this looks great. But none of it worked when we tried it in 1951.' And it didn't.

"But we fooled ourselves with counter-insurgency. We fooled ourselves with the bombing campaign. I remember when the planes went north from Danang and Pleiku. We all heard glorious stories of how we were going to pulverize them up there and within eighteen months they were going to come to the conference table and bring peace. There was one story in the New York *Times* that deserves honor—at least one on that occasion. It was written by a man named Charley Mohr, who was then and is now our premier war correspondent—it's getting to be a profession—and Charley brought out an important point. He said that the problem at Pleiku— Those of you who have read the history may remember that that was the place where there were some American airplanes and some American troops before they officially had a combat role, and that base was guarded by a perimeter of South Vietnamese troops. The perimeter was pierced, and the Vietcong came through and destroyed our planes at that base and killed a number of Americans. The next day, President Johnson ordered the beginning of the bombing attacks on the North. Charley Mohr pointed out in his article what has been true of this war from the start: that if the South Vietnamese can't hold the perimeter against the Vietcong in the South, then you can't do anything by bombing the North. But we fooled ourselves at that time into thinking we could do something with bombing in the North.

"We fooled ourselves that we were pursuing the lesson of Munich. We fooled ourselves that somewhere in Peking, or in Hanoi, perhaps, but somewhere over there, there was a Hitler and we were holding the line against aggression. We fooled ourselves that a half-million ground troops put in there with all their firepower could take care of a few little brown men.

"Well, we've found since then that in the efforts to go in there—if there was ever any validity to the effort of going in to try and protect people, if that's what we thought we were doing— we found that in the long run to protect those people we were having to destroy them. And that was fooling ourselves with a vengeance.

"We fooled ourselves in the progress we were making. I was at a dinner party in Washington along about that time—the fall of 1966, I believe. A very high Administration official came up to me and assaulted me, verbally, in front of a lot of people that I didn't like to be assaulted brutally in front of. He said to me, 'Why does your paper print lies?' And I said, 'Well, I can't defend that case. Which lie are you talking about?' And he said that when 'the Buddhists took Hué last month' or 'attacked Hué last month,' or whenever it was at that time— he said, 'You printed a story in your paper that said they captured the radio station and held it for two hours and broadcast antigovernment propaganda.' And he said, 'I didn't believe that.' And he said, 'I picked up the phone and called our man in Hué. And he said they didn't take that radio station over there to broadcast their propaganda. Now, why do you print lies like that?' I said, 'Mr. Secretary, there isn't very much I can do about that. I don't know.' A few months later, I was in Vietnam, and I went to Hué and I found the Secretary's man in Hué, and I found that he was only too eager to tell me that the Buddhists had indeed taken that radio station and broadcast propaganda. But you didn't expect him to tell that to the Secretary of State in a long-distance telephone call.

"Well, we've fooled ourselves. The American people are still fooling themselves. We are fooling ourselves on the Vietnamization program. We are told Vietnamization will bring a generation of peace. And not just peace but peace with honor, which is going to prevent the establishment of a Communist government or something less than a non-Communist government in South Vietnam. Vietnamization isn't going to do any one of those things. And, furthermore, even to the extent that Vietnamization will remove our troops from Vietnam, whether or not it brings a generation of peace, whether or not that peace has honor, Vietnamization has required the invasion of two countries and the bombing of three to evacuate one, and that is a policy that seems to me to have very little future to it and very little profit.

"Worst of all, we are fooling ourselves that this war is winding down. This war is not winding down. It's not winding down for six million refugees. It's not winding down for the people on whom the bombs drop, for the children on whom the napalm drops, for those one million people who are going to be moved out of the northern provinces into the southern provinces. You know that in ancient times the southern provinces were a different country. They are moving them into a different country down there. The war is not winding down for those people. It's not winding down for the nearly one million refugees created in Cambodia after the incursion there. It's not winding down on the Plaine des Jarres, where we have dropped more bombs than we did throughout World War II. It's not even winding down for the Thais, because the Chinese have resumed building a road through the northern part of Laos up to Thailand. With our incursion into Laos, the Thais are going to become vulnerable.

"So this war is not winding down. It's another case in which we are fooling ourselves. The American people have been fooling themselves over there for ten long years that their aim is selfless and their cause is just. Yet the truth of the matter is that it has always been a war for American objectives, however dubious and illusory they may be. It has become in recent years a war to conceal original American folly, if not original American sin. It has become a war to preserve American vanity, a war to preserve American self-regard and to preserve American delusions of grandeur. It's become a war of war crimes for those purposes.

"We are creating—and I use the word advisedly, and with consciousness of its meanings to many people— we are creating a holocaust in Indo-China. I went, a year ago, to Auschwitz. But there will never be in Indo-China a glass case full of the eyeglasses of those who have been butchered, and there will never be there a glass case full of little children's shoes and the hair from women's heads. There will never be any such glass cases there, because we are incinerating the people without saving the booty.

"We are fooling ourselves when we think that the war is winding down, and, above all, when we think that through any means whatsoever there can be honor in the end in a war which had no honor in the beginning and has even less in the process.

"And, in the great tradition of this war, many of us, and many of us here in this hall tonight, are still fooling ourselves. There are some who are fooling themselves that nothing can be done. Well, something has been done. I wouldn't want to characterize it as much or little, but something has been done.

"We stopped the bombing once; we suggest that it could be stopped again.

"We got negotiations going once, and perhaps we can do it again.

"We got one President out, and perhaps we can do that again.

"We got one party turned by the hunger of being out of office from a war party to a peace party, and perhaps we can do that again.

"But there are many things that we can do. We have done some things, and I say we can do more things. We can work more. Or, in my case, I can perhaps write more. But there are those who would not advocate that course. We can speak more, although there are those, I'm sure—there are those in this hall tonight—who wouldn't endorse that proposition.

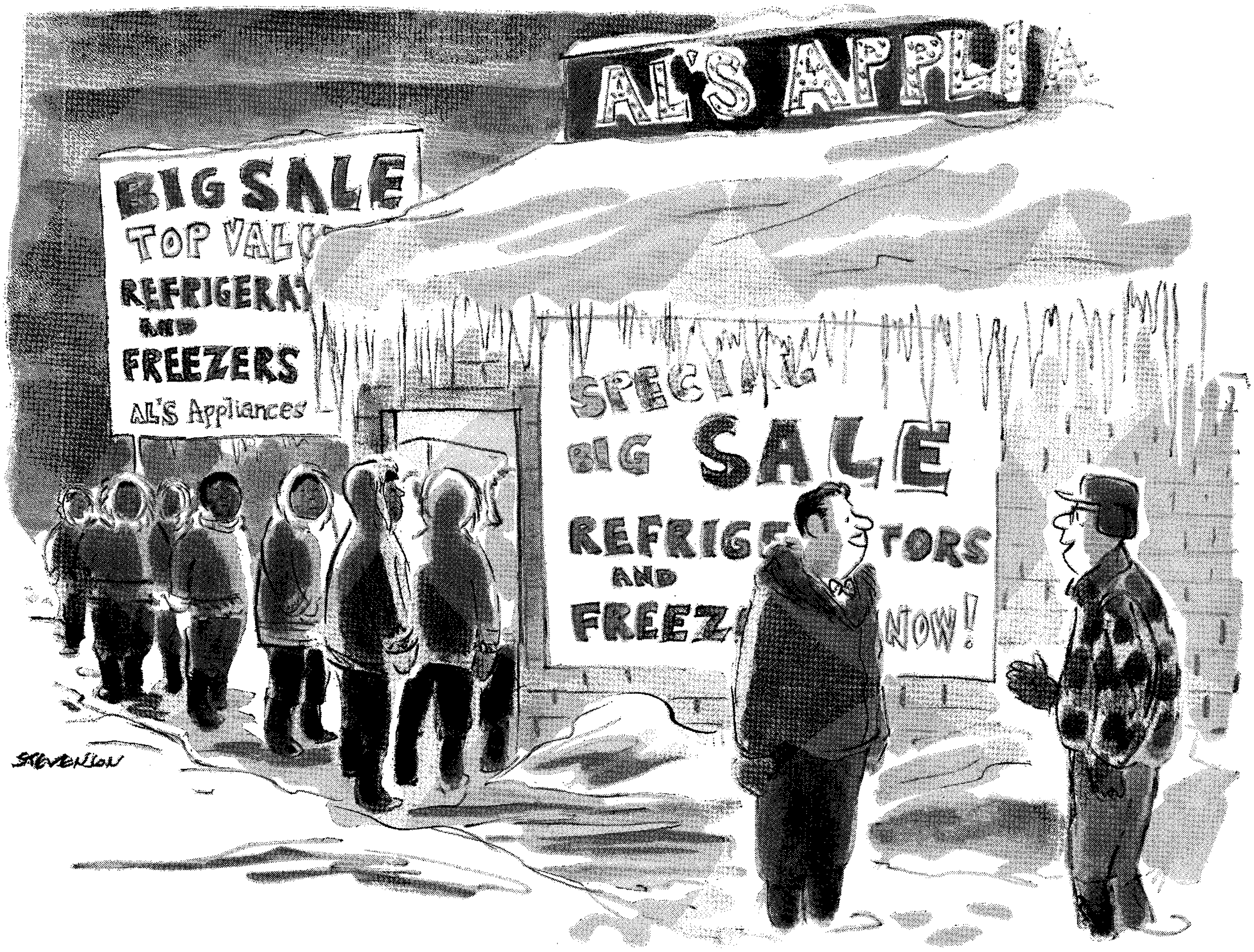
"We can vote when the time comes.

"We can protest any time.

"There are many things that we can do.

"There are others in this hall, however, who are fooling themselves into thinking that we can do it overnight. They are fooling themselves when they say that. The history of this war is not merely a history of misapprehension—it is a history of the search for a quick fix. Something that would get it over with quickly—invasions of Laos and Cambodia. And, among those who want to end the war out of peaceful motives and who want to restore the character of America, those who think that they can do it with a quick fix are just as wrong, and, in the long run, are going to do just as much damage. This is true because the American people have not simply been duped and misled into a disaster. I think we must face up to the fact—and I know many who do face up to the fact—that there is something deeply wrong in our country. Something has gone wrong in our country, and it is not merely the war in Vietnam. The war is the sickest fruit of what is wrong in our country—it is not the only thing wrong. And until we begin to contemplate what is wrong with our country, then we are not going to be able to do much about the wrong things our country does. This is what we have got to face up to. I needn't enumerate those many things in our society that need to be dealt with. They all stem from the same basic problems in our society, which are the distorted values by which we have sought personal affluence and physical power and military power in the world as against human values and things that improve the human quality of life.

"I say, also, that we are all fooling ourselves or will be fooling ourselves if we think that in this effort that lies before us only success matters. I believe that we can stop this war and I believe that we can deal with the problems that face the United States of America. I believe that we can redeem the soul of our country—I believe in redemption, and I believe that we can do it. But



"Al, you've been chosen Businessman of the Year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce."

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suppose, ladies and gentlemen, suppose we cannot. Just in case we can't, I will tell you what I think. Suppose we cannot redeem our country. I believe with the poet that a man's reach should exceed his grasp. I believe with William Faulkner that the basest of all things is to be afraid. And I hold with Cavafy: Honor to those who guard their Thermopylae, even if in the end Ephialtes will appear and the Medes will go through. If we're going to think that only success matters in the effort to redeem America, then we shall fail before we begin."

Stephen Shore

"PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN SHORE," one of three new exhibits in the Prints and Drawings galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is the first one-man show at the Met of the work of a living photographer. Mr. Shore is a New York photographer who happens to be a friend of ours. The photographs in the show are of ordinary things, but they invite you to think about ultimate things. There are photographs of cars decaying in some woods near Kingston, New York; of friends on a ranch in Texas; of clouds, seen from above and from below; of the house and grounds of the Institute of General Semantics, in Lime Rock, Connecticut; of Mr. Shore's parents, Fred and Ruth Shore. The picture of Mr. Shore's father is made up of two photographs of the same size side by side. On the left, his father is wearing a double-breasted blazer and a tie; on the right, he is wearing an undershirt. The picture of his mother is similar. In one of two photographs she has on a dress; in the other, a slip.

There was no formal opening of the show, so Mr. Shore invited some friends and some relatives, including his parents, to meet him at the Museum around eight on the night of the day the show opened. Mr. Shore is tall and lean, and grave, although he laughs quite a bit. He got interested in photography when he was six and was given a darkroom kit, but his interest waned until, at the age of nine, he was given a small camera. Since then he has worked at photography steadily. He is twenty-three now. Mr. Shore spent most of his childhood in Manhattan and does not know how to drive a car. While he was growing up, he attended a number of schools. They included the Little Red School House, on Bleecker Street; the Hackley School, in Tarrytown, a boarding school with battlements; and the Columbia Grammar School, on West Ninety-third Street. He was scheduled to enter Bard College but dropped out of high school a month before graduation. He became the photographer for a symphony orchestra, and made friends with Andy Warhol and his friends and took pictures of them. Then, for a year, he worked with his father on Wall Street; Fred Shore used to manufacture ladies' handbags and is now an investor. Stephen Shore flew to various parts of the country and looked at electronics firms, considering them as investment possibilities. Last fall, he took two courses at the New School—one in science and religion, the other in molecular biology.

Stephen Shore and his friends arrived at his show in advance of his parents. Mr. Shore said that his father had come to see the show that morning and had spotted his portrait from across the room and had taken it very well. He didn't think his mother knew yet what she was in for. Then his parents arrived. His father was grinning, and his mother did not notice herself for two minutes. When she did, she was startled and said, with no malice, and with some affection, "I'm going to kill him."

Everyone laughed, and his father said, "We're the only two living people hanging in a museum." He looked proud of his son. Later on, his mother laughed, too. "I'm going to get myself copyrighted," she said.

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OVERHEARD at a publisher's cocktail party, from the lips of a visiting British author: "I must say, I've been enjoying your country. Spent the weekend in Connecticut. First time I've been to the interior."

Telephone Call

WHEN the telephone rang a few days ago, we approached it warily, as we have learned to do of late. We heard a woman's voice at the other end. "The bookcase is in the kitchen," the voice said.

"Yes?" we said, assuming a neutral tone.

"Who is this?" the voice asked. "What number am I calling?"

We recited our telephone number.

"Oh, my God!" said the voice. "I thought I was calling my brother. Hi. How are you?"

"Fine," we said. It was our friend Janet.

"You won't believe what's been happening around here," Janet said. "A friend of mine is lending me a piano, which I haven't got room for, and there was a bureau that belongs to me in Wallingford, and a bookcase that was in storage, which I also don't have room for. The storage company is also a moving company, and it occurred to me that on the way to bring me the bookcase the movers could stop off and pick up the piano at my friend's house, in the Village, and the bureau, which I managed to get as far as Westport, and deliver everything to my place on the way back."

"Ummh," we said.

"So I called the moving company, which is in the Village, and the operator told me that the phone was either out of order temporarily or out of order forever—disconnected," Janet said. "I had to go down to the Village anyway, to the New School, to register for an Italian course—I'm taking Italian because I couldn't decide between French and Spanish. It was the coldest day of the year. When I found the place, there was a note on the door that said, '2:15—Back in one hour.' It was three-fifteen, so I went into a bar, and they sent me to another moving place, down the block, with half the same name. I explained my problem to the guy there. 'Ted's been having trouble with his phone since November,' he told me. 'He's in there, but I know Ted—he won't come to the door. If you want to get in touch with him, you have to send him a letter or a wire.'

"Well, I decided to write him a note—'Please call me'—and I wrote down my number and stuck the note under the door," Janet continued. "He called immediately. He must have been standing right on the other side of the door. I wasn't home yet when he called, of course. My daughter took the call, and she told him she didn't know anything about it, which she didn't. He told her that he could see she wasn't interested in either her mother's welfare or his welfare. He said he had to walk a block in the cold to get to a pay phone. When I got home, she said, 'A crazy man called.' Later, he called again. He said that all his calls were going to the Port Authority Bus Terminal or he was getting all their calls. Something like that. Anyway, he was delighted to hear from me, he said. He hadn't had any business for months, because of the phones. While he was telling me this, the operator broke in and told him his time was up, so I took the number of the pay phone and called him back. I told him about the piano in the Village, and the bureau, which I said I could probably get to Westport, and the bookcase, which *he* had. He asked me what kind of piano it was, and I said it was a studio upright. He said he'd probably need one to two men to move the piano, and one man for the rest of the job, since I said there would be somebody at my apartment to help move the stuff in. Then he asked me, 'When would you like to do it?'

" 'How about the day after tomorrow?' I said. 'Saturday.'

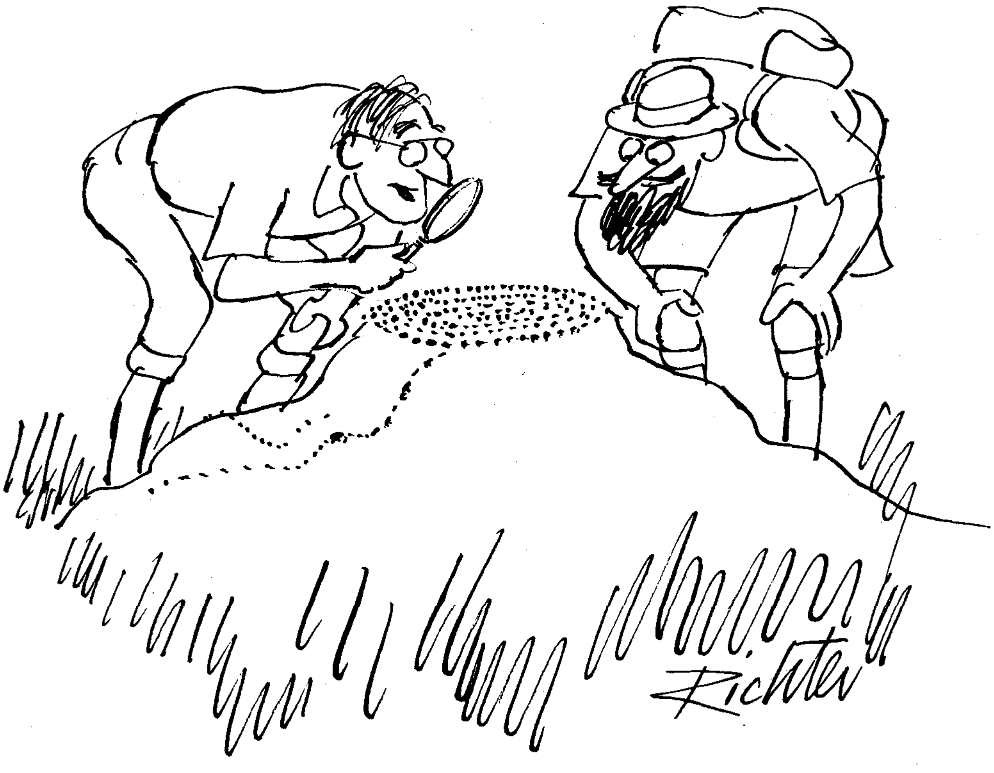
" 'O.K.,' he said. 'What time?'

" 'How about ten in the morning?' I said.

" 'Ten!' he said. 'How about six?'

"I said, 'Six! I work during the week, and, besides, I have to make breakfast for my children.'

" 'I can see that working men are different from working women,' he said.



"Yes, he's definitely assuming leadership. A case of the right ant in the right place at the right time, evidently."

" 'Look,' I said. 'Call me back later. I'll see what I can do.'

"He got furious. 'I've called you eleven times, and I'm not going to call you again,' he said.

"So I said, 'O.K., how about nine o'clock?'

" 'If you're not there at seven,' he said, 'you don't get the bookcase.'

"I think we both hung up at the same time."

Janet paused for a moment, and we pulled a chair up to the telephone.

"Well, *I* got to my friend's house at nine, and *they* got there at ten-thirty," she continued. "None of the people who showed up were movers. At first, there were two of them. One was drunk. Apparently, they make all their phone calls from that bar. They looked at the piano, and immediately they said they needed three men. The third guy got there an hour later, and he was very belligerent. 'Movers are beasts!' he said. 'Everybody thinks a mover is a beast. I take a half hour for lunch, and I eat a hot lunch. I use a fork and a knife and a napkin. I don't just eat a sandwich.' He turned out to be a black actor."

"Ah," we said.

"He looked at the piano," Janet went on, "and he said, 'We can't move this thing. This isn't a spi*net*.' That's how he said it—'spi*net*.'

" 'I didn't say it was a spinet,' I said. 'I said it was a studio upright.'

" 'This is not a spi*net*,' he kept saying. Finally, he said, 'We need four men for this.'

"Forty-eight years old," she added. "He told me he was much older than I was. I didn't say anything. He's separated from his wife and he's living with a girl, but he also sees his ex-girl, who's married and has three children. I found all that out while we were waiting for Mover Number Four.

"When the fourth man showed up, he announced that he was drunk. He was also the owner—Ted. I recognized his voice, but he called himself Bill. He didn't want me to know who he was. They all stood around looking at the piano. One of the helpers said he had moved a piano twenty years ago.

" 'I think you have to move the piano into the kitchen before you try to get it down the stairs,' I said.

" 'Lady, go away,' the owner said. 'Just go away and don't look.'

"Later on, after they shoved it around a bit, he said, 'I think the lady's right.'

"Finally, they managed to get the piano wedged in the hallway, half in the apartment and half on the stairs," Janet went on.

We sat back in our chair and lit a cigarette.

"By that time, the landlord, who lives in the building, was there," she said. " 'This ledge has to go,' the movers were saying. 'This has to go.' They were ripping off parts of the piano. They suggested ripping off parts of the wall, but the landlord objected. They decided to tie the piano, so the keyboard wouldn't fall off, but they didn't have a long enough strap, so they said, 'Let's tie the bench.' Eventually, they gave up. It took them three hours *not* to move the piano.

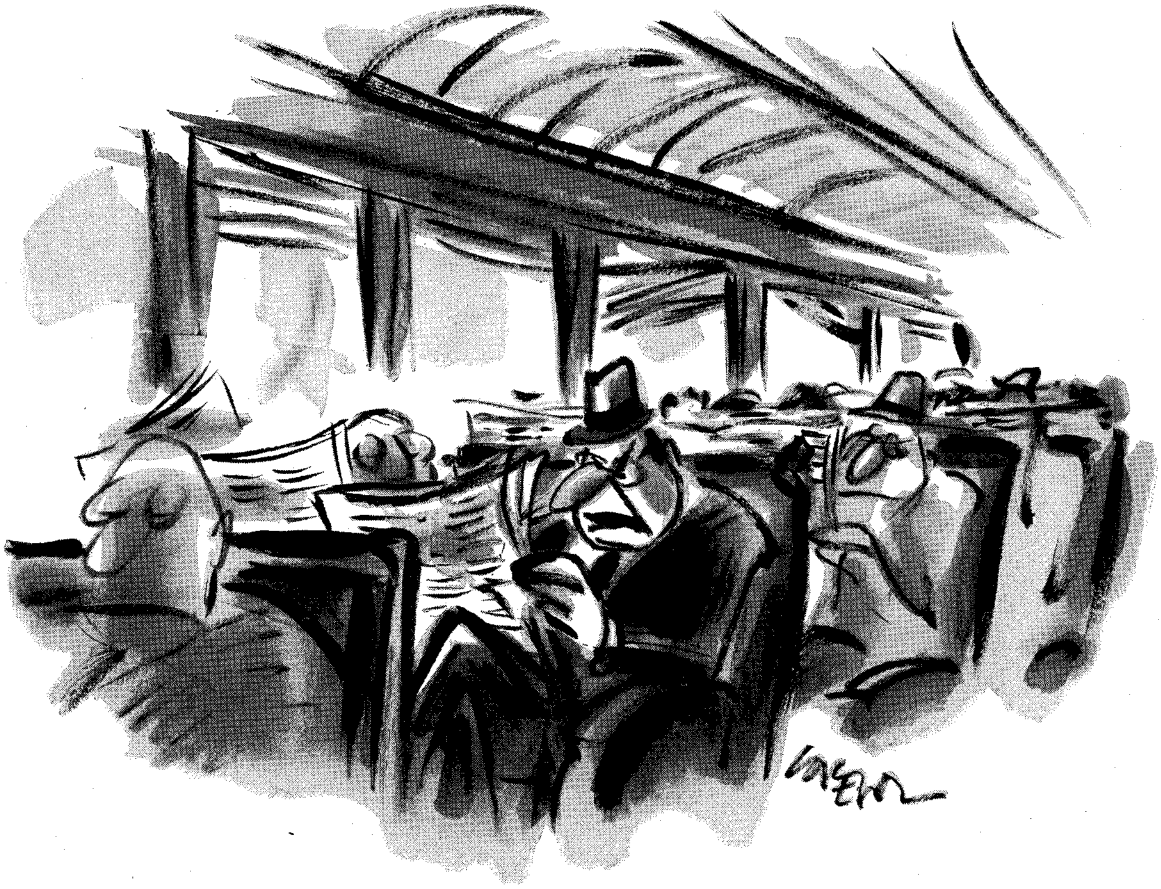
"After that, the least drunk guy drove the truck up to Westport, where my ex-husband had brought the bureau from Wallingford, and he delivered the bookcase to my super, who chopped a huge piece off of it. He explained it wouldn't fit in the elevator. I figure the bookcase can go in the kitchen, where it *is*, and the bureau can go in the kids' room. The piano may have to go in my bathroom, because there is no other place. Or in the hall, instead of the dining-room table, which is there now, if the neighbors don't object. Hey, is there anybody you want me to look up in California in case I go there? I may go to California tonight."

We sat up in our chair abruptly.

"I've got to hang up now," she said. "I'm supposed to be giving a dancing lesson to a couple who are going to Brazil for a wedding. I'm teaching them the samba, the rumba, and the waltz. Did you know that I used to be a dance instructor at Arthur Murray's? I had my wisdom teeth pulled out in exchange for rumba lessons years ago. The dentist never got further than the box step.

"Bye," Janet said, and hung up.

"Goodbye," we said.



"If New York State is so damned broke, why doesn't Rockefeller drop a little something into the kitty?"

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THE CABALIST OF EAST BROADWAY

As happens so often in New York, the neighborhood changed. The synagogues became churches, the yeshivas restaurants or garages. Here and there one could still see a Jewish old people's home, a shop selling Hebrew books, a meeting place for *landsleit* from some village in Rumania or Hungary. I had to come downtown a few times a week, because the Yiddish newspaper to which I contributed was still there. In the cafeteria on the corner, in former times one could meet Yiddish writers, journalists, teachers, fund raisers for Israel, and the like. Blintzes, borscht, kreplech, chopped liver, rice pudding, and egg cookies were the standard dishes. Now the place catered mainly to Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The voices were different, the smells were different. Still, I used to go there occasionally to eat a quick lunch or to drink a cup of coffee. Each time I entered the cafeteria, I would immediately see a man I'll call Joel Yabloner, an old Yiddish writer who specialized in the cabala. He had published books about Holy Isaac Luria, Rabbi Moshe of Cordoba, the Baal Shem, Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav. Yabloner had translated part of the Zohar into Yiddish. He also wrote in Hebrew. According to my calculations, he must have been in his early seventies.

Joel Yabloner, tall, lean, his face sallow and wrinkled, had a pointed skull without a single hair, a sharp nose, sunken cheeks, a throat with a prominent Adam's apple. His eyes bulged and were the color of amber. He wore a shabby suit and an unbuttoned shirt that revealed the white hair on his chest. Yabloner had never married. In his youth he suffered from consumption, and the doctors had sent him to a sanatorium in Colorado. Someone told me that there he was forced to eat pork, and as a result he fell into melancholy. I seldom heard him utter a word. When I greeted him, he barely nodded and often averted his eyes. He lived on the few dollars a week the Yiddish Writers Union could spare him. His apartment on Broome Street had no bath, telephone, central heating. He ate neither fish nor meat, not even eggs or milk—only bread, vegetables, and fruit. In the cafeteria he always ordered a cup of black coffee and a dish of prunes. He would sit for hours staring at the revolving door, at the cashier's desk, or the wall where, years ago, a commercial artist had painted the market on Orchard Street, with its pushcarts and peddlers. The paint was peeling now.

The president of the Writers Union told me that although all of Joel Yabloner's friends and admirers had died out here in New York, he still had relatives and disciples in the land of Israel. They had often invited him to come there to live. They would publish his works, they promised (he had trunks filled with manuscripts), find an apartment for him, and see that he was taken care of in every way. Yabloner had a nephew in Jerusalem who was a professor at the university. There were still some Zionist leaders who considered Joel Yabloner their spiritual father. So why should he sit here on East Broadway, a silent and forgotten man? The Writers Union would have sent his pension to him in Israel, and he could also have received Social Security, which he had never bothered to claim. Here in New York he had already been burglarized a few times. A mugger had knocked out his last three teeth. Eiserman, the dentist who had translated Shakespeare's sonnets into Yiddish, told me that he had offered to make Yabloner a set of false teeth, but Yabloner had said to him, "There is only one step from false teeth to a false brain."

"A great man, but a queer one," Eiserman said to me while he drilled and filled my own teeth. "Or perhaps he wants to atone for his sins this way. I've heard that he had love affairs in his youth."

"Yabloner—love affairs?"

"Yes, love affairs. I myself knew a Hebrew teacher, Deborah Soltis, who was madly in love with him. She was my patient. She died about ten years ago."

In connection with this, Eiserman told me a curious episode. Joel Yabloner and Deborah Soltis saw each other over a period of twenty years, indulging in long conversations, often discussing Hebrew literature, the fine points of grammar, Maimonides, and Rabbi Judah ha-Levi, but the pair never went so far as to kiss. The closest they came was once when both of them were looking up the meaning of a word or an idiom in Ben-Yahudah's great dictionary and their heads met accidentally. Yabloner fell into a playful mood and said, "Deborah, let's trade eyeglasses."

"What for?" Deborah Soltis asked.

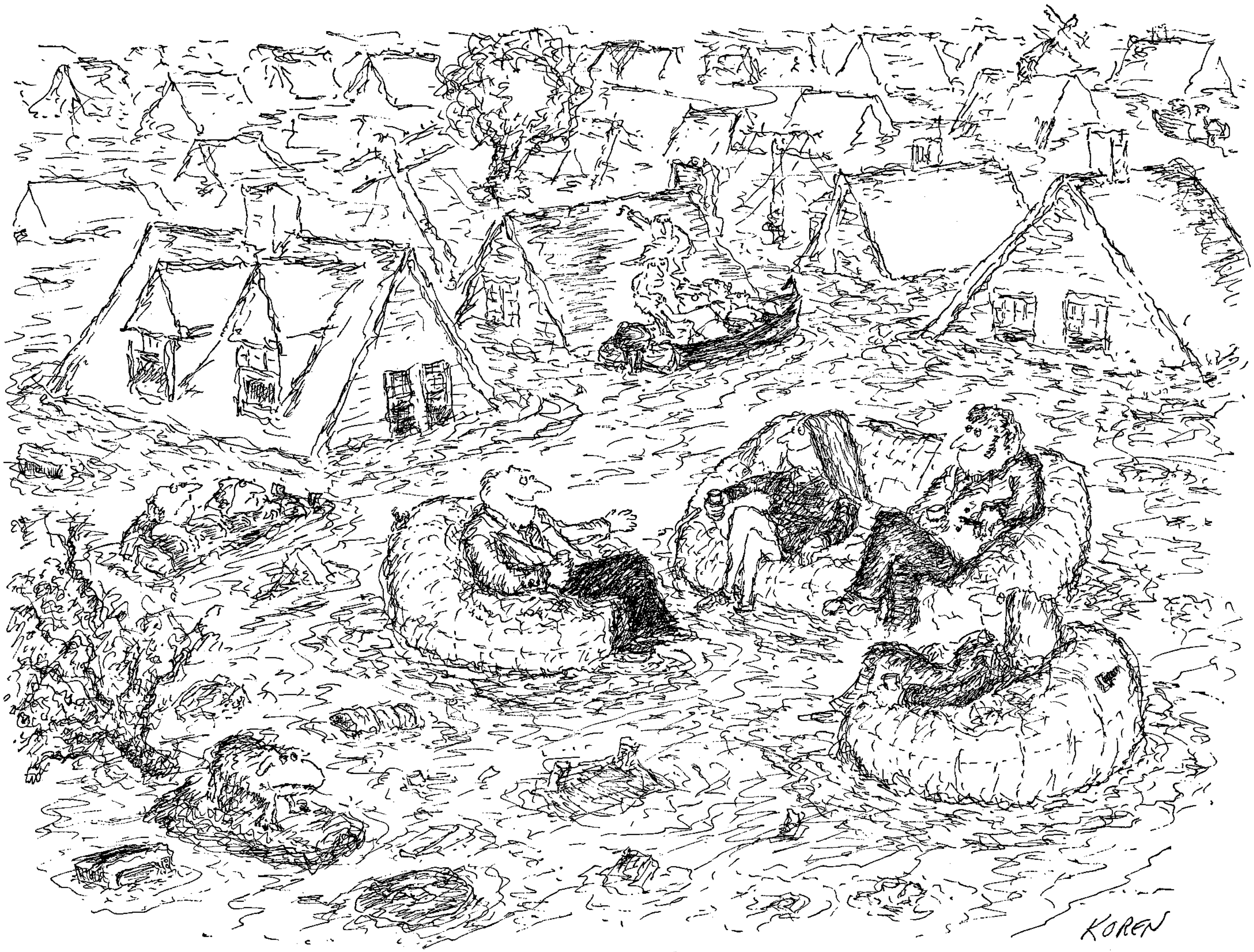
"Oh, just like that. Only for a little while."

The two lovers exchanged reading glasses, but he couldn't read with hers and she couldn't read with his. So they replaced their own glasses on their own noses—and that was the most intimate contact the two ever achieved.

Eventually, I stopped going down to East Broadway. I sent my articles to the newspaper by mail. I forgot Joel Yabloner. I didn't even know that he was still alive. Then one day when I walked into a hotel lobby in Tel Aviv I heard applause in an adjoining hall. The door to the hall was half open and I looked in. There was Joel Yabloner behind a lectern, making a speech. He wore an alpaca suit, a white shirt, a silk skullcap, and his face appeared fresh, rosy, young. He had a full set of new teeth and had sprouted a white goatee. I happened not to be especially busy, so I found an empty chair and sat down.

Yabloner did not speak modern Hebrew but the old holy tongue with the Ashkenazi pronunciation. When he gesticulated, I noticed the sparkling links in his immaculate shirt cuffs. I heard him say in a Talmudic singsong, "Since the Infinite One filled all space and, as the Zohar expresses it, 'No space is empty of Him,' how did He create the universe? Rabbi Chaim Vital gave the answer: 'Before creation, the attributes of the Almighty were all potential, not actual. How can one be a king without subjects, and how can there be mercy without anyone to receive it?' "

Yabloner clutched his beard, glanced at his notes. Once in a while, he took a sip from a glass of tea. I observed quite a number of women and even young girls in the audience. A few students took notes. How strange—there was also a nun. She must have understood Hebrew. "The Jewish state has resuscitated Joel Yabloner," I said to myself. One seldom has a chance to enjoy someone else's good fortune, and for me Yabloner's triumph was a symbol of the Eternal Jew. He had spent decades as a lonely, neglected man. Now he seemed to have come into his own. I listened to the rest of the lecture, which was followed by a question period. Unbelievable, but that sad man had a sense of humor. I learned that the lecture had been organized by a committee which had undertaken to publish Yabloner's work. One of the members of the committee knew me, and asked if I wished to attend a banquet in Yabloner's honor. "Since you are a vegetarian," he added, "here is your chance. They will serve only vegetables, fruits, nuts. When do they



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ever have a vegetarian banquet? Once in a lifetime."

Between the lecture and the banquet, Joel Yabloner went out on the terrace for a rest. The day had been hot, and now in the late afternoon a breeze was blowing from the sea. I approached him, saying, "You don't remember me, but I know you."

"I know you very well. I read everything you write," he replied. "Even here I try not to miss your stories."

"Really, it is a great honor for me to hear you say so."

"Please sit down," he said, indicating a chair.

God in Heaven, that silent man had become talkative. He asked me all kinds of questions about America, East Broadway, Yiddish literature. A woman came over to us. She wore a turban over her white hair, a satin cape, and men's shoes with low, wide heels. She had a large head, high cheekbones, the complexion of a gypsy, black eyes that blazed with anger. The beginnings of a beard could be seen on her chin. In a strong, mannish voice she said to me, "*Adoni* [Sir], my husband just finished an important lecture. He must speak at the banquet, and I want him to rest for a while. Be so good as to leave him alone. He is not a young man anymore and he should not exert himself."

"Oh, excuse me."

Yabloner frowned. "Abigail, this man is a Yiddish writer and my friend."

"He may be a writer and a friend, but your throat is overstrained. If you argue with him, you will be hoarse later."

"Abigail, we aren't arguing."

"*Adoni*, please listen to me. He doesn't know how to take care of himself."

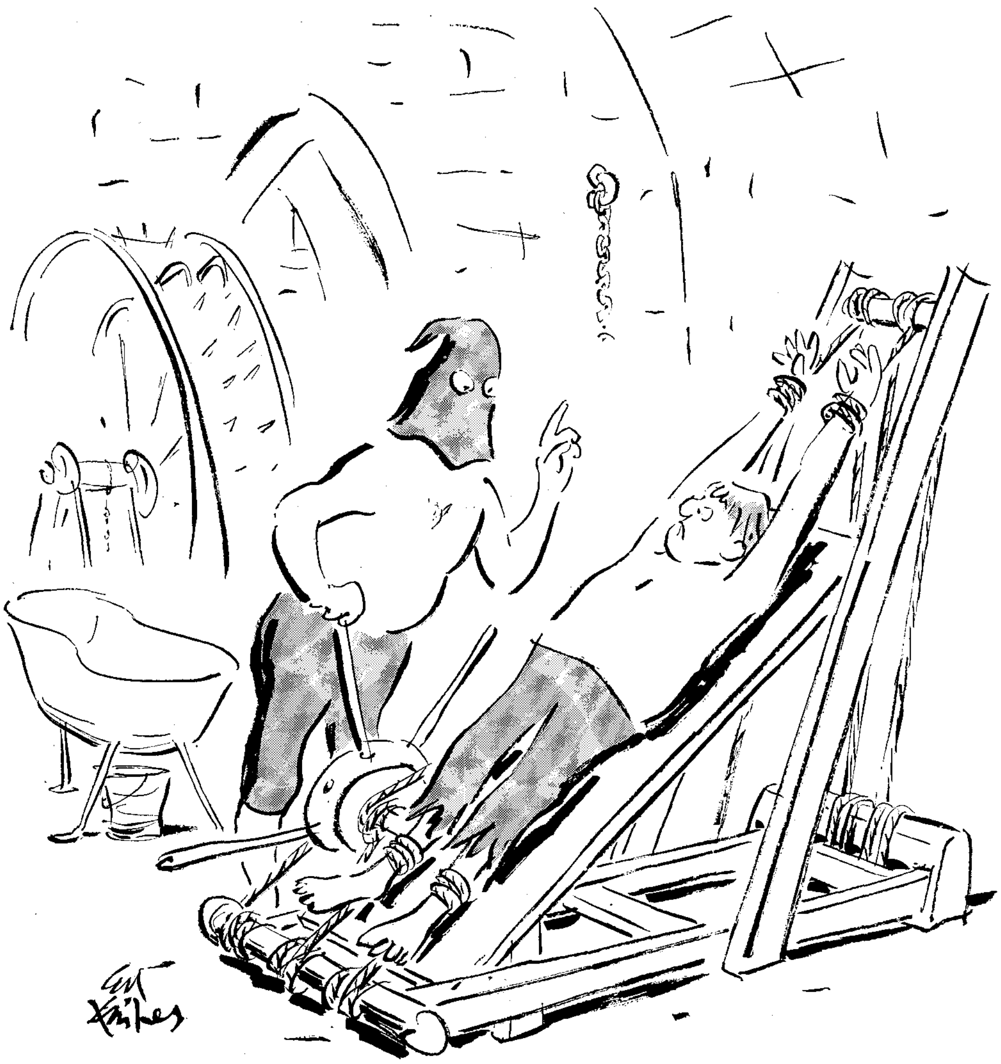
"Well, we shall talk later," I said. "You have a devoted wife."

"So they tell me."

I took part in the banquet—ate the nuts, almonds, avocados, cheese, bananas that were served. Yabloner again made a speech, this time about the author of the cabalistic book "The Treatise of the Chassidim." His wife sat near him on the stage. Each time his voice became scratchy she handed him a glass of white fluid—some variety of yogurt. After the speech, in the course of which Yabloner demonstrated much erudition, the chairman announced that an assistant professor at the Hebrew University was writing Yabloner's biography and that funds were being raised to publish it. The author was called out on the stage. He was a young man with a round face, shining eyes, and the tiniest of skullcaps, which blended into his pomaded hair. In his closing words, Yabloner thanked his old friends, his students, all those who came to honor him. He paid tribute to his wife, Abigail, saying that without her help he would never have been able to put his manuscripts in order. He mentioned her first husband, whom he referred to as a genius, a saint, a pillar of wisdom. From a huge handbag that resembled a valise more than a lady's purse, Mrs. Yabloner took out a red kerchief like the ones used by old-fashioned rabbis and blew her nose with a blast that reverberated throughout the hall. "Let him intercede for us at the Throne of Glory!" she called out.

After the banquet I went over to Yabloner and said, "Often when I saw you sitting all alone in the cafeteria I was tempted to ask you why you didn't go to Israel. What was your reason for waiting so long?"

He paused, closing his eyes as if the question required pondering, and finally



"*Before we begin, it is my duty to tell you that anything you say may be used against you.*"

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shrugged his shoulders. "Man does not live according to reason."

AGAIN a few years passed. The typesetter on the newspaper for which I worked had lost a page of my most recent article, and since the article had to appear the next day—Saturday—there wasn't time to send the copy by mail. I had to take a cab to deliver it to the composing room myself. I gave the missing page to the foreman and went down to the editorial department to see the editor and some of my old colleagues. The winter day was short, and when I came back onto the street I felt the long-forgotten hustle and bustle of the oncoming Sabbath. Even though the neighborhood was no longer predominantly Jewish, some synagogues, yeshivas, and Chassidic study houses had refused to leave. Here and there I saw in a window a woman lighting her Sabbath candles. Men in wide-brimmed velvet or fur hats were going to prayers, accompanied by boys with long sidelocks. My father's words came to my mind: "The Almighty will always have His quorum." I remembered the chants of the Sabbath-eve liturgy: "Let us exalt," "Come my bridegroom," "The temple of the King."

I was not in a hurry anymore, and I decided to have a cup of coffee in the cafeteria before I took the subway home. I pushed the revolving door. For a moment I imagined that nothing had changed, and I thought I could hear those voices of my first years in America—the cafeteria filled with Old World intellectuals shouting their opinions of Zionism, Jewish Socialism, the life and culture in America. But the faces were not familiar. Spanish was the language I heard. The walls had been painted over, and the scenes of Orchard Street with its pushcarts and peddlers had disappeared. Suddenly I saw something I could not believe. At a table in the middle of the room sat Joel Yabloner—without a beard, in a shabby suit and an unbuttoned shirt. He was emaciated, wrinkled, and dishevelled, and his mouth again appeared sunken and empty. His bulging eyes stared at the empty wall opposite. Was I mistaken? No, it was Yabloner, all right. In his expression there was the desperation of a man caught in a dilemma from which there is no escape. With the cup of coffee in my hand, I stopped. Should I approach him to greet him, should I ask permission to sit down at his table?

Someone pushed me, and half of my coffee spilled over. The spoon fell on the floor with a clang. Yabloner turned around and our eyes met for a second. I nodded to him, but he did not respond. Then he turned his face away. Yes, he recognized me, but he was not in a mood for conversation. I even imagined that he had shaken his head in refusal. I found a table against the wall and sat down. I drank what was left of my coffee, all the while looking at him sideways. Why had he left Israel? Did he miss something here? Was he running away from someone? I had a strong desire to go over and ask him, but I knew that I would not get anything out of him.

A power stronger than man and his calculations has driven him out of Paradise, back to Hell, I decided. He did not even go to the Friday-night services. He was hostile not only to people but to the Sabbath itself. I finished the coffee and left.

A few weeks later, I read among the obituaries that Joel Yabloner had died. He was buried somewhere in Brooklyn. That night I lay awake until three o'clock, thinking about him. Why did he return? Had he not atoned enough for the sins of his youth? Had his return to East Broadway some explanation in the lore of the cabala? Had some holy sparks strayed from the World of Emanation into the Evil Host? And could they have been found and brought back to their sacred origin only in this cafeteria? Another idea came into my head—perhaps he wanted to lie near that teacher with whom he exchanged eyeglasses? I remembered the last words I heard from him: "Man does not live according to reason." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Alma Singer and Herbert Lottman.*)

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Besides smashing the collegiate steeplechase record by four seconds last year, Sink finished eighth in a field of six million at the NCAA's cross-country title meet two months ago. Liquori was ninth.
—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Even Liquori can well be proud.

THE LOWLIEST BUSH A PURPLE SAGE WOULD BE

EVERY work of nature has a voice, poets tell us, if only we will sit quietly and listen with the "inner ear of patience and delight." The man who waits patiently for nature to speak to him will be well rewarded, they say; only he can enter into the life of silent beings and absorb their wisdom. Traditionally, American poets have listened to some things—stars, oceans, the moon, birch trees, the thrush—and ignored the rest. But some poets, such as the celebrated Arthur Newell, have followed Yin Ch'ang's admonition, "Do not/Lock the bird in the cage!/Follow it as it flies/On quick wings," and are approaching nature with an open mind.

In the Old Poetry, for example, a tree symbolized life and a bare tree meant death. But is this what the tree intended, or merely what the poet read into it? Arthur Newell may listen to a tree, an ordinary spruce, for a month and then suddenly discover that it is his mother looking out at the frozen snow of North Dakota as if her old heart would break. Or he may listen to a mandrill at the zoo and hear him say, "Forgive me for leaving Lincoln, Nebraska./I weep for your misery./I am no good at football."

I visited Arthur Newell this winter on his farm near Winifred, North Dakota, soon after "Cold Light of Day" (Anteater Press, $2.50) was published. He picked me up at the bus depot and we drove past the familiar "woods pleading for love" and the Little Plum River with its "mad fear of bridges."

"This is beautiful," I said, looking out at the wintry landscape.

"You impose your own concept of beauty on it," he said quietly, "because you have no wish to see what is really there underneath the surface."

I assured him that I *did* wish to see this but that I was tired from my long trip.

"At Lake Winifred/Under the clear ice, fish sing/And are truly happy," he said.

I asked him to show me the lake the next morning.

We set out at dawn across the desolate fields. They seemed desolate to me, at any rate. Soon we came to the lake, which was covered with ice and snow. As we sat on the frozen shore, we heard music that seemed to come up out of the ground. It was the deep baritone voices of walleyes under the ice singing "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Molly Bawn," "O Haste, Crimson Morn," and other favorites. A passing female rabbit heard them, too, for she sat down near us and said, "These lovely fish!/They are of the tribe of Sacajawea,/Singing in the bus depot in San Diego."

"Accountants and bank presidents skate on the ice on envelopes/Trying to forget the French Revolution," replied Arthur.

"But in the cold light/The fish study the colors of the sun," the rabbit said.

She and Arthur agreed to collaborate on a poem based on what she had heard from bears.

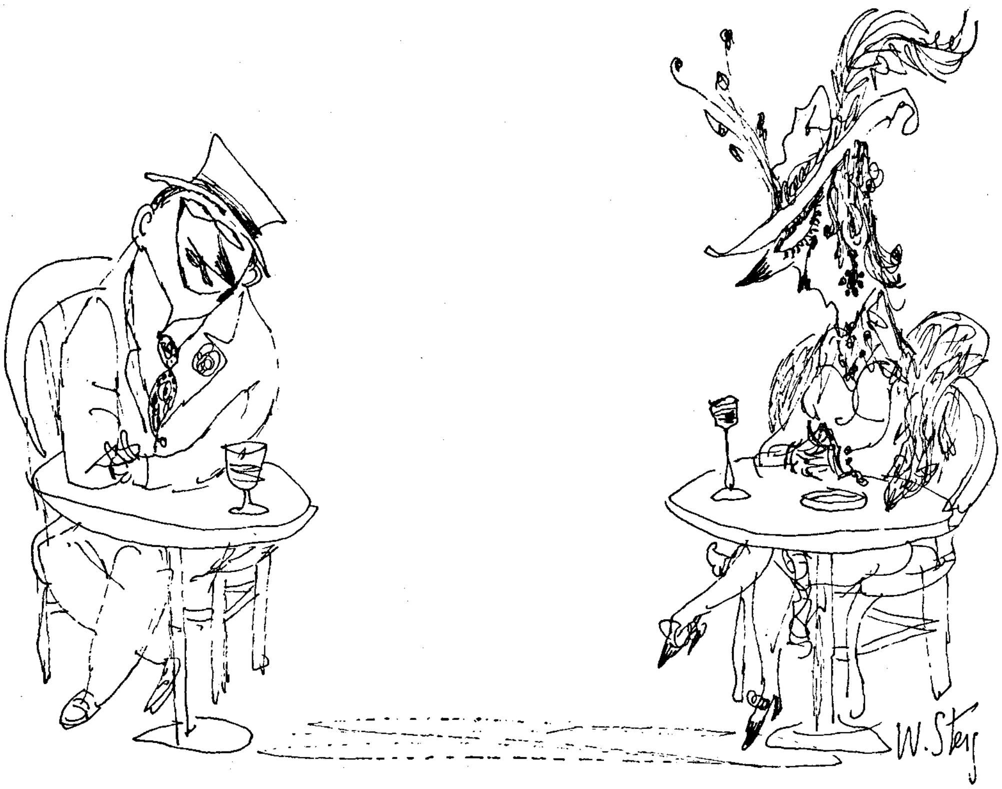
IT isn't easy for us to observe the underlying reality of things—to know, for example, that chestnut trees are not mighty but rather shy and often superstitious about thunderstorms, that owls know very little that is worthwhile (less than most geese), or that the dish did not particularly care for the spoon but was desperate. One must observe ". . . the silent ones/Who take short breaths" carefully if one is to learn these secrets. Stones and trees speak slowly and may take a week to get out a single sentence, and there are few men, unfortunately, with the patience to wait for an oak to finish a thought.

I know another poet who threw a rock at a squirrel who had spoken to him of "the dull light of cities/Where buses swerve and mutter like blind muskrats." The poet chased the squirrel into a pile of leaves and tried to brain him with an umbrella. "I can't walk to the corner for a loaf of bread," the poet said, "without having a dozen birds light on my shoulder and let me in on their thoughts about materialism. Or else it's some old elm on the boulevard who thinks he's my uncle, restless in the dim glare of uptown, dreaming of glaciers. Just because I'm a poet, animals and trees think I'm available at all hours of day or night. I don't have a moment to myself."

Later, I found the squirrel staggering across a lawn and cursing to himself. I brought him to my apartment, where I bandaged his head and fed him a big supper, and we talked most of the night. "My relations with poets have been quite warm, as a rule," he told me. "I've been invited any number of times to lecture to their classes on the so-called pathetic fallacy. But this isn't the first time one of them has beaned me. And, strangely, it's always one of the 'nature poets,' who are supposed to be good listeners, who reaches for a rock when I open my mouth. You'd think I'd learn to keep things to myself."

He seemed to be a very bright and promising squirrel, and I'm sure we'll hear a lot more from him in the future.

—GARRISON KIELLOR



SIX POEMS

THE BABYSITTERS

(1961)

It is ten years now since we rowed to Children's Island.
The sun flamed straight down that noon on the water off Marblehead.
That summer we wore black glasses to hide our eyes.
We were always crying, in our spare rooms, little put-upon sisters,
In the two huge, white, handsome houses in Swampscott.
When the sweetheart from England appeared, with her cream skin and Yardley cosmetics,
I had to sleep in the same room with the baby on a too-short cot,
And the seven-year-old wouldn't go out unless his jersey stripes
Matched the stripes on his socks.

Oh, it was richness—eleven rooms and a yacht
With a polished-mahogany stair to let into the water
And a cabin boy who could decorate cakes in six-colored frosting.
But I didn't know how to cook, and babies depressed me.
Nights, I wrote in my diary spitefully, my fingers red
With triangular scorch marks from ironing tiny ruchings and puffed sleeves.
When the sporty wife and her doctor husband went on one of their cruises,
They left me a borrowed maid named Ellen "for protection,"
And a small Dalmatian.

In your house, the main house, you were better off.
You had a rose garden and a guest cottage and a model apothecary shop
And a cook and a maid, and knew about the key to the bourbon.
I remember you playing "Ja-Da" in a pink piqué dress
On the game-room piano when the "big people" were out,
And the maid smoked and shot pool under a green-shaded lamp.
The cook had one walleye and couldn't sleep, she was so nervous.
On trial, from Ireland, she burned batch after batch of cookies
Till she was fired.

O what has come over us, my sister!
On that day off the two of us cried so hard to get,
We lifted a sugared ham and a pineapple from the grownups' icebox
And rented an old green boat. I rowed. You read
Aloud, cross-legged on the stern seat, from the "Generation of Vipers."
So we bobbed out to the island. It was deserted—
A gallery of creaking porches and still interiors,
Stopped and awful as a photograph of somebody laughing,
But ten years dead.

The bold gulls dove as if they owned it all.
We picked up sticks of driftwood and beat them off,
Then stepped down the steep beach shelf and into the water.
We kicked and talked. The thick salt kept us up.
I see us floating there yet, inseparable—two cork dolls.
What keyhole have we slipped through, what door has shut?
The shadows of the grasses inched round like hands on a clock,
And from our opposite continents we wave and call.
Everything has happened.

PHEASANT

(1962)

You said you would kill it this morning.
Do not kill it. It startles me still,
The jut of that odd, dark head, pacing

Through the uncut grass on the elm's hill.
It is something to own a pheasant,
Or just to be visited at all.

I am not mystical; it isn't
As if I thought it had a spirit.
It is simply in its element.

That gives it a kingliness, a right.
The print of its big foot last winter,
The tail track, on the snow in our court—

The wonder of it, in that pallor,
Through crosshatch of sparrow and starling.
Is it its rareness, then? It is rare.

But a dozen would be worth having,
A hundred, on that hill—green and red,
Crossing and recrossing—a fine thing!

It is such a good shape, so vivid.
It's a little cornucopia.
It upclaps, brown as a leaf, and loud,

Settles in the elm, and is easy.
It was sunning in the narcissi.
I trespass stupidly. Let be, let be.

THE COURAGE OF SHUTTING UP

(1962)

The courage of the shut mouth, in spite of artillery!
The line pink and quiet, a worm basking.
There are black discs behind it, the discs of outrage,
And the outrage of a sky, the lined brain of it.
The discs revolve, they ask to be heard—

Loaded, as they are, with accounts of bastardies.
Bastardies, usages, desertions, and doubleness,
The needle journeying in its groove,
Silver beast between two dark canyons,
A great surgeon, now a tattooist,

Tattooing over and over the same blue grievances,
The snakes, the babies, the tits
On mermaids and two-legged dream girls.
The surgeon is quiet, he does not speak.
He has seen too much death, his hands are full
of it.

So the discs of the brain revolve, like the muzzles
of cannon.
Then there is that antique billhook, the tongue,
Indefatigable, purple. Must it be cut out?
It has nine tails, it is dangerous.
And the noise it flays from the air, once it gets
going!

No, the tongue, too, has been put by,
Hung up in the library with the engravings of
Rangoon,
And the fox heads, the otter heads, the heads
of dead rabbits.
It is a marvellous object—
The things it has pierced in its time.

But how about the eyes, the eyes, the eyes?
Mirrors can kill and talk, they are terrible rooms
In which a torture goes on one can only watch.
The face that lived in this mirror is the face of a
dead man.
Do not worry about the eyes—

They may be white and shy, they are no stool
pigeons,
Their death rays folded like flags
Of a country no longer heard of,
An obstinate independency
Insolvent among the mountains.

APPREHENSIONS

(1962)

There is this white wall, above which the sky creates
itself—
Infinite, green, utterly untouchable.
Angels swim in it, and the stars, in indifference also.
They are my medium.
The sun dissolves on this wall, bleeding its lights.

A gray wall now, clawed and bloody.
Is there no way out of the mind?
Steps at my back spiral into a well.
There are no trees or birds in this world,
There is only a sourness.

This red wall winces continually:
A red fist, opening and closing,
Two gray papery bags—
This is what I am made of, this and a terror
Of being wheeled off under crosses and a rain
of pieties.

On a black wall, unidentifiable birds
Swivel their heads and cry.
There is no talk of immortality among these!
Cold blanks approach us—
They move in a hurry.

FOR A FATHERLESS SON

(1962)

You will be aware of an absence, presently,
Growing beside you, like a tree,
A death tree, color gone, an Australian gum tree—
Balding, gelded by lightning—an illusion,
And a sky like a pig's backside, an utter lack of attention.

But right now you are dumb.
And I love your stupidity,
The blind mirror of it. I look in
And find no face but my own, and you think that's
funny.
It is good for me

To have you grab my nose, a ladder rung.
One day you may touch what's wrong,
The small skulls, the smashed blue hills, the god-awful
hush.
Till then your smiles are found money.

BY CANDLELIGHT

(1962)

This is winter, this is night, small love—
A sort of black horsehair,
A rough, dumb country stuff
Steeled with the sheen
Of what green stars can make it to our gate.
I hold you on my arm.
It is very late.
The dull bells tongue the hour.
The mirror floats us at one candlepower.

This is the fluid in which we meet each other,
This haloey radiance that seems to breathe
And lets our shadows wither
Only to blow
Them huge again, violent giants on the wall.
One match scratch makes you real.
At first the candle will not bloom at all—
It snuffs its bud
To almost nothing, to a dull blue dud.

I hold my breath until you creak to life,
Balled hedgehog,
Small and cross. The yellow knife
Grows tall. You clutch your bars.
My singing makes you roar.
I rock you like a boat
Across the Indian carpet, the cold floor,
While the brass man
Kneels, back bent, as best he can

Hefting his white pillar with the light
That keeps the sky at bay,
The sack of black! It is everywhere, tight, tight!
He is yours, the little brassy Atlas—
Poor heirloom, all you have,
At his heels a pile of five brass cannonballs,
No child, no wife.
Five balls! Five bright brass balls!
To juggle with, my love, when the sky falls.

—SYLVIA PLATH

THE SKEIN

WHEN I woke and looked toward the window, I saw it was one of those November nights of perfect cold, when the full moon throws light so fierce that even little pins of frost cast shadow. The alarm clock had been set to ring at half past three, but some creature stalking in my dream had roused me at three-fifteen. I lay for a few minutes with the moon hard in my eyes, astonished by the whiteness flooding the bedroom. Polished surfaces of furniture shone with subdued lustre, as if made of hammered zinc; edges of a porcelain figurine on the chest of drawers were not the edges I ever saw by daylight. The oval frame of the mirror glowed as if from some arcane, inner source rather than by reflecting the moon. The light had a quality I remembered. When I was a small boy, I used to struggle to turn over fistfuls of pages in the family Bible until I found a certain illustration in the Old Testament. It was an ancient man, one of the prophets, sitting in the open desert and looking up at the sky along a beam of light sharp and colorless as that which now lay upon my wife's spread hair on the pillow beside me. Her breathing was shallow, inaudible under the crisp ticking of the clock. I reached out to press down the alarm button. My fingertip held its tiny oblong of cold for several seconds afterward, prolonging the brief touch of painted metal. I watched the minute hand reach twenty-seven minutes past the hour, and heard the clock whir dully past the time I had set for the alarm. I imagined the jangle of the bell I had inhibited—how it would have ripped into the night and reinforced the cold by making coins and keys rattle on the glass tabletop. Ruth's eyes would have been white with surmise. Her hair, when I kissed her head, felt brittle to my lips, like dead hair.

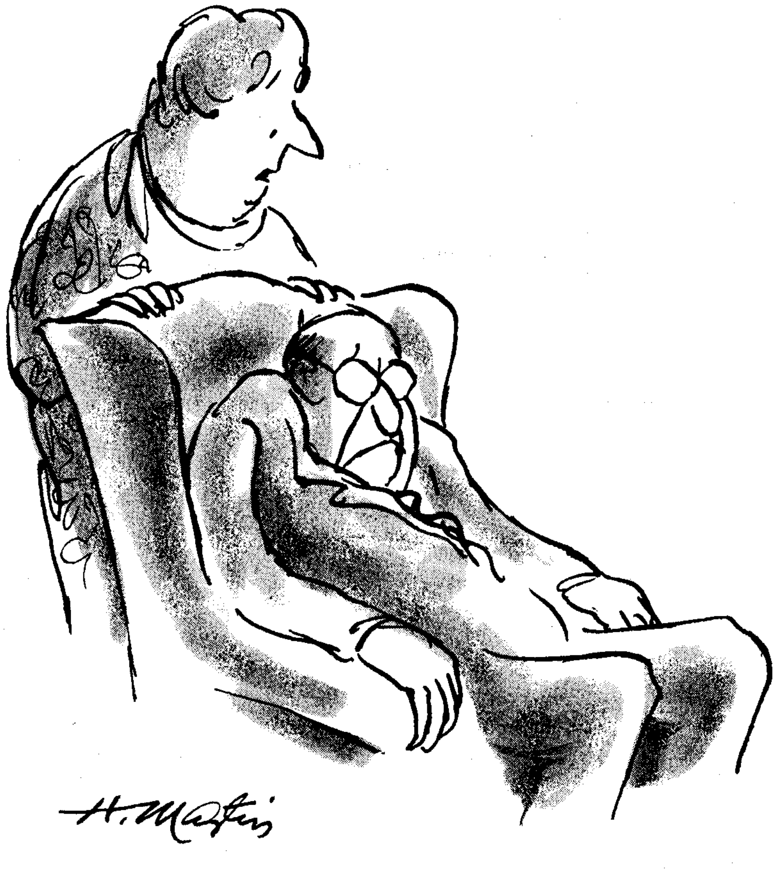
I got out of bed and, shivering, gathered up my clothes and carried them downstairs to the kitchen. I decided against switching on the light, for here, too, familiar objects looked strange and I was enjoying having to teach my eyes the habit of surprise. I felt the touch of my dog's fur as he brushed close to me, to and fro. While I dressed, I shared his monochrome view of the room, its nighttime topography. I patted him, felt his warmth and his racing heart, and then made him lie down again in his basket. I wasn't going to take him with me.

I'd been intending, several weeks since, to do this alone—to get up early and drive down to the salt marshes in the estuary, and try out my uncle's gun. I'd expected the day to begin very differently, with Ruth getting up to cook breakfast for me, and the children rioting around the house, elated by being aroused at such an unaccustomed hour. I'd imagined total darkness stifling my awakening, and the night bruised by lamp glare, coughing, and the smell of fried bacon. But this was altogether more satisfactory. I made a cup of coffee and, clasping the cup with both hands, stood by the window to gaze at the remarkable angles of my moon-washed garden. Nothing disturbed the bland luminosity of the night. There would be no aircraft overhead for at least another hour, when the plane carrying newspapers and mail would come from London, bound for the Channel Islands. Only the steam from my scalding coffee and my breath used the icy air for their patterns. The cold, the moonlight, and my hunger were in unfamiliar conjunction, making my senses more alert than usual. The night seemed auspicious; I'd not eat any breakfast.

A quarter to four. I groped in the hall cupboard for my anorak. As I put it on, I noticed a strong smell of gun oil; the day before, when I cleaned the gun, I'd spilled an eggcupful of oil over the left sleeve. The smell disturbed and excited me, for it was a smell I wasn't used to yet. It reminded me that I had never in my life fired a gun. I shuddered, zipped the anorak, and put up the hood.

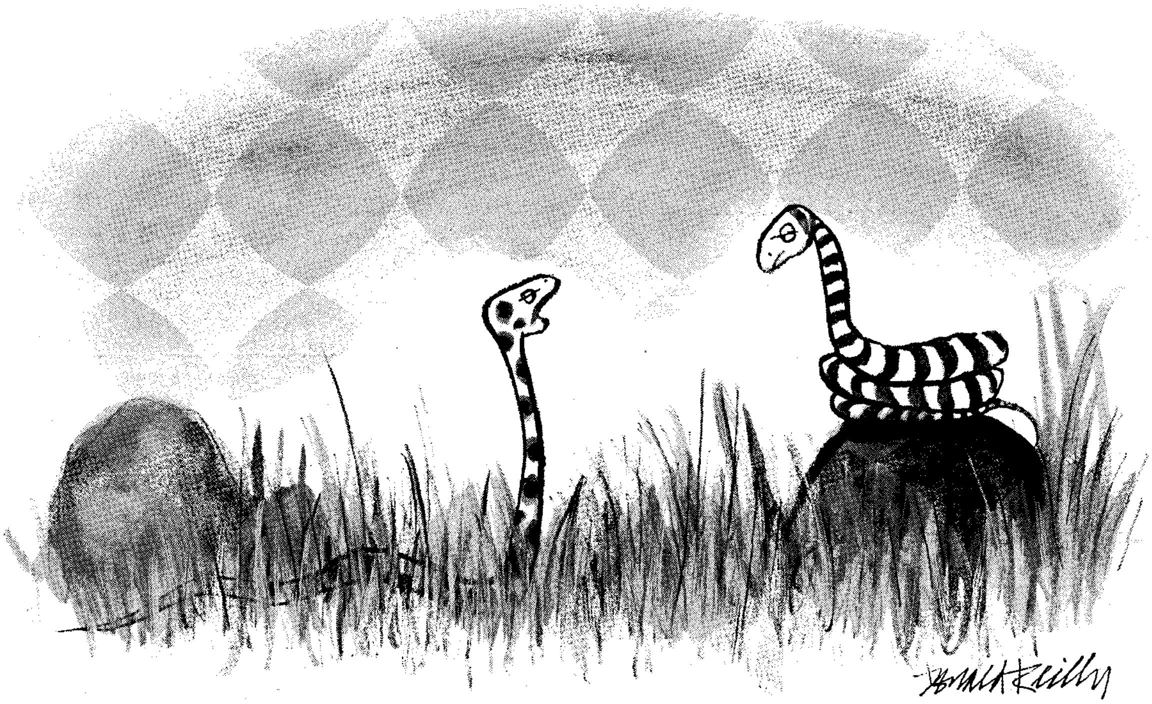
Outside the house, having closed the front door carefully behind me, I plunged my hands into the deep pockets that bulged with cartridges. My fingers were shocked by the bitter cold of the brass; I clenched them tightly round my thumbs, my knuckles pressing against the warmer feel of the khaki fabric. The door handle of the car, tapered like a bayonet, incised my palm. In the back seat was the gun, the barrel agleam in a single, maverick shaft of light from the side window. It had been a fool's trick, I thought, to leave the weapon in an unlocked car; anyone passing by could have seen it and helped himself. It looked very big in the half-light.

I pulled out the choke to its full extent. The engine fired first time. I turned the car into the road and drove toward the moon.



"This country may be on the wrong track, Leland, but your wearing a long face twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year isn't going to help set it on the right track."

MY Uncle Tom is rarely mentioned in our family. I can't remember much about him; I couldn't have been more than eight years old when I last saw him. My clearest memory is of him milking his cows by candlelight in the middle of a field. I stood in the doorway of his little farmhouse, watching. All I could see was the tiny flame as it moved from point to point in the darkness, and once—just once—I saw Uncle Tom's hands in silhouette against the appalling whiteness of a swollen udder. My father came and picked me up, to take me indoors out of the night air. "Your Uncle Tom's a funny sort," he said. But I didn't understand why. And for many years afterward I didn't realize why visiting relations always lowered their voices and smiled in a guilty sort of way when they talked about him.



"*My father was one of the finest snakes I've ever known.*"

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As I drove along the empty roads toward the coast, I tried to remember more about him. I couldn't think of anything that he'd said to me, or even how he'd looked when he was alive. My mother burned all the photographs we had of him the day after his funeral. She wanted to bury his gun, too, but I wouldn't let her. "It was given to me," I said. "I know it might seem horrible to you, but I'd like to keep it." I brought it home and hung it up over the mantelpiece. Five years it's been hanging there, though I take it down and hide it whenever my mother comes to see us. I respect and sympathize with her superstition, without sharing it; I'd never want to give her the pain of seeing the gun or having it mentioned. I wanted to keep it not as a morbid keepsake of Uncle Tom but simply because it was a fine gun and much too good to throw away. For the first few weeks, the sight of it hanging on the wall startled me, I must confess. I kept thinking, as I had done at the funeral, of Uncle Tom, headless, lying in his coffin. With a couple of miles still to go before I came to the estuary, I reached behind me to feel the gun on the back seat. I touched the stock, and ran my forefinger along as far as the trigger guard. The last time the trigger had been pulled was the day Uncle Tom had blown off his head.

I gripped the steering wheel tightly with both hands. It was silly to begin, at this stage, feeling uneasy. It was only a gun, metal and wood; used with proper care, it was perfectly safe. At the inquest, the coroner's verdict had been "death by misadventure." An expert had examined the gun and found it in good order. It couldn't have fired through any fault in the mechanism. Uncle Tom must have tripped and fallen awkwardly, with his finger on the trigger and the safety catch off. No witnesses came forward to say, as my father said afterward, "He was a funny sort. I guessed that one day he'd do away with himself." And that's all my father would say. He wouldn't let himself be drawn, no matter how much I pestered him. It was only when old Sam Parsons, Uncle Tom's neighbor, gave me the gun after the funeral that I learned the truth. Sam took me into his garden shed, where I saw the gun at once, between a hoe and a spade, as if it were some kind of tool.

"Your uncle was a real nutter, you know," Sam said as he picked up the gun and placed it on his bench. "Raving, he was, most of the time. Course, us folks that live nearby used to keep a bit of an eye on him and tried to keep him out of harm's way. And the womenfolk took him up a bit to eat. But we couldn't be by his side every minute of the day, could we, now? We took no notice when we saw him walking about in his fields with his gun. Well, every day he carried it with him, like anybody else might carry a stick. We never saw him fire it, ever. Far as we knew, it wasn't even loaded. I'm sure I don't know whether he meant to do it. On purpose, as the saying is. Or whether it was an accident, like the man said in court. Not that it'd make any scrap of difference now, God rest his soul. I wasn't going to get up and tell the coroner that old Tom was a bit missing. Nor would any other man in the village. We all of us liked him. Wouldn't do to say he might have taken his life. Well, don't you see? The vicar couldn't have buried him in the churchyard if it had come out he died by his own hand. Leastways, I don't think he could, even if we'd spoken up and said as how he was mad. And he was mad, poor old devil."

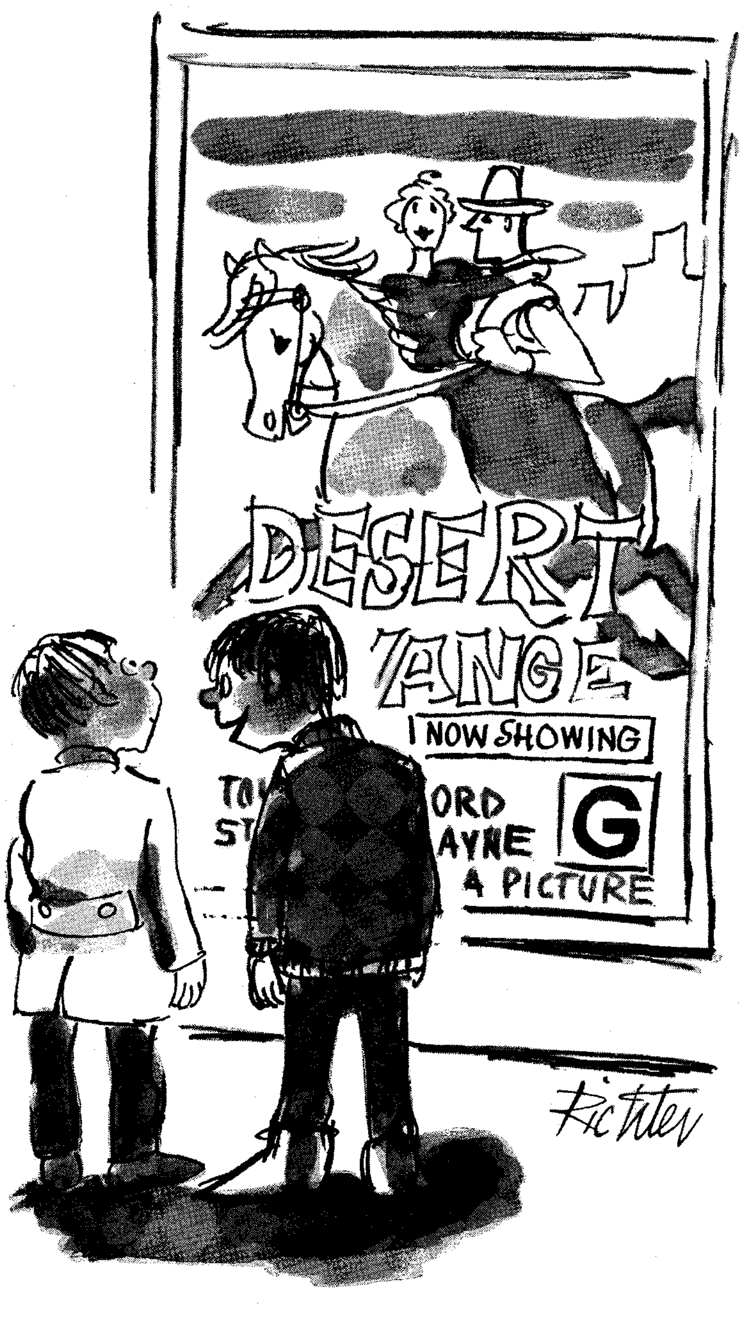
Sam wiped the barrel with a bit of oily rag, then handed the gun to me. "Here, now," he said, "you take this here away with you, for the sight of it fair distresses my Betty. She it was found him. Mind you take good care of it. See that patterning on the metal? Damascus, that is—Damascus, sign of quality."

I STOPPED the car, switched off the lights, and turned round to pick up the gun. I handled it clumsily, banging it hard against the window and then the roof as I tried to open the door with my free hand. I stepped backward out of the car, withdrawing the gun along the front seat; the barrel tip snagged against the creases and seams in the upholstery. I fumbled with my keys. I had to place the gun on the ground before I was able to lock the car.

The moonlight was violent in the bare trees. I crossed a field that was full of uneasy horses and went past a humming pylon toward the foreshore. Once I had left the footpath and was walking along the high-water mark, I stopped, opened the gun, and looked along the barrel at the moon. The length of polished metal pierced my eye, hurting it like an icy point of wind through a window crack. It was clean, perfectly clean. I'd not picked up any grit when I'd put it down on the ground by the car. I inserted a cartridge, closed the gun, and continued along the shore, trying to remember to keep my finger outside the trigger guard, even though the safety catch was on. It was a spit of shingle I was making for, about a mile farther on. The sand was soft underfoot. Every fifty yards or so, I had to stop and shift the gun to make it ride more comfortably under my aching arm. I stumbled against a piece of driftwood and almost fell right over. I felt sick, for I'd nearly let go of the gun as I tried to regain my balance. It was stupid of me, I thought, to have loaded so soon. I wanted to light a cigarette but didn't know how to manage the gun while I did so; I couldn't put it down on the wet sand, and I didn't want to risk dropping it while I tried to hold it under my arm as I struck a match. The gun claimed every part of my attention; my whole body seemed to be subservient to its weight, its cold unwieldiness. I trudged on slowly until I reached the bank of big stones. I lay down on my back and, resting the gun over my body, lit a cigarette and looked through the smoke at the sky. It was the washed blue-gray of watered milk, with little curds of stars.

I felt foolish, gauche, a fraud, unfit to be in possession of a gun. In an article I once read about shooting, the writer advised any beginner to spend many hours carrying the gun unloaded, until he was quite used to the feel of it; he should practice bringing the weapon up to firing position smoothly and naturally, as if it were a part of his arm. My uncle's gun, propped awkwardly against my waist, slued slowly over until the barrel touched my knees. It reminded me of some grotesque, discarded artificial limb.

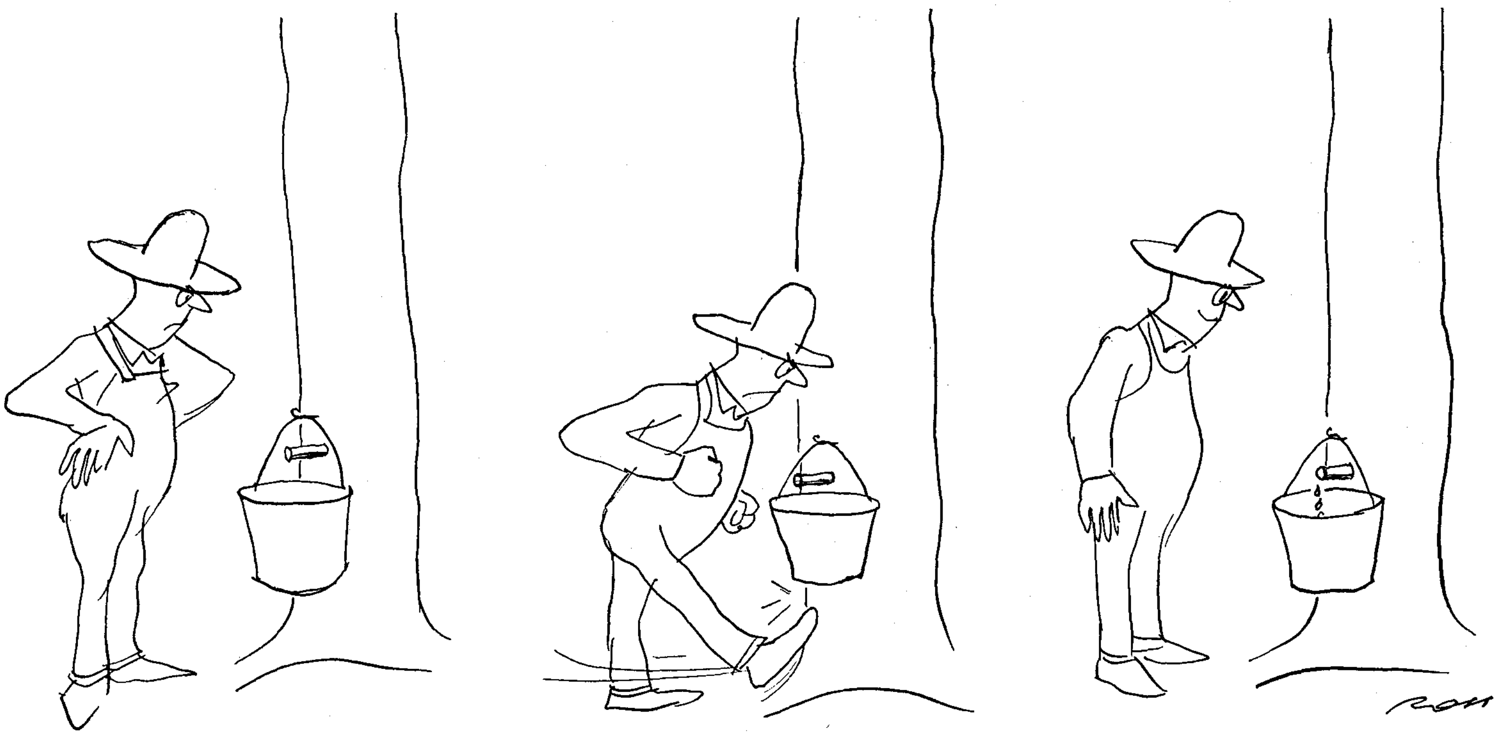
There was still no daylight to dilute the moon's thick fluid. The Channel Islands plane droned over. I lifted the gun and aimed at the starboard light until my arm was weary with the weight. A few pebbles shifted under my feet, and a blackened wad of dead seaweed slithered down the slope. I strained my eyes, looking for flying birds, but in the entire expanse of the sky, left silent once more by the plane, there was no movement. Near the edge of the water, several hundred yards from me, I fancied that I could see a party of oyster catchers wading. But I couldn't be certain. It might have been simply a line of small, shining rocks. I was waiting for something to appear from the sky, I thought, like that Old Testament prophet. However, in the waste of souring foreshore between land and water, uncertain, inexperienced, and uncomfortable, I felt ridiculous and undignified. It was absurd. Absurd as milking cows by candlelight in the middle of a field.



"Let's go in. It's probably lousy, but I hear there are a couple of previews of coming movies rated X."

I thought again about that big family Bible. When my mother had finished burning all the photographs of Uncle Tom, she put the Bible on the kitchen table and crossed out her brother's name from the family tree that was inscribed in old-fashioned copperplate handwriting inside the front cover. She obliterated his name entirely, leaving a jagged oblong of black ink on the page. At the time, I hadn't given much thought to what she did; possibly she always crossed out the names of relatives as they died, a ritual to be performed by whoever had the Bible. Several other names had been crossed out in a similar way. And yet my grandfather's name hadn't been effaced, nor had the names of other relatives who had died since I was born. The family tree went back five generations, but only half a dozen names had been scored out. The others had died long ago, most of them during the last years of the nineteenth century; I only ever knew Uncle Tom. And he went mad.

That must be the reason. There must be a strain of madness running through my mother's side of the family. I tried to remember the pattern made by the crossings out in the family tree. There was one—sometimes two—in each generation. I



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sat up straight and began to think of my cousins, one by one. They all seemed to be quite normal people, with no hint of even the mildest form of eccentricity. But there were branches of the family in Australia, Canada, and Ireland, branches we'd lost touch with. Was there a lunatic somewhere in Kerry, or Ontario, or Queensland? There was no way of finding out easily. Perhaps it had bypassed my generation. I thought of my younger brothers. They seemed normal. But madness can lie like a dormant seed in the mind. At any time, any time, it might sprout and flourish like an obscene, engulfing tropical plant. What about my children, and my brothers' children? What about our grandchildren? Nausea sat like a slimy stone in my stomach. I heaved with fear and ached across the shoulder blades. Pushing the gun away from me, I slumped face down on the shingle. The stones soothed my cheek with a reassuring cold, and the cartridges in my pocket pressed hard into my groin. I closed my eyes and tried to fight off mounting panic. I didn't know for certain, I told myself; I mustn't jump to conclusions. The best thing to do was to dispel my irrational fears by concentrating on what I had come to do. Later on in the day, I'd drive over to see my mother and ask her about the relatives whose names had been crossed out. Very likely there would be an explanation; perhaps they were men who had been convicted of some crime or who had blackened the family name in another way—debtors, perhaps, or absconders from their families. Feeling calmer, I sat up and looked toward the water, where a few gulls were flying. A curlew flew past me, low and fast, its long curved beak dropping its mournful cry. I picked up the gun and released the safety catch, but I was too late for it. Now that the birds were beginning to move, I felt much better. I strained my eyes, looking for the next sudden flighting.

And it was then that I began to hear, faintly and far off, the sound of an approaching skein of geese. It was a sound I'd heard in a natural-history program on the radio some weeks before, when I'd made up my mind to try out the gun. I faced the direction of the cry but could see nothing. Just as the radio commentator had described it, the gathering noise of the skein was like no other noise in the natural world—an excited gabbling, like a crowd of people leaving a football game. Yes, it was apt. The air all around was full of a sound like distant human voices, half hysterical with crazy emotion, commingled with whining whistles and little rattlings. I held the gun in readiness, nestling the smoothened butt against my cheekbone, my finger curled lightly round the trigger. But, though the sky above me and everywhere around me seethed with a frantic, screaming jubilation, all I could see was the day's whiteness erasing the still, diminishing stars. I sought the birds low over the mudspits and the rough growths of spartina, below the branch line of oaks bordering a long field, against the blanching litter along the high-tide mark. And suddenly, frighteningly, everything was silent again, and the beach was in full daylight.

I stood up and stared toward the open sea. There was no sign of the geese anywhere against the unbroken silver of water and sky. Yet the noise of the skein had been so close as to seem palpable; their wildness had been like a brief change of the weather over my head. I was stunned, dismayed by my failure. I walked across the sand toward the water and, when I was close enough, raised the gun and fired it at a piece of driftwood. The bang and the recoil shocked back my sense of panic. In the far distance I saw a flock of small water birds rise a few feet in the air and settle again. An acrid smoke sickened me.

—TED WALKER

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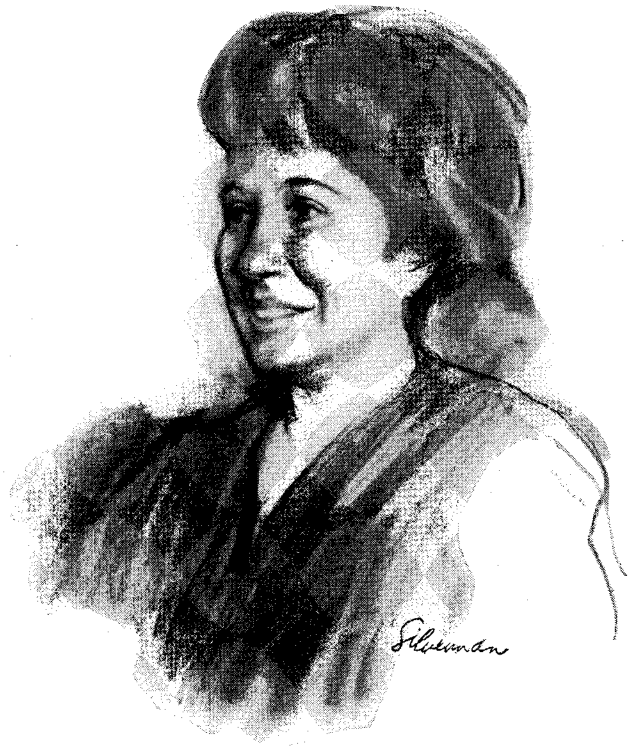
I also recently had a drink with English producer Michael Klinger, and he said, "I saw you in the Beverly Hills Hotel during the Christmas holidays, with those same big dark glasses on and wearing that same dress. I said to my wife, 'I'm sure that's Wanda Hale, let's go say hello to her.' But before we could cross the lobby you had gone out on the arm of a man."

I told him that the man on whose arm I was hanging was my son. Or my grandson. And that I must buy another dress but will keep wearing the big dark glasses.—*Wanda Hale in the News.*

Better have them checked out; you may need bifocals.

PROFILES

SUPERSTAR



WHEN Beverly Sills, America's most famous opera singer, made her début at La Scala, Italy's most famous opera house, a year or so ago, singing the difficult, pyrotechnical role of Pamira in Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth" with extraordinary success, her appearance was preceded by an incident of some significance. This occurred during the rehearsals of the opera. Miss Sills had been imported to do the role at the request of the conductor, Thomas Schippers, because the originally scheduled Pamira, Renata Scotto, was pregnant. As happens in the best of opera houses, Miss Scotto's costume was turned over to Miss Sills to wear. Now, Miss Scotto is a dark brunette, while Miss Sills is a flaming redhead. The costume was gold-colored—just right for Miss Scotto but an outlandish clash with Miss Sills' hair. Miss Sills requested that it be redone in silver. "*Si, Signora*," said the wardrobe mistress. But at the next rehearsal the same gold costume turned up. Miss Sills protested again. The wardrobe mistress was sympathetic and again promised to change it. Two more rehearsals, and the same costume continued to appear. Finally, when the gold costume was once again trotted out, this time in the view of the entire company, Miss Sills became exasperated. "Give me those scissors," she said to the wardrobe mistress, and thereupon cut the costume into three parts and handed them back. The chorus burst into applause. Someone they had taken for a good-natured American girl had turned out to be a real prima donna, complete with what Italians regard as the indispensable characteristic of temperament. Thenceforth, Miss Sills was regarded with awe backstage as well as on the other side of the footlights. She was recognized as a true diva, and, needless to say, she got her silver costume. When the performance of "The Siege of Corinth" was over, she had become what in operatic circles is called a superstar. She immediately tripled her fees and started the superstar's formula—to her, quite uncongenial—of limiting her future engagements. No longer could Beverly Sills be expected to sing in places like Shreveport or Garden City. Only the world's greatest opera houses would be worthy of her, and they would want her in the roles for which she was most famous.

The display of temper during the rehearsal at La Scala was, of course, not the real source of her climb to superstardom. But, in a way, it symbolized the achievement. Anybody who can tell the wardrobe mistress of *any* leading opera house to go to hell must be somebody—somebody more, at any rate, than just a skillful American singer. And the fact that the episode took place at La Scala, which Italians like to think of as the world's greatest temple of opera, added untold prestige. The peculiar glamour that attaches to a great diva is nowadays very much an Italian product. There was a time, long ago, when it was French, too. It is an old-fashioned thing, entailing the worship of a personality as well as a voice, and Miss Sills had earned it. The fact that she is one of the greatest coloratura sopranos now extant was almost beside the question.

It is reasonable at this point to ask just what an operatic superstar is, and how many of them exist. Well, a superstar is a singer who sings certain roles superlatively well (better than anyone else), who says no to most offers by smaller opera houses, who charges a fee of as much as ten thousand dollars per performance, and who is in the difficult position of having to reach a new peak every season, attaining new heights of skill and personal charm or dramatic force. There are only three or four superstars alive today, and all of them happen to be women; no Carusos or Chaliapins are around. Among them are Birgit Nilsson, who can sing Wagnerian opera louder than anybody else; Joan Sutherland, a dramatic coloratura (very rare species), who can sing roles like Norma with faultless agility and great power; and Miss Sills, a lyric coloratura, who has a lighter and warmer voice than Miss Sutherland's and who can sing parts like Lucia with magnificent accuracy and unusual dramatic warmth. Maria Callas, until she lost her voice, was also certainly a superstar.

The categories of the soprano voice are more or less accurately fixed, and have been for a long time, though there was a period in the nineteenth century when any "soprano" was expected to sing everything written for the female voice except deep contralto parts. These categories include the dramatic soprano, a powerful singer, of which Miss Nilsson is the most notable present exemplar; the lyric soprano, a rather common category, lighter in color than the dramatic, and suitable for many roles, from Micaela, in "Carmen," to Madame Butterfly; the lyric "spinto," who has a certain amount of coloratura technique and does best in roles like Violetta in "La Traviata;" and the true coloratura soprano, who is noted for her agility—that is to say, her ability to sing extremely florid passages of trills, scales, and arpeggios, as in the roles of Lucia and Norma. There is also a subdivision among coloratura sopranos. A dramatic coloratura like Joan Sutherland (or Rosa Ponselle in the past) can sing florid passages while heaving great quantities of sound across the footlights. A lyric coloratura like Miss Sills (or Lily Pons in the past) is noted for lightness of voice along with great agility. But the categories overlap and seldom coincide with the abilities of any single artist. Miss Sills is a lyric coloratura, but, having made that observation, one must qualify it by citing her many personal idiosyncrasies. There is a world of difference between the accurate but cold lyric-coloratura voice of Miss Pons, as we remember her, and the warm, vibrant lyric-coloratura voice of Miss Sills. Also, it might be pointed out that Miss Sills' arrival at superstar status is so recent that many people still call her to mind mainly in connection with roles that are essentially lyric ones—Manon in Massenet's opera and Marguérite in "Faust." Always what has struck audiences most about Miss Sills has been her warmth of personality, her sense of drama, her charm, and her good looks, and these qualities have carried her through a career that has included most of the roles written for the lighter type of soprano, whether coloratura or simply lyric. (Indeed, at one point in her life she sang some dramatic-soprano roles, too, but such feats belong to the past.) On the stage, Miss Sills is a tall woman—too tall for some of the little-girl roles, like Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier." As she puts it, "Madame Butterfly I ain't." But by various subterfuges of bearing she manages, from time to time, to look smaller than she is. She has dark-brown eyes, a round, Slavic face, a ski-jump nose, full lips, and natural high coloring, and she smiles easily. Most important of all, perhaps, she has an extraordinarily slim waist—an enormous visual advantage for an opera singer. Put together, all these qualities, plus her red hair, make her look a little like a doll on a Christmas tree. In short, by operatic standards Miss Sills is a beauty. Not since the time of Geraldine Farrar, in all probability, has the operatic stage witnessed her particular combination of femininity, good looks, and spectacular vocal accomplishments.

Miss Sills suddenly became a star (not yet a superstar) in 1966, when she first sang Cleopatra in the New York City Opera's production of Handel's "Julius Caesar" at the New York State Theatre. Audiences and critics realized for the first time that they were in the presence of a diva of historical importance. She tossed off all of Handel's difficult fioriture with exemplary intonation, faultless agility, and a warmth of tone that is seldom encountered in singers of her type. Scales, arpeggios, and complicated ornamentations emerged from her throat with the natural ease of a summer shower of rain. And, beyond this, there was an expressive elasticity to her singing that made every mood, and every dramatic change of mood, evident to her audience. The production was a stunning one. Caesar was sung by the great, modest, and generally underrated bass Norman Treigle, while Julius Rudel, the company's artistic director, conducted in the pit. The evening as a whole was a triumph—a more brilliant occasion than anything that had recently happened at the Metropolitan Opera. There was an ebullient realization on everybody's part that New York's own opera company and New York's own singers had reached a peak of success that—for the time being, at least—left the big, international Metropolitan Opera behind. And the largest factor in the triumph was Miss Sills—charmingly seducing the Roman Emperor, singing like a nightingale, projecting across the footlights the most attractive of operatic personalities.

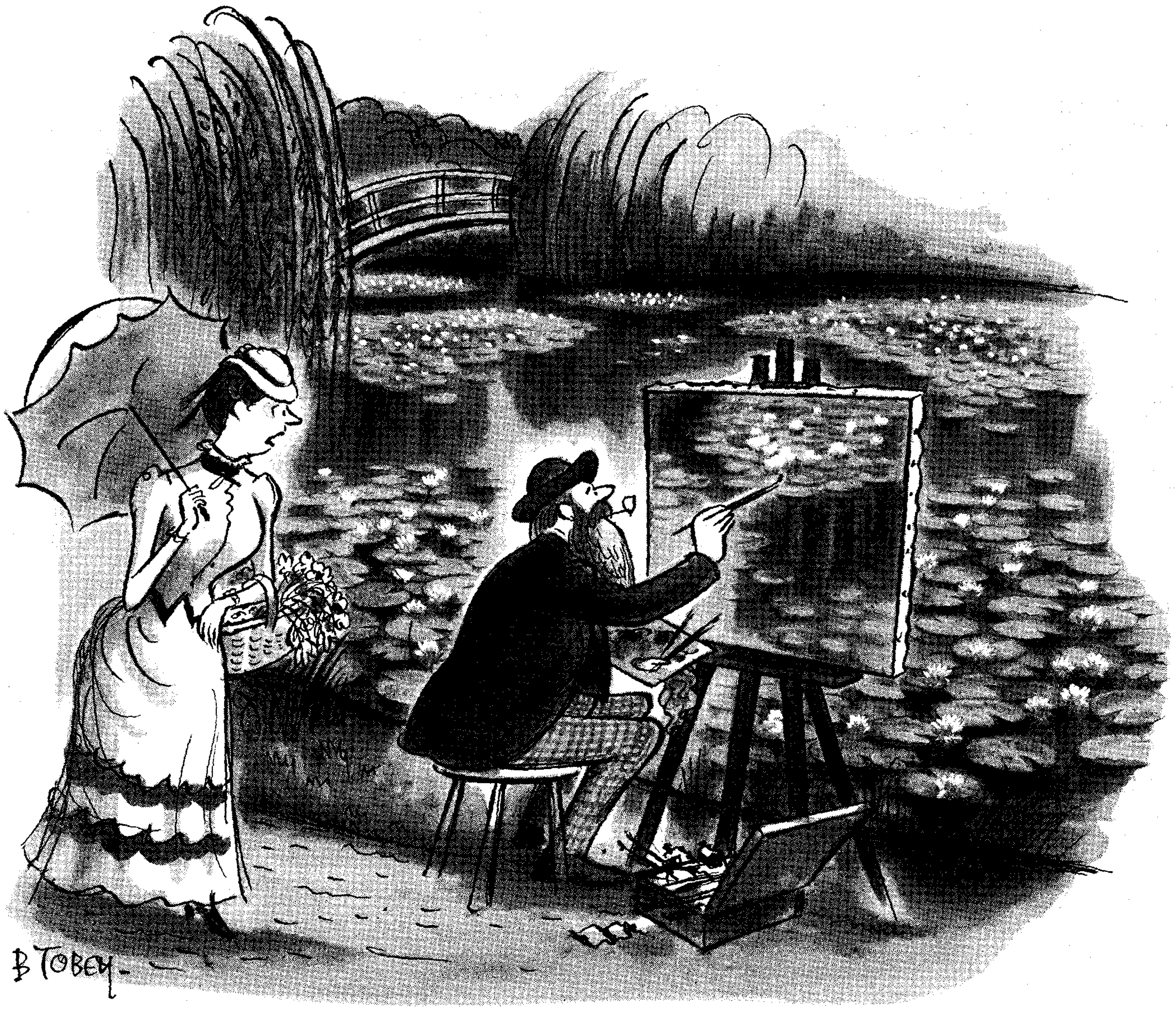
Some in the audience were surprised. Others were not. The faithful public of the New York City Opera had been watching and listening to Miss Sills for a little more than a decade, witnessing her rise from what is called a "utility

singer"—that is to say, a useful minor artist who can be put into various roles at short notice—to a singer of leading roles. On October 29, 1955, she made her first appearance with the company in the dramatically rewarding but not vocally taxing role of Rosalinda in "Die Fledermaus," for which she had been hired by Joseph Rosenstock, then the company's general director. That fall, she also substituted for Jean Fenn in Tchaikovsky's "The Golden Slippers." A year later, Rosenstock left the company, and his successor, Erich Leinsdorf, cast her in the role of Philine in "Mignon." Here, for the first time, her coloratura technique had a chance to display itself—as it continued to do in the role of Violetta in "La Traviata," under Julius Rudel, who succeeded Leinsdorf in 1957. (The Italian conductor Arturo Basile, who made his début here conducting her "Traviata," said of her, "In all Italy, there is not a singer who can do a comparable Violetta.") For several years, she was most familiar to audiences as the heroine of Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," and her attractive appearance and her shrewd sense of drama—along with the fine acting and singing ability of Walter Cassel, who did the role of the Colorado mining king Horace Tabor—helped make this into perhaps the most successful American opera ever written. But Miss Sills was still a utility singer, and the company still inhabited the old, dingy City Center of Music and Art, a former Shriners' temple, on Fifty-fifth Street. Then, in 1963, came a turning point—Donna Anna to Norman Treigle's Don Giovanni, a showy coloratura role calling for considerable dramatic ability. The following year, she sang Marguérite in "Faust." The year after that, she did all four soprano roles in "Tales of Hoffmann," and her effortless agility as the singing doll Olympia confirmed her position as the reigning queen of the New York City Opera and, with Treigle's magnificent bass, one of its two principal attractions. But her career had matured very slowly. She was already in her middle thirties.

Many people have remarked, sometimes with puzzlement, on the slowness with which Miss Sills came to superstardom. Partly, it was because of family troubles, but the big reason, in the opinion of most informed operagoers, was the situation of the New York City Opera. Opera is to some extent an exercise in glamour as well as in vocalism. The prima donna of New York's second-ranking opera company—a popular-priced one that played in the City Center—could hardly hope to rival the divas of the lavishly supported and expensive Metropolitan, even though she sang as well as, or better than, they did. A few critics were proclaiming Miss Sills' virtues, but the general public, paying low box-office prices to sit in an ugly auditorium, continued to think of the New York City Opera as a second-class company. In 1966, however, all this suddenly changed. The New York City Opera moved to the New York State Theatre, which, though not acoustically perfect, was by far the most attractive of all the theatres in the newly built Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Standing at one side of the new Metropolitan Opera House, it was equally glamorous, and even more elegant. With the help of Ford Foundation money, the company rebuilt its sets on more lavish lines. Though still performing at popular prices and playing a shorter season than the Metropolitan, it began—through ingenuity rather than financial outlay—to rival the bigger one. Under these circumstances, the New York City Opera's singers began to seem as glamorous as those of the Met, and Miss Sills, the company's faithful prima donna, was for the first time seen and heard in an appropriate setting. Rudolf Bing, director of the Metropolitan, who has been known to lure away a rival company's best singers, made several offers to Miss Sills following her triumph in "Julius Caesar," which was one of the first new productions in the new house. But Miss Sills has remained true to the company with which she grew to stardom. "It's a lot better to be the top diva of a smaller company than to be one of several at the Met," she has said. "Besides, it would be silly for me to be singing, say, 'Lucia' across the plaza the same week I might be doing it at the State Theatre. Someday, of course, I'd like to sing at the Metropolitan, but I think I'll wait awhile. The New York City Opera is my home company, and it always will be. I'll sing there as long as they want me."

After the triumph in "Julius Caesar," Miss Sills sang Constanze in "The Abduction from the Seraglio," the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," and the Queen of Shemakha in "Le Coq d'Or." Then she embarked on two roles in French opera, for which she received critical acclaim—Manon, and a restudied Marguérite in a brand-new production of "Faust." The Manon was the finest seen by New Yorkers in many decades, and her audiences practically wept with her. "You know, Sarah Bernhardt was a redhead, too," a critic said after one performance—a remark that may or may not have been irrelevant. One of the factors in Miss Sills' striking impersonations of both Manon and Marguérite was her flawless French diction. The scarcity of fine French singers, and the common practice at the Metropolitan of replacing them with Italians, had made elegant French a rarity on the New York operatic stage. Miss Sills' enunciation added a subtle aura to these roles and gave them an authenticity that was new to many of her listeners. Meanwhile, she continued her brilliant coloratura repertoire with "Lucia," to which she brought an entirely new and quite individual conception. Her Lucia was no operatic doll tossing off vocal fireworks but a thoroughly thought-out character—feminine, vulnerable, heartbreaking—and her Mad Scene was a remarkable tour de force of acting. Vocally, Miss Sills was as brilliant as one could wish—more brilliant than anyone can expect today, except, perhaps, in the case of the heavier but no less accurate Lucia of Joan Sutherland. But it was more than a vocal exhibition. Miss Sills seemed to be the archetype of beauty betrayed, and her audience was in love with her. Her next role was that of Queen Elizabeth in Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux"—a difficult coloratura vehicle and a part that can be made into a tremendous stage spectacle by a great actress. Occasionally, she sacrificed the beauty of a note for dramatic effectiveness, singing harshly at one or two points where Elizabeth was under great tension. But these dramatic tones were an embellishment to the role, which otherwise was sung with superb accuracy, brilliant coloratura, and clear, well-placed high notes. Her audience at the State Theatre was ecstatic, and so were practically all the critics.

THE thoroughness with which Miss Sills learns her roles is remarkable. She is an excellent pianist, and she studies them all at the keyboard. By the



"Oh, Claude! Not another one!"

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time she is finished, she knows not only her own role in the opera but all the other roles, too. "There are one or two exceptions," she said the other day. "I don't know the last scene of 'Lucia,' for instance, but that's because I don't sing a note in it. Generally, I can sing every role in every act of every opera I know." Moreover, before she undertakes a new role Miss Sills exhausts the literature about it. If it represents a historical character, her research may be very extensive. "First, I eat up the libretto, and work out all its possible meanings," she said. "If an Italian word, for example, has a slightly different implication from its dictionary definition, I find it. This happens quite a lot in librettos." Then she reads everything she can dig up about the character. A reporter who called on her in her New York apartment before the opening of "Roberto Devereux" found her studying up on Queen Elizabeth from an assortment of about thirty books, some of them biographies of Elizabeth, others historical studies of her times. "I've just about got that woman cold," she said happily, and added, "I don't want to be an exhibitionistic coloratura who merely sings notes. I'm interested in the *character*." After she has absorbed all the available historical and biographical data, she starts going over the music at the piano—and, of course, her knowledge of the piano score tells her what to expect from the orchestra later. Then she calls on her coach, Roland Gagnon, who is otherwise occupied as a voice teacher in the drama division of the Juilliard School and as an occasional conductor. He will have prepared a number of embellishments—those little turns, extra scales, arpeggios, trills, and so on, in eighteenth-century and early-nineteenth-century bel-canto opera, which every knowledgeable coloratura performs in her own way—for her to choose from. She feels that these embellishments are dictated not only by the style of the composer but also by the character she is interpreting. "I always decide on them after I have come to a conclusion about the character," she said. "I never use embellishments that don't seem to fit the character. All my embellishments in 'Lucia,' for example, are done for dramatic purposes. For Queen Elizabeth, I went slow on embellishments. After all, you can't add too many embellishments to the Queen of England."

With the embellishments decided upon, Mr. Gagnon then takes her through a period of intensive coaching. Even Miss Sills, though she is a thorough musician (a rarity among opera singers), needs a coach—to help polish phrasing and the accents of the language, and, above all, to provide a second party to listen carefully to what she has learned by herself. After this, she is ready for rehearsals and perform-

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ances. "Everything I put into opera is instinct," she has said. But it is quite obvious that this "instinct" is accompanied by a great deal of plain intelligence and horse sense.

At home, as a private person, Miss Sills seems anything but the sedulous scholar she actually is. Her manner is ebullient, hearty, and altogether illustrative of the nickname Bubbles, which has followed her throughout her life. It is impossible to call her Miss Sills after more than half an hour of acquaintance. Even to comparative strangers, she inevitably becomes Beverly, if not quite Bubbles. The warmth and femininity that she shows on the stage are part of her real personality. She is irrepressibly talkative—about opera, about people, even about her most intimate joys and sorrows. She is a compulsive letter writer, who answers all her enormous fan mail, even if it is only with an autographed photograph. To her closer friends, who include her press agents, Edgar Vincent and Marjorie Samuel, she writes exuberantly while on tour, delighted with every moment of her life as a great diva. From Manila recently she wrote Miss Samuel this quasi-poetic note:

> I'm a queen
> I'm a queen
> I'm a goddam queen
> I swear to God.
>
> 4 body guards (it's a big body) and presents and presidential suites and chauffeurs and limousines and banquets and parties and maids and secretaries and hairdressers.
>
> Goodbye forever, it is all too much
>
> Yours,
> Beverly

Friends say that if you are depressed talking to her is like champagne. She enjoys singing and often makes her audience aware of her enjoyment, especially in comedy roles. She would probably sing whether she was paid to or not. Like most singers, she has a number of superstitions. One is about a pair of shoes that an M.I.T. physicist once gave her which she believes make her magically impervious to both sea- and airsickness. The secret is contained in a metal strip down the inside of the sole, and she is very serious about its efficacy, wearing these shoes whenever she flies—which is, of course, quite often. Another of these odd notions is her insistence that her mother, Mrs. Shirley Silverman, escaped from Russia in a pickle barrel. Since her mother left Russia by way of the Trans-Siberian Railroad to Vladivostok, and eventually sailed to the United States from Yokohama aboard the Japanese freighter Panama Maru, the question arises just how long she stayed in that pickle barrel. Mrs. Silverman herself,

N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

who looks like an older version of Beverly, says that the only possible connection between this fantasy and the truth is that as a child during a pogrom she and her grandmother were once hidden in pickle barrels by her grandfather as some Cossacks were riding by their house, near Odessa. Her trip via the Trans-Siberian Railroad was a normal one, taken in 1917 at the urging of her father, an inventor and engineer who had emigrated to the United States and taken a job in Brooklyn with the United States government. He had shrewdly seen the approach of the Russian Revolution; in fact, his daughter left Russia in the very week that Kerenski came to power. In Brooklyn, Shirley met and married a Rumanian-born insurance man named Morris Silverman; they moved to Detroit, where Morris joined his brother's construction business, and after a few years they returned to Brooklyn. There Beverly Sills, née Belle Silverman, was born in 1929.

Shirley Silverman was interested in music, and she used to visit the second-hand-record shops on Fourteenth Street to buy recordings of her favorite singers, one of whom was Amelita Galli-Curci. "I used to play them while I was doing my housework," she said recently. "I was a great opera fan; I used to go to the Metropolitan quite often." Her daughter began imitating Galli-Curci's records in her small, childish voice, and by the time she was seven she knew twenty-three arias by heart and could sing all the fioriture, though she had learned the words purely by mimicry and hadn't the slightest idea what they meant. She was sent to dancing school and to P.S. 91, in Brooklyn, and later to Winthrop Junior High, where she was considered a bright pupil. Practically from infancy, she was involved in show business, first on a weekly radio program on WOR called "Rainbow House with Big Brother Bob Emery," where she was known as Bubbles Silverman. Already she was a trouper. She didn't miss a program for four years—not even when she had the mumps and quickly emptied the studio. At the age of nine, and with the new name of Beverly Sills, she was singing all those coloratura arias on Major Bowes' Capitol "Family" program, including "Caro nome" and the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé." "I was born into the age of Shirley Temple," she said the other day. "Child prodigies were all over the place. Then I graduated into the Deanna Durbin era of teen-age stars like Bobby Breen, Gloria Jean, and Ann Blyth." Major Bowes became ill in 1941, and she was shifted to the "Cresta Blanca Carnival," where one of her co-stars was Robert Merrill, the Metropolitan baritone. Shortly before that, at the age of ten, she had played Elaine Raleigh in the soap opera "Our Gal Sunday," a part that lasted thirty-six weeks and involved a little girl whose singing in the forest was so engaging that a famous prima donna eventually adopted her and took her to Europe—with the result that Beverly was written out of the script. By this time, she was making sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents per performance, and this was supplemented when she did the ubiquitous radio commercial "Rinso White, Rinso Bright, happy little washday song."

But Beverly's mother was, and still is, a woman of much common sense, and she knew that this kid stuff would not last forever. Besides, she wanted Beverly to aim at more serious things, and she had already taken steps in that direction. In 1936, Mrs. Silverman had seen a picture of the late Estelle Liebling, Galli-Curci's coach, on the cover of the *Musical Courier* with the caption "Teacher of Operatic, Stage, Screen, and Radio Artists" (Miss Liebling's brother edited the magazine), and she took Beverly to Miss Liebling's studio, on West Fifty-fifth Street, for an audition. There was some confusion at the outset. Miss Liebling thought that it was Mrs. Silverman who wanted the audition. "Leave the little girl outside," she said rather peremptorily. "But I wanted your advice about what to do with her," said Mrs. Silverman. "Put her in kindergarten," suggested Miss Liebling. Then Mrs. Silverman patiently explained that it was her seven-year-old daughter who wanted the audition. Now, the training of coloratura sopranos at the age of seven is almost unheard of. Most of them start after adolescence. Miss Liebling was extremely skeptical, but when she heard Bubbles Silverman sing she was astonished, and agreed to take her on as a pupil. Miss Liebling gave her a fifteen-minute lesson each Saturday, and insisted that she also practice scales with a pitch pipe for ten minutes every day at home (she was allowed to go only up to B, even though she could sing G), and that she study French and Italian—one or the other every day—with a couple of maiden ladies who lived upstairs. Meanwhile, Beverly was studying piano with Paolo Gallico, father of Paul Gallico, the novelist. The

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inn-joyable!

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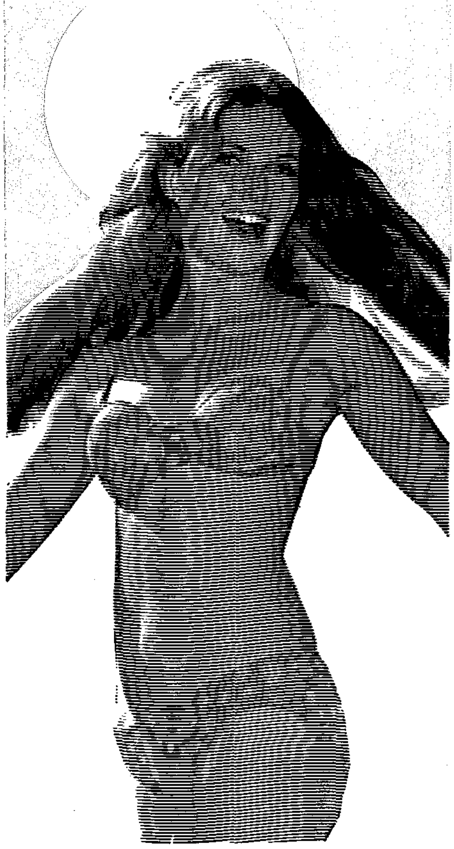

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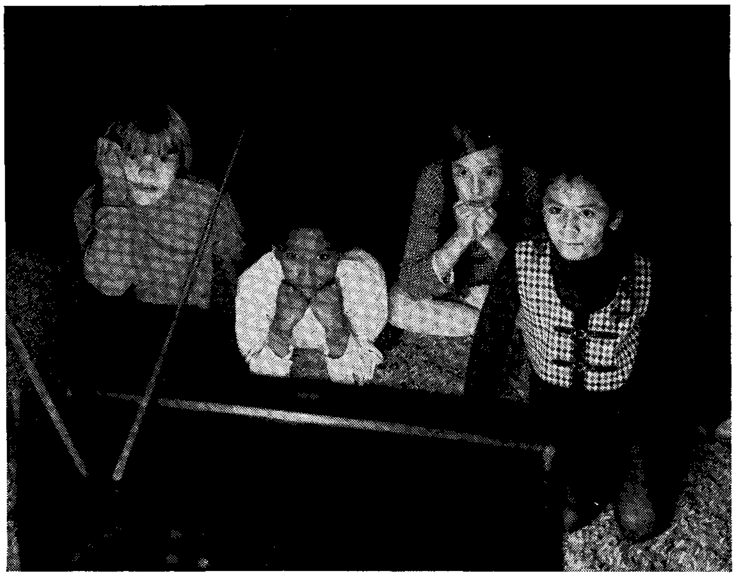

It's little wonder that our children know more about the world than most of us did when we were their age.

How many of us saw the Land of Quaking Earth? Or the Lost World of the Mayas? Or the Pink Treasure of Baharini?

In the next two months, television will carry our children off to exotic and out-of-the- way parts of the world. They'll learn about events and places, both far away and close to home, that may shape their lives.

So that you won't be left behind, here's a listing of such programs—and others of interest—during March and April.

Discovery. Hawaii: Land of Volcanoes; Exploring the Valley of Mexico; Lost World of the Mayas; Sponge Fishermen; Thailand: The River People; New Zealand; Nature's Adaptations; Ireland. Sundays, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28; April 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30 am-12 noon).

John and Julie. CBS Children's Film Festival—English boy and girl traveling to Queen's coronation. Sunday, Mar. 7 (4:30-6 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Land of Quaking Earth; Trail of the Moose; Return of Sea Cows. Sundays, Mar. 7, 14, 21 (7-7:30 pm).

Mission Possible. They Care for a City; They Care for the Land; They Care for the Nation. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Mar. 9, 10, 11 (7-8 pm).

Dr. Seuss' The Cat in the Hat. The mischievous word-teaching Cat. Wednesday, Mar. 10 (7:30-8 pm).

Animal World. Trapper of the Amazon; Pink Treasure of Baharini; Sanctuary under Siege; Life in Death Valley; Looney Gooney Birds; A Last Refuge. Sundays, Mar. 14, 21, 28; April 11, 18, 25 (5:30-6 pm).

Born Free. Story of lioness raised among humans. Sunday, Mar. 14 (7-9 pm).

Burt Bacharach Special. Bacharach's music with Barbra Streisand, Tom Jones, Rudolph Nureyev. Sunday, Mar. 14 (9-10 pm).

Secret of the Sunken Caves. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Friday, Mar. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. A. A. Milne's classic for children. Monday, Mar. 22 (7:30-8 pm).

Jane Eyre. Brontë dramatized, with George C. Scott, Susannah York, others. Wednesday, Mar. 24 (9-11 pm).

Gideon. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Drama by Paddy Chayefsky starring Peter Ustinov, Jose Ferrer, Eric Christmas, others. Friday, Mar. 26 (8;30-10 pm).

NBC Children's Theater. Program on narcotics; Program on White House youth. Saturdays, Mar. 27 (12 noon-1 pm); April 24 (10-11 am).

Play it Again, Charlie Brown. Charlie, Lucy, Schroeder and Beethoven. Sunday, Mar. 28 (7-7:30 pm).

Tony Awards. Honoring legitimate theater's best. Sunday, Mar. 28 (9-11 pm).

Scotland Yard. Literal inside story of British police unit. Tuesday, Mar. 30 (8-9 pm).

The Record Makers. Record-setters from space to sports. Friday, April 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Thus Spake Richard Strauss. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Bernstein conducts *Zarathustra*. Sunday, April 4 (5-6 pm).

Peter Cottontail. Animated Easter show, with Danny Kaye. Sun., April 4 (7-8 pm).

National Opinion Poll: What Americans Think. Results of survey of American opinion in areas of great public concern. Sunday, April 4 (10-11 pm).

Journey to the High Arctic. National Geographic exploration of polar seas, animals. Tuesday, April 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Academy Awards. 43rd annual Oscars presentation. Thursday, April 15 (10 pm-conclusion).

David Copperfield. Dickens' classic with Olivier, Richardson, Redgrave, Attenborough, Williams, Wendy Hiller, others. Wednesday, April 21 (9-11 pm).

Childhood: The Enchanted Years. Children from infancy to school age. Thursday, April 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Heifetz. Violinist in concert with French National Orchestra. Friday, April 23 (10-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS Reports/ 60 Minutes

Saturday: In the Know/Pop-Up/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/ Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/ Animal World/Comment!/Wild Kingdom/ The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Silvermans had by this time moved to Sea Gate, and Beverly had a long subway ride to Miss Liebling's studio. Her various lessons plus her radio engagements took up a great deal of her time. The regimen was a tough one. But Miss Liebling took more than an ordinary interest in her pupil. "She taught me manners, for one thing, and she taught me discipline, too," Beverly recalls today. "She had a rug in her studio that had a gold-colored spot in the middle of it. I had to stand on that spot while I was singing, and not move from it. For a seven-year-old, that was pretty difficult." From the age of thirteen, Beverly studied operatic stagecraft with the late Désiré Defrère, an experienced old opera director who had worked with practically every opera company from San Francisco to the Metropolitan. "I learned fifty operatic roles," she remembers. "Miss Liebling simply poured them into me." Defrère was nonplussed. "You just wind her up and she sings," he noted with surprise.

Beverly was undergoing a period of apprenticeship. She sang everywhere that people wanted her. Miss Liebling thought that auditions were valuable experiences whether you won or lost, and, as Mrs. Silverman has noted, Beverly never felt that she had to win anything at all costs. She was a graceful loser. But the Silverman family finances were a little cramped. Beverly had two older brothers, one of whom was being put through medical school, and expenses were high. At seventeen, she won three hundred dollars on Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts," and sang at the Waldorf-Astoria for ladies' luncheons at five dollars a performance. At nineteen, she was singing and playing the piano until two in the morning in a night club on the upper East Side for tips, the politest of which arrived enclosed in envelopes. Then she would get up at eight o'clock for her lesson with Miss Liebling. In 1945, when she was sixteen and had graduated from school, she auditioned for J. J. Shubert, and was signed to a contract as "the youngest prima donna in captivity," to sing Gilbert and Sullivan, "Countess Maritza," "The Merry Widow," and "Rose Marie" on the road. She had her first high heels and upswept hairdo for these performances. Her father, Morris, was dead set against all this early participation in the sometimes sordid field of show business. He claimed that Mrs. Silverman was bringing up their daughter to be a "singing showgirl," and for a time he refused even to speak to Beverly. But the practical

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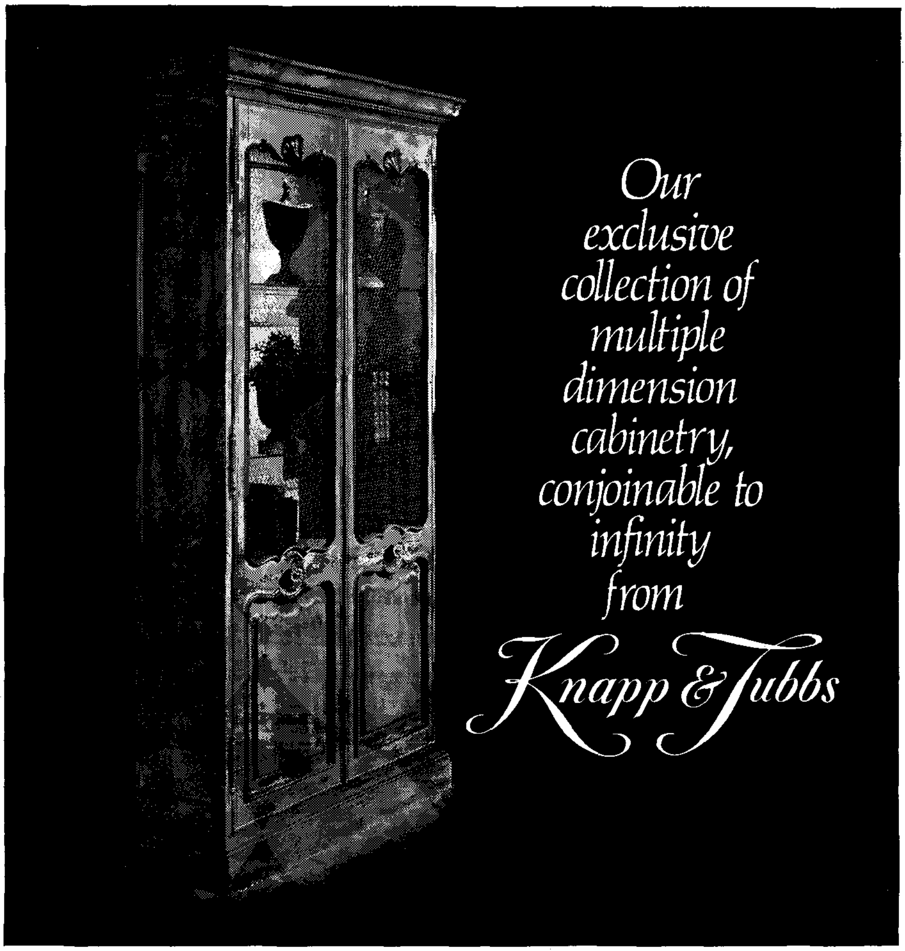

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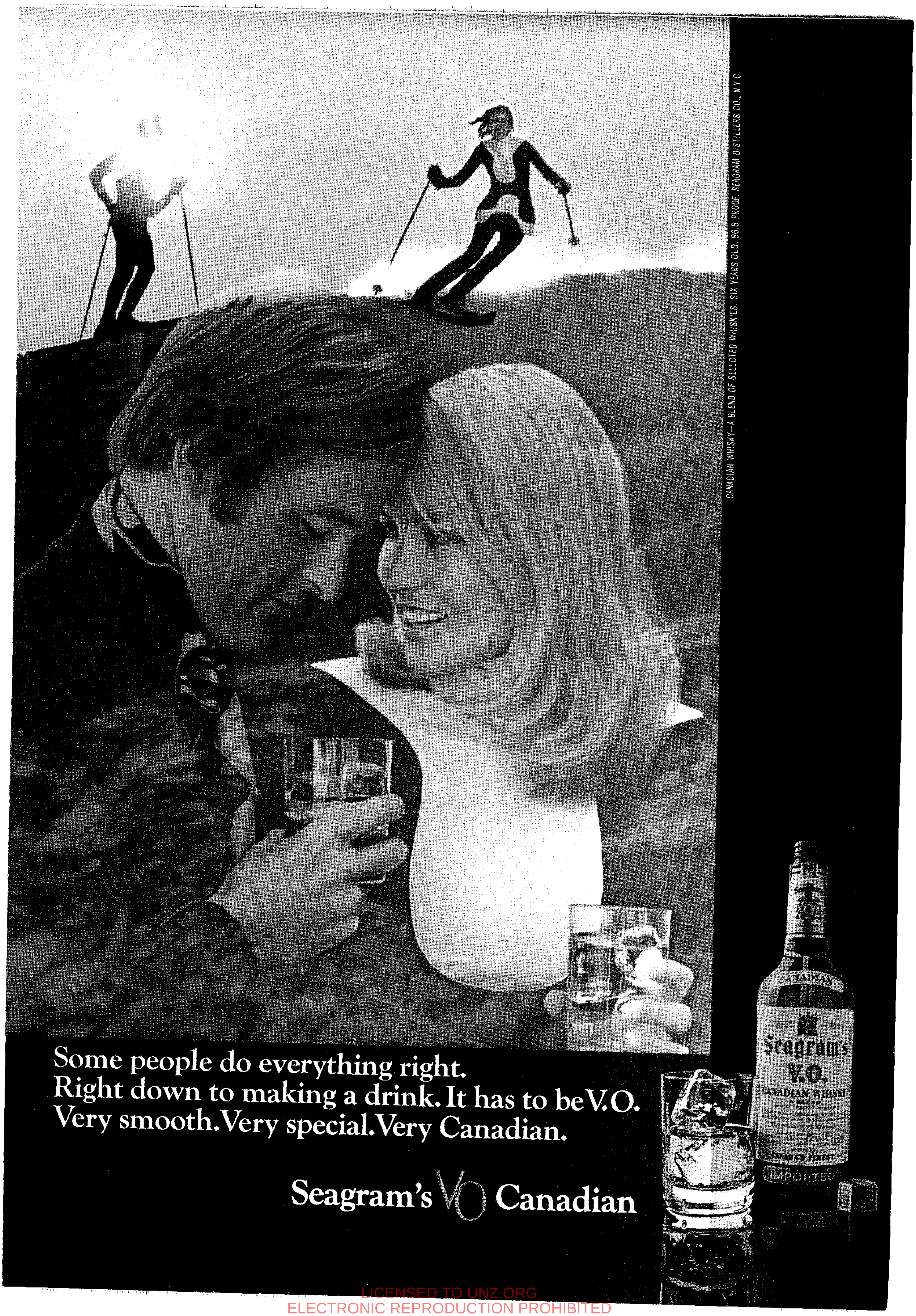
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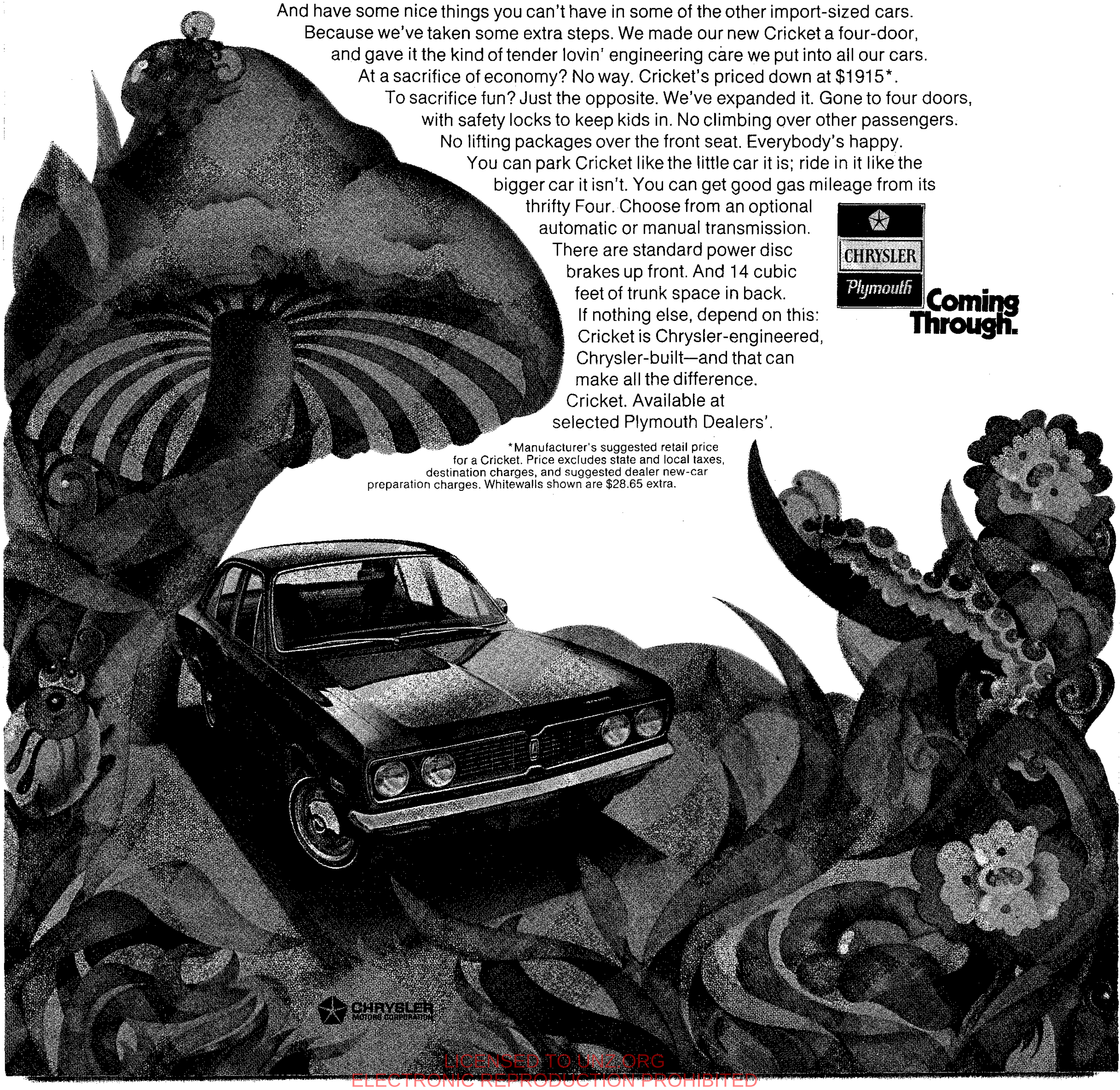

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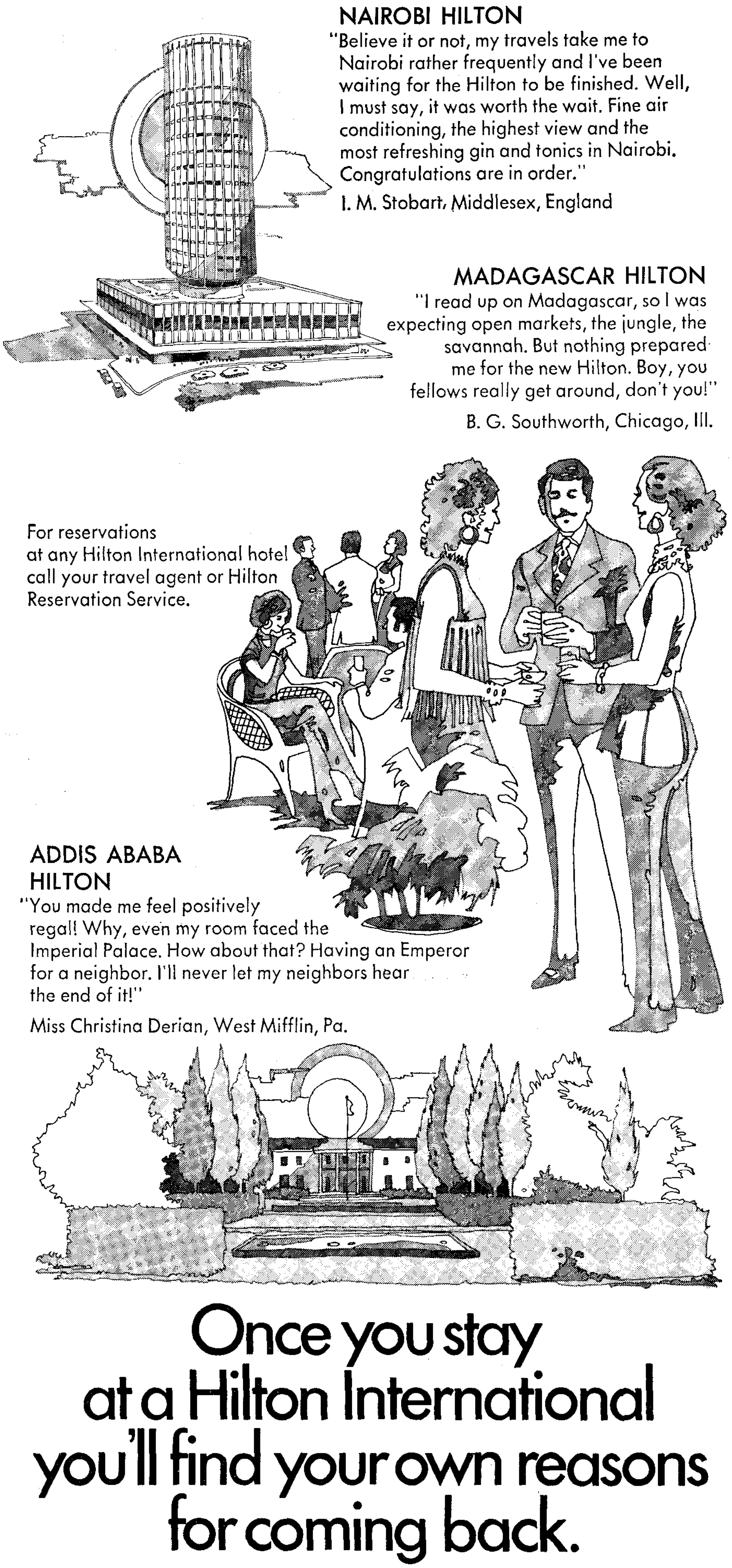
stage experience she was getting was invaluable. In February, 1947, when she was still seventeen, she sang in grand opera for the first time, as Frasquita in "Carmen," with the Philadelphia Civic Grand Opera Company. In 1950, she began two seasons of coast-to-coast tours as a member of the Charles Wagner Opera Company, riding in a bus from small town to small town and doing the role of Micaela in "Carmen" sixty-three times in sixty-three successive one-night stands. Earlier, in New York, she had been offered a scholarship at what was then Fairleigh Dickinson Junior College, because she was particularly good in math. But she never accepted it. Her gruelling life in show business and tank-town opera seemed to point in the direction that she and her mother thought she should go.

Every year, from 1951 onward, Beverly auditioned for the New York City Opera, then under Joseph Rosenstock. She was always unsuccessful; Rosenstock thought that she was a good singer but that she didn't have any personality. Julius Rudel, who was the piano accompanist for these auditions, has pointed out that Beverly was not a good audition singer. "The dumb singers with nothing between their ears usually do well at auditions," he said. "A singer with brains often fails, just because he is only too aware of his surroundings." After four years of unsuccessful auditions singing things like "Caro nome" and "Una voce poco fa," Beverly got herself a couple of blood-and-thunder arias to sing for Rosenstock. They were excerpts from "Tosca" and "Andrea Chenier"—both dramatic-soprano arias totally unsuited to her voice. Rosenstock then agreed that she had some personality, and the role in "Die Fledermaus" resulted.

But "Die Fledermaus" was not Miss Sills' début in big-time opera. Two years previously, Gaetano Merola, the impresario of the San Francisco Opera, had come to New York looking for singers, and Beverly had auditioned for him. He signed her immediately to do Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni," Elena in "Mefistofele," and some minor roles, at a fee of a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, and, in addition, invited her to stay with his family in San Francisco. The San Francisco Opera was, and still is, one of the few American opera houses with Metropolitan standards, and Beverly was thrilled at the opportunity, especially of singing Donna Elvira (she had never even heard "Don Giovan-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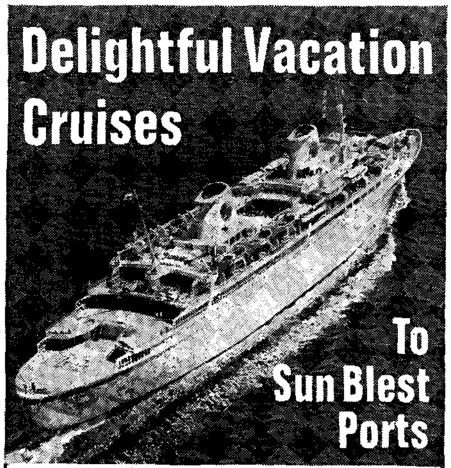

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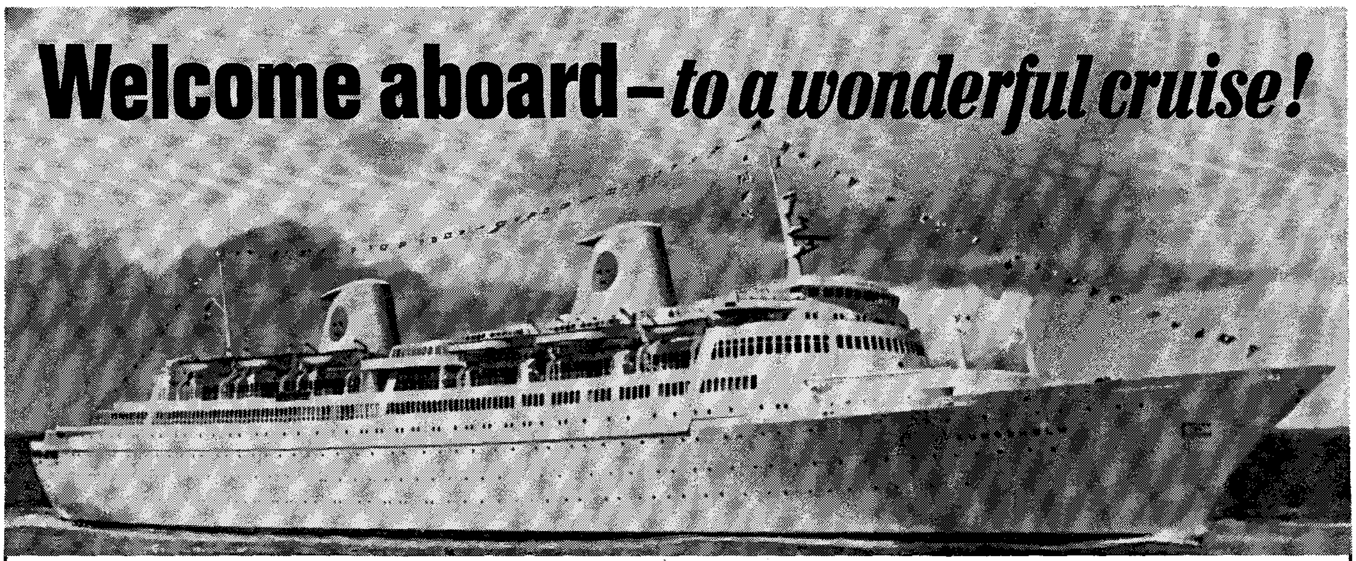
ni")—a difficult role that is usually done by much more mature singers. She arrived in San Francisco with only ten dollars in her purse. Merola did not meet her at the airport, as he had promised to do. She felt lost, but she looked up his address in the telephone book and began making her way there by various buses and streetcars. It took her four hours, and when she arrived she discovered that Merola had died the previous day. However, she was able to get a room in the Whitcomb Hotel, a hangout for show people ("I cooked frankfurters on the radiator," she has said of it), and Kurt Adler, the company's chorus master, quickly stepped into Merola's shoes as head of the San Francisco Opera—a position he still holds. Beverly sang the roles that were planned for her, and while there is no record that she stood San Francisco on its ear, she was successful enough to go on to Portland, where she sang Violetta in "La Traviata" opposite the then already very famous Jan Peerce. Her father probably would have approved of her operatic career. But he had died when she was twenty and still working for the Shuberts. Earlier, they had become reconciled, and at his death Beverly was so overcome with grief that she did not sing for several months. Only the persistent persuasion of Miss Liebling led her to resume singing.

In 1955, during her first season with the New York City Opera, the company went on tour, winding up in Cleveland, where she sang Rosalinda. A party was held for the company at the Cleveland Press Club, and though Beverly was reluctant to attend, Rudel insisted that she do so. The president of the Press Club was Peter Greenough, a financial columnist and part owner of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Greenough was a wealthy man and a descendant of a long line of New Englanders that actually reached back to John Alden. He was also an Air Force hero, most of whose squadron had been shot down during the Sicilian campaign in the Second World War. He invited Beverly to go to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. She couldn't accept, because she was to sing that night, but she invited *him* to a party after the performance. The tour was over, and ordinarily Beverly would have rushed home to Mother in New York. But she stayed on for a couple of days, during which Greenough showed up with two of his three children and asked her to marry him. Back in New York, Beverly told her mother, "I met a man I think I could marry." Her mother was overjoyed; Beverly was twenty-six. "But he's married and has three children." Her mother burst into tears. Actually, Greenough and his wife had separated, and in the subsequent divorce he got custody of the children. He and Beverly were married—on the gold spot on Estelle Liebling's rug—and she, not content to be merely a stepmother, formally adopted Peter's children. For a year or two, they lived in Cleveland and Beverly held her career in abeyance, coming to New York only occasionally to see her mother and Miss Liebling, and to sing a few performances at the New York City Opera. Sometimes she would simply take a plane from Cleveland, meet her mother at the airport, have a short conversation, and take another plane back. Meanwhile, Rudel, upset at losing most of the services of his most promising soprano, wrote to her constantly, suggesting new roles. (He always addressed her as "Dear Bubbeleh.") But Beverly seemed perfectly content to be a housewife and mother. She bore Peter two children—a little girl, referred to as Muffy, in 1959, and a boy, known as Bucky, in 1961. By the time Bucky was born, the Greenoughs had moved to Boston, where Peter worked as a columnist for the *Globe*. Not long afterward, Beverly made a discovery that was to be the principal tragedy of her life; Muffy was totally deaf, and Bucky was retarded. "I do my weeping alone," she said recently, but the discovery was heartbreaking. The children were sent to appropriate schools. Bucky is still in the Dr. Franklin Perkins School in Lancaster, Massachusetts. Muffy went to the Boston School for the Deaf to learn lip-reading and how to talk. For a long time, words like "papa," "mama," and "baby" looked exactly alike to her, but nowadays she can detect nasal and guttural sounds almost uncannily, and can talk quite fluently, although it takes a little time to get used to her manner of speaking. She will probably never hear her mother sing, but she is actually quite a brilliant little girl and has attended many of her mother's performances. She can act out all the roles in "Tales of Hoffmann"—not only her mother's but those of all the other characters as well. Her ambition at the moment is to be a veterinarian.

Looking back on it all, Beverly re-



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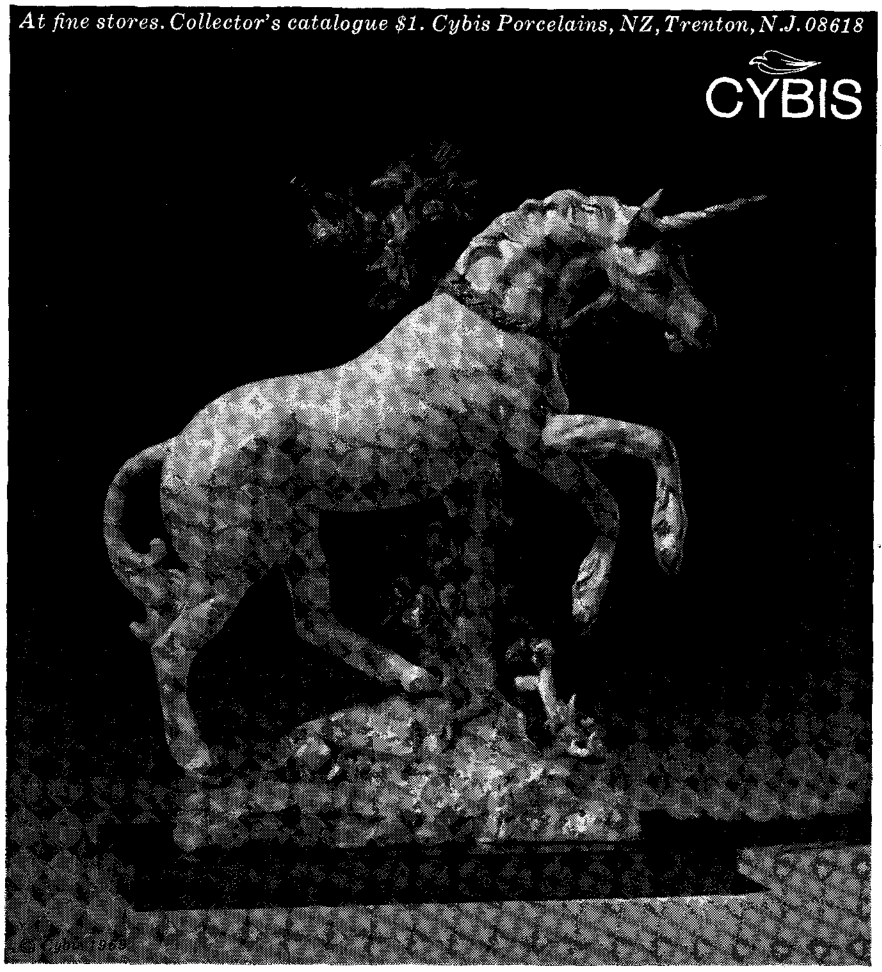

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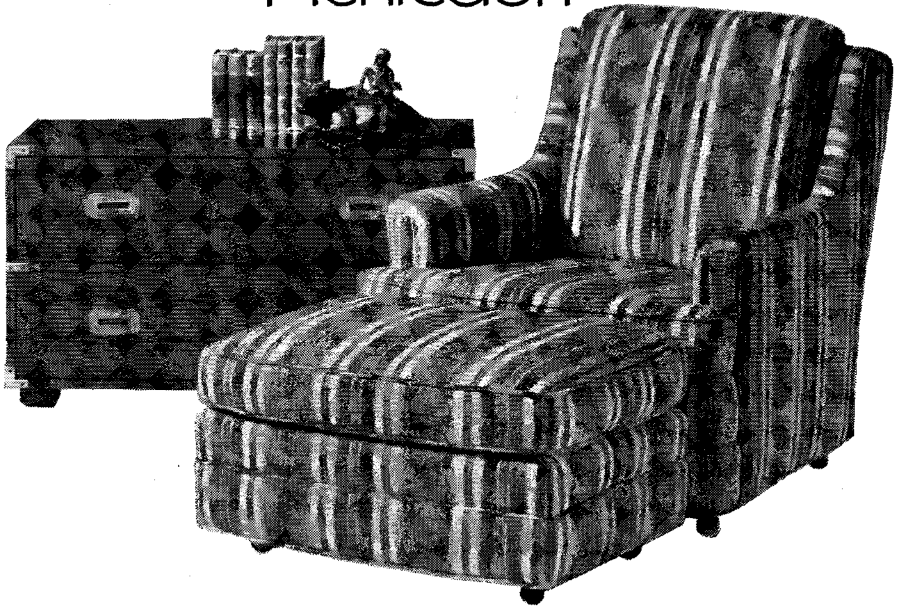

marked the other day, "In a way, retarded children are satisfying. Everything is a triumph. Even getting Bucky to manage to get a spoon to his mouth was a triumph. God compensates." But the blow was one of those deep wounds that are apt to change one's life. "I would willingly give up my whole career if I could have just one normal child," she has said. But Beverly is what she calls "an optimistic fatalist." She resumed singing as a kind of therapy. The tragedy had given her a new self-assurance. Having tasted the worst, she no longer had the slightest doubt of her ability to weather the ups and downs of her career. Not only was there an added degree of self-assurance; there was a new emotional depth to her operatic characterizations—a new tenderness, a new willingness to communicate her personal sorrows to audiences, even though she was doing it indirectly, by way of a tragic character. It was at this time, in fact, that the mature diva Beverly Sills began to make a profound impression on critics and on the public.

Today, the Greenoughs live in New York, in a conventional but large apartment on Central Park West. Peter is a big, burly man who doesn't at all mind being a prima donna's husband. In fact, he attends most of her performances. At Beverly's suggestion, however, they have made a strict financial arrangement. The fees that Beverly receives are her own, and go into furthering her career. Eventually, they will go into a trust fund for Muffy, which she will receive on her twentieth birthday. Peter's fortune supports the family. None of his money is spent in any way on Beverly's professional activities. "After all, I wouldn't want people to say that my husband's money was being spent to further my ambitions, and I want the satisfaction of making a career on my own," Beverly said the other day. "I didn't want the fun of it to be taken away from me." The apartment is inhabited by Peter, Beverly, Muffy, and a ferociously affectionate little white poodle named Gigi. Central Park, opposite, offers a place to walk. The Greenoughs have an Irish housekeeper (who is also Beverly's hairdresser) named Oona, to whom Muffy is devoted. Nevertheless, Beverly is much concerned about being with her daughter, and has cancelled many foreign engagements, or parts of them, so that she can remain at home. Her recent raising of her fees was partly motivated by this need to stay with Muffy. If people want to pay her high prices, she will go; if they think that she's too expensive, that's all right, too—she will have just that much more time with Muffy. In the summer, when she and Peter are not travelling (he accompanies her on practically all her foreign engagements), the Greenoughs go to West Chop, on Martha's Vineyard, where they live in a large house that has been owned by his family for more than a hundred years. There they go boating (Beverly always in her special seasickness-proof shoes), and Peter plays tennis, in spite of a bad knee that he got playing football at Harvard. Both Beverly and Peter frequently take to dieting, since both are inclined to overweight, and they are often observed by friends sadly dining on a hard-boiled egg apiece and a little cottage cheese. They seldom go out socially, and they hate cocktail parties, though they occasionally have a couple of guests in for dinner. "We are very private people," Miss Sills recently observed.

The Greenoughs, at home in their Manhattan apartment, seem to be a very happy family. Muffy, now eleven, talks away as if talking were an exotic discovery. But nobody talks more than Beverly. "God forbid I should be quiet!" she exclaimed the other day in mock Brooklynese. "I even talk when we are playing bridge. Peter can't stand that, and he's right—you shouldn't talk during a bridge game." She went on to describe something that had happened during a performance of "Tales of Hoffmann" in McAllen, Texas. Norman Treigle, who was doing the role of the sinister Dr. Miracle, dropped the medicine bottles he was carrying, and they broke on the floor of the stage. Beverly walked on the broken glass in her bare feet and cut herself badly. A doctor suggested a tetanus shot. "What would happen if I did get tetanus?" asked Beverly. "Well, for one thing," the doctor replied, "you wouldn't be able to talk." "That did it!" Beverly recalled. "The idea of not being able to talk! Why, talking is the way I warm up my voice!"

Besides playing bridge, at which Peter admits she is very good (he taught her), Beverly is, and has always been, a good poker player. On a bus trip during one tour, she told a reporter recently, she completely cleaned out the tenor John Alexander. She added that she also likes to do Double-Crostics and difficult crossword puzzles. At this point, Gigi rushed like a cannonball into the interviewer's lap. "Dumb," Beverly commented while shooing her off. "All the dumb dogs

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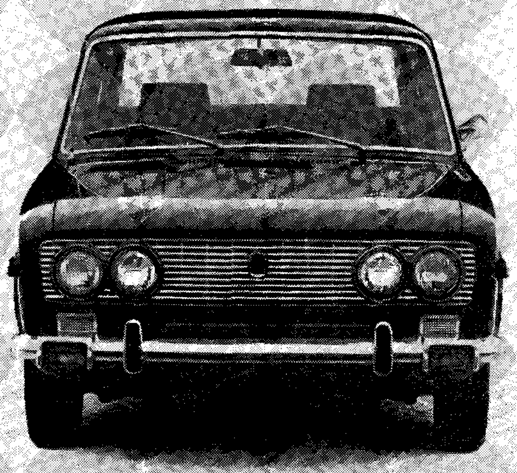

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come to the Greenoughs. We've had a succession of dumb dogs." Then she went on, as if there had been no change of subject, "When I made my début with the New York City Opera, in 1955, it was a repertory company. That meant that everybody had to do everything—sometimes roles that were not appropriate at all. We *had* to act, because our roles were so often unsuited to our voices. But that was part of the job. When you're a utility singer, you don't have much choice. You sing everything they ask you to. Now it's altogether different. They pick the opera to go with my voice. Julius Rudel is doing a trilogy of queens for me at the State Theatre, in successive years. I'm already doing Queen Elizabeth in 'Roberto Devereux,' next year I'll be Mary in 'Maria Stuarda,' where Elizabeth is sung by a dramatic soprano, and after that I'll sing Elizabeth's mother in 'Anna Bolena.' My God! One of these days I'm going to forget which queen I am." Superstar or not, Beverly sings at the New York City Opera for a twelfth of the fees she receives elsewhere.

Miss Sills' older brothers are both highly successful. Stanley Sills is an executive with I.T. & T., specializing in publishing, and Sidney Silverman is a prominent obstetrician on Long Island. "Somebody remarked a while ago that my obstetrician brother doesn't attend many of my performances," she observed recently. "Why should he? I don't attend his deliveries." Though there is a warm relationship today between Beverly and her brothers, there is, as one might guess, a very special relationship between Beverly and her mother. Mrs. Silverman has the same warmth of personality that characterizes Beverly. She is a very motherly woman, representing a strong maternal tradition, which Beverly has inherited. She is proud that none of her children left her until they got married. Mrs. Silverman now lives in a small apartment on Central Park South, where she keeps Beverly's old baby-grand piano. She is an accomplished seamstress—who used to make all of her daughter's concert gowns—and a talented amateur painter.

Probably few people who have seen Miss Sills in roles of betrayed innocence—Manon in the first act, or Lucia—realize that behind that guileless feminine façade, and under that red hair, there lies a brain that works like a machine. During the rehearsals for "The Siege of Corinth" at La Scala, she and Marilyn Horne discovered that the stage designer had put a

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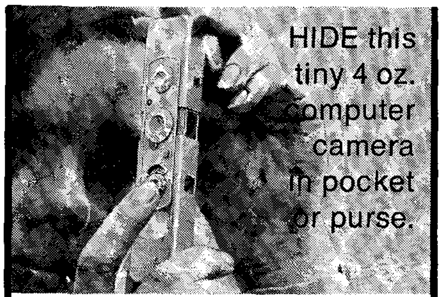

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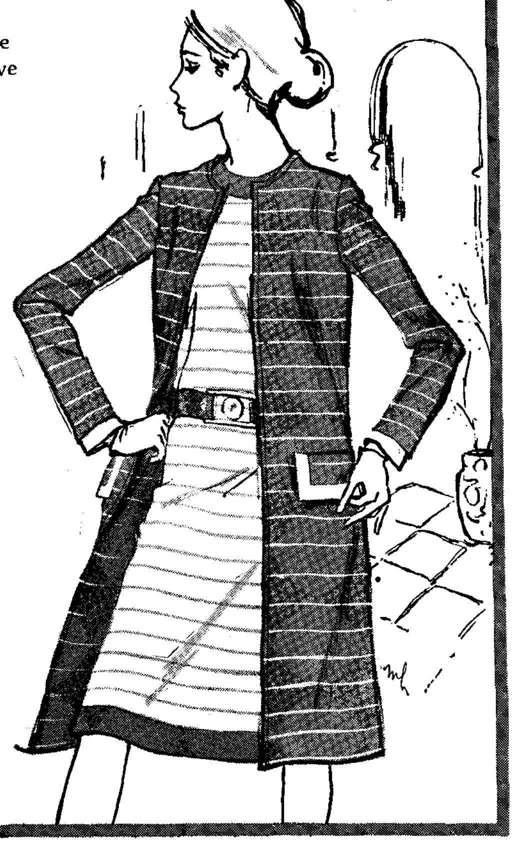
scrim between them and the audience. All singers hate scrim, because they think it muffles their voices. "Well, how are we going to get rid of that scrim?" asked Miss Horne. "I'll manage it," said Miss Sills. Nothing much happened for a while, and Miss Horne got impatient. "Don't worry," said Miss Sills. Then she purposely made an error in her part, and the conductor, Thomas Schippers, took her to task for it. "Well," said Miss Sills airily, "if you are willing to follow me through the whole scene it will come out all right, but the fact is I can't see you conduct through that scrim." No conductor is going to relinquish his control over tempos, and so the scrim was quickly removed. "You see," said Miss Sills to Miss Horne, "it's simple to get your way." This sort of subtle approach to problems has been typical of Beverly since childhood, and she has pretty nearly always got her way—with conductors, with fellow-artists, and with managers. Actually, her manager, Ludwig Lustig, is not the most prominent in his profession, but he is notably faithful to his clients, and he does more for her than any big management corporation would do. "He always shows up at my performances to say 'Toy, toy, toy!' " Miss Sills says. "That's a polite remnant of the custom of spitting three times on an artist for good luck just before he goes onstage." Similarly, in looking for a recording company Miss Sills chose Westminster, because it was a comparatively small outfit. (As a result of mergers, she now appears on the A.B.C. Audio Treasury Series.) Her connection with the company has been mutually rewarding; her first solo album was a best-seller for two years, and at one time she had three albums among the top fifteen. When she is recording, she is smart enough to sing differently from the way she does in the opera house. For example, when she pushes Enrico away during the Mad Scene in "Lucia," she puts a hysterical inflection—almost a scream—into her voice for dramatic effect. In the recording studio, however, she does not scream at this point but merely sings the high note that is indicated in a nice tone of voice; without the visual drama, there is not much sense in making ugly sounds for the sake of the dramatic situation. It is a remarkable fact that when Miss Sills does things in an unorthodox way, audiences, after some criticism, begin to like them, and to consider them part of the Beverly Sills personality. For a long time, directors, publicity people, and coaches



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didn't like the way she took a bow. She merely bobbed her head and smiled. "We've got to get her to bow better," one of them argued. But Beverly went on bowing the same way, and finally audiences accepted her bows as part of her individual charm. There has also been some criticism of the costumes she wears for concert appearances. She runs to bright blues, which some people consider a bit garish. Most singers wear black or dark blue for concerts. But last year, when Beverly appeared at the benefit concert honoring Pablo Casals in Philharmonic Hall—she is a great admirer of Casals, and she had flown from the Coast to take part in the event, flying back immediately when it was over—she turned up in the brightest of light-blue gowns. Eleanor Lambert, the oracle of the fashion world, who was present, remarked later, "Beverly Sills has a very good idea of her body. She doesn't try to hide the fact that she's a large woman. She looks statuesque. She plays up her good points, like her complexion, her neckline, and so forth. She has a natural kind of elegance." Like Nellie Melba, three generations before her, Beverly is a style setter and an individualist. Perhaps peaches and toast will someday be named for her, too.

EVER since she was a little girl, Miss Sills has gone to the opera to hear other people sing, and she continues to do so today. Her favorite singer (until her retirement) was Maria Callas. What she admired about Mme. Callas, besides her coloratura technique, was her stunning dramatic skill and her ability to color every phrase with meaning. These are qualities that Miss Sills herself aspires to, though she is visually an entirely different type from the dark, aquiline Mme. Callas. She is very outspoken in her opinions about singers, casting, and the running of opera houses, and her experience gives her the right to criticize. For a long time, she and her husband have been on the board of directors of the Opera Company of Boston, where they have coped with the whims of the woman who is undoubtedly the greatest, and also the most spendthrift, opera director in America, Sarah Caldwell. "I know a lot about the administrative side of opera," Miss Sills said the other day. "I've earned my living as a singer for more than half my life, and I know about the cost of costumes, about contracts, about union negotiations, about bargaining. That kind of job I could handle very well. Someday, when I can no longer sing, I'd like to run my own

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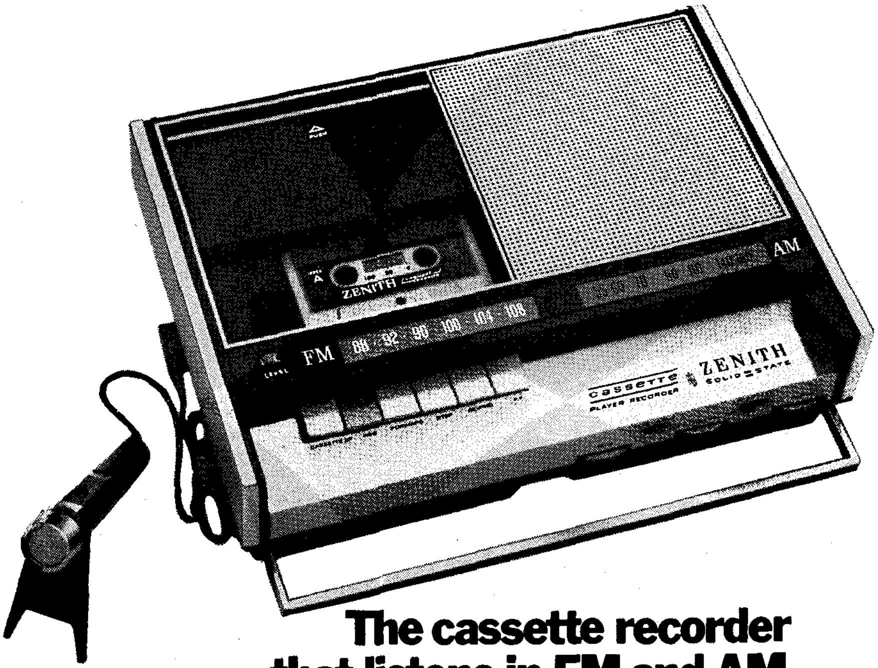
opera company. Directing doesn't interest me, but administration does." It follows that she has strong opinions about current administrators. Of Mr. Bing, of the Metropolitan, she says, "I don't think Mr. Bing likes bel-canto opera. After all, what has he let Joan Sutherland sing? 'Sonnambula,' which is a silly opera. 'Lucia.' 'Norma.' That's about it. And his casting in French opera is ridiculous. It is stupid to cast Corelli as Werther when Gedda is around. I can't lie. I've been around too many years—and when I say I'm forty-one, I think I'm talking about somebody else anyhow." About Mr. Bing's successor, Goeran Gentele, Miss Sills is more enthusiastic—at least in prospect. "I don't really know him," she has said. "I met him in a lineup at the White House, and we said 'How do you do?' But I'm delighted that he's a theatre man. The fact that he's a professional—a participating artist—is important. Also he's young, and that's good, too."

Like every intelligent singer, Miss Sills is aware that her voice is not going to last forever. There are some roles that she would like to sing while she is still in top form, among them Medea and Norma. For later on, she has planned some roles that are less exigent of agility and high notes—the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier," Desdemona, and some others. But at the moment her big problem is to cut down on her appearances and say no to offers of engagements. Her career as a superstar is so recent that she finds herself cluttered with previous commitments. This year, she has already sung "Lucia" at Covent Garden and "Traviata" in Berlin, and given a concert at the Salle Pleyel, in Paris. Later, she will sing at the San Francisco Opera for the first time since 1953, opening the season as Manon. She will also sing with the Opera Company of Boston; in Bloomington, Illinois; with the Los Angeles Philharmonic; in Jacksonville, Florida; and in almost twenty other cities—plus filling her regular engagements with the New York City Opera. Altogether, she makes about sixty operatic appearances a year, and this, she thinks, is too many. One trouble is that she likes to sing and can hardly bear to turn down an engagement. "I would like to sing every role ever written for the soprano voice," she admitted recently. But circumstances now dictate a more Spartan attitude. So far, in deciding which engagements to accept and which to reject she has adopted the principle "What would Birgit Nilsson say?" and has acted



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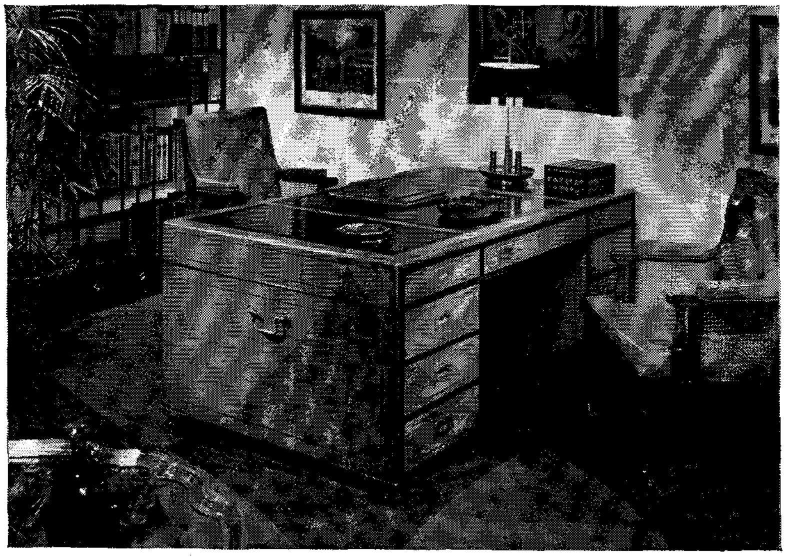

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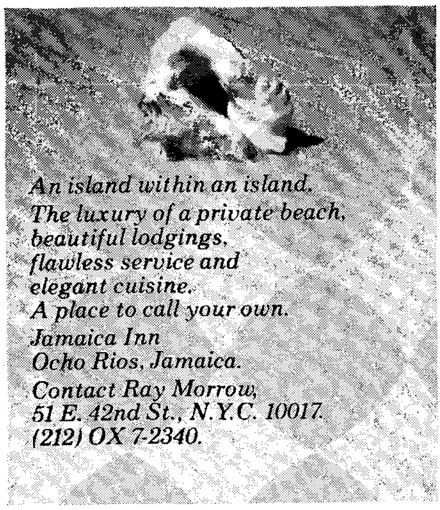

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accordingly. This, of course, is merely a prop until she gets used to her role of superstar. Ultimately, Beverly Sills will make up her own mind.

Behind the public aspect of her career, Miss Sills is very concerned about being a good mother. Last June, she cancelled "Anna Bolena" from her schedule at the Teatro Colón, in Buenos Aires, and sang only "Manon." This cut her engagement from six weeks to three, and it was done so that she could get home to Muffy. "Muffy was having term-end ceremonies," she explained, "and she would have been the only girl there without a mother." The last time Miss Sills went to Europe, she came home to find Muffy biting her nails and showing other signs of feeling rejected. "I know how important La Scala is, but here is where I hang my voice," she remarked recently. "The only thing I enjoy in Europe is the actual performance. I don't particularly enjoy travel. And I don't particularly like the atmosphere in Italian opera houses, where the Italians just can't imagine great singers' coming from anywhere else, and think they are freaks if they do. Actually, the finest voices and the most intelligent singers today come from America, not Italy. Take Norman Treigle, for instance. He's like a brother to me. He is very modest. He lives only for his moments onstage. He is one of the great unappreciated artists of our time." One gets the impression that Miss Sills doesn't care whether she sings in Europe again or not. From now on, she would be perfectly content to be the reigning prima donna of the New York City Opera as well as a wife and mother.

One day recently, Julius Rudel's wife, Rita, walked into Miss Sills' dressing room, where a throng of fans were asking for autographs or merely getting a glimpse of the diva. Both Mrs. Rudel and Miss Sills have round, Slavic faces, and people often think that they are related. "This must be your sister," somebody in the crowd said to Miss Sills. "Yes, indeed," Miss Sills replied. "And I'll tell you a secret. She's not only my sister—she's married to Mr. Rudel. That's how I got so far in this company. You have to have pull."

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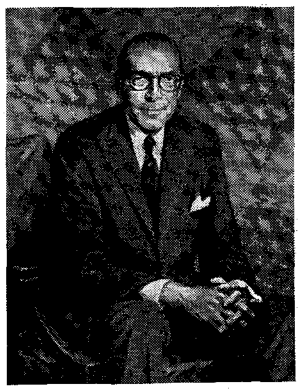

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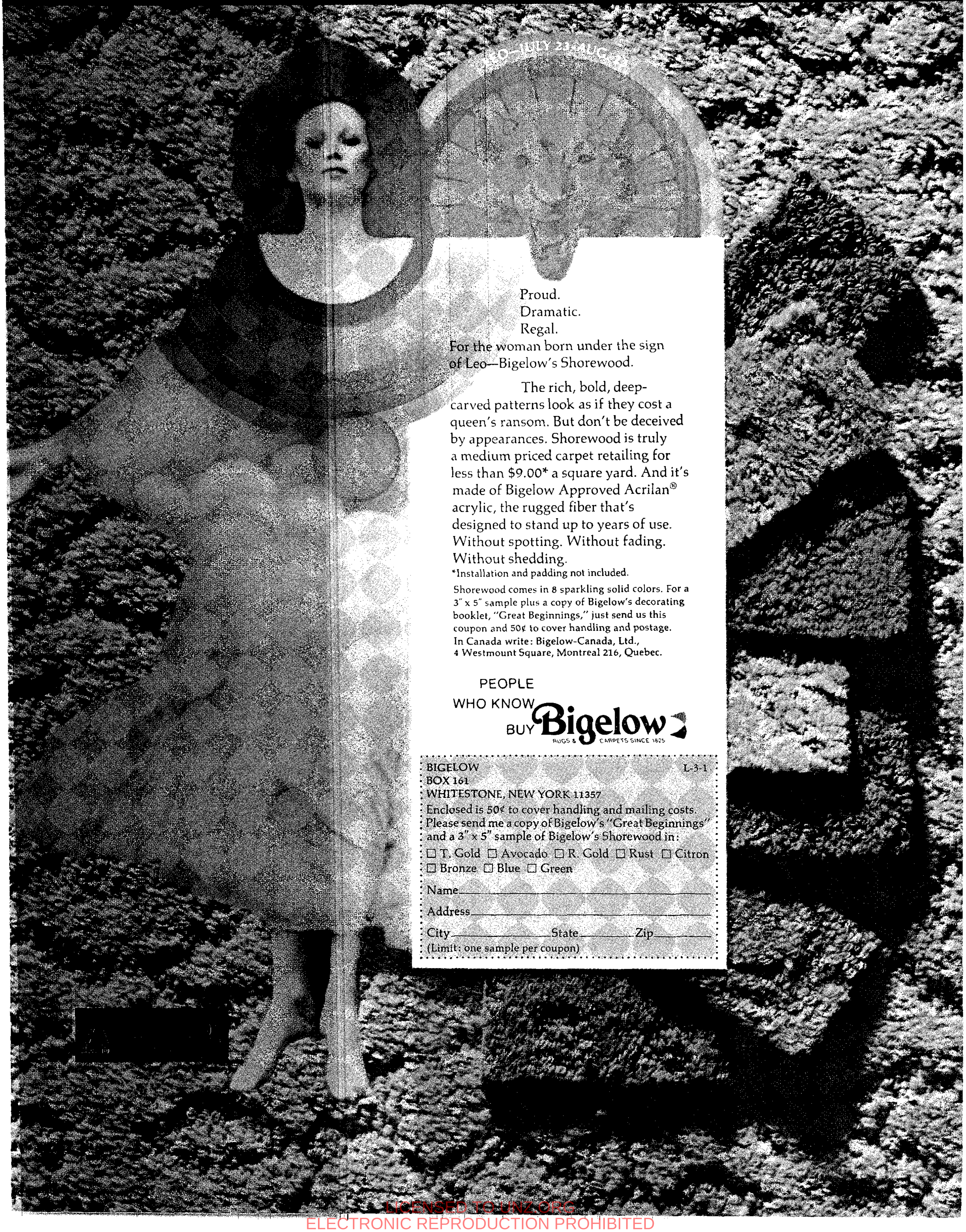

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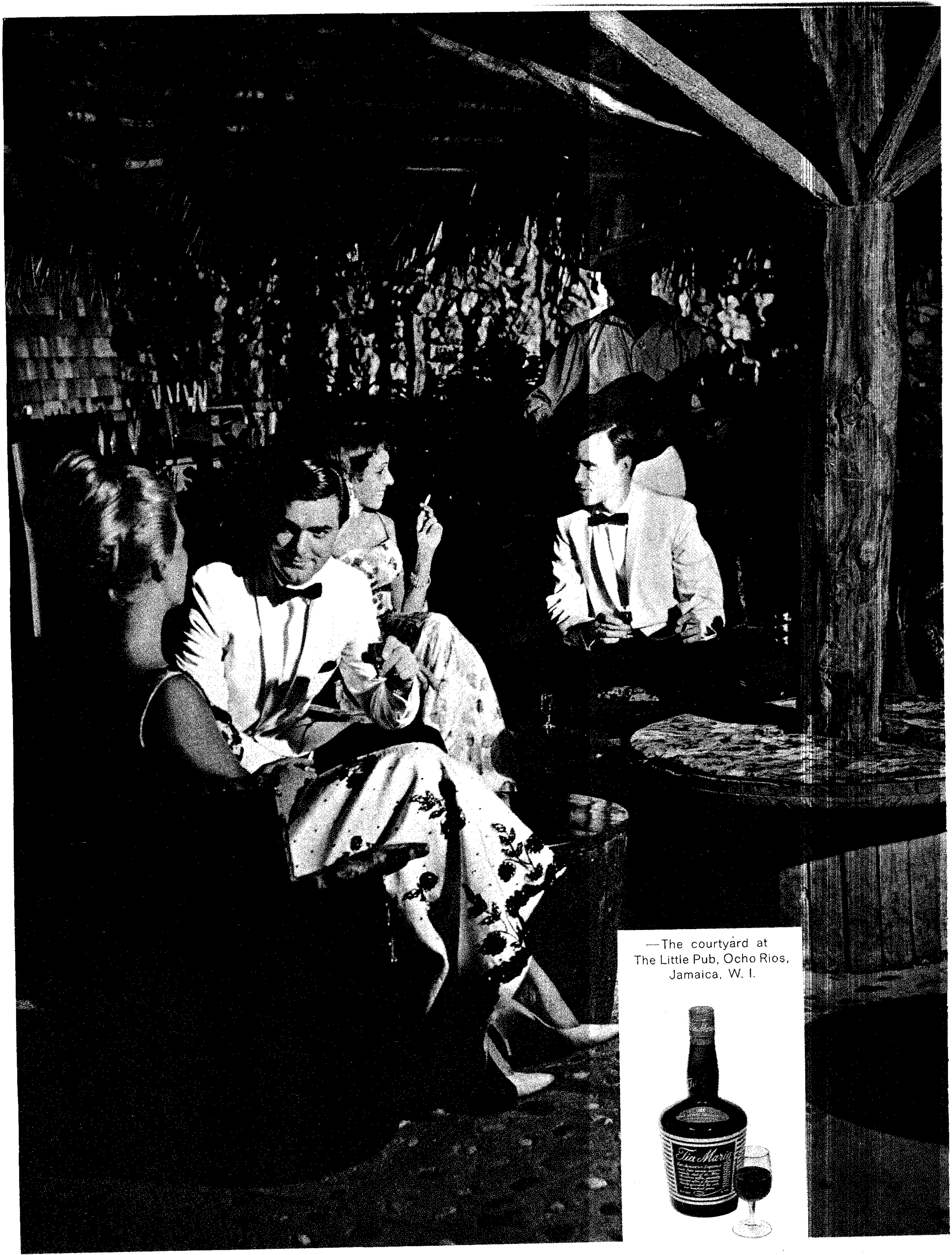

—The courtyard at
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Jamaica, W. I.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur

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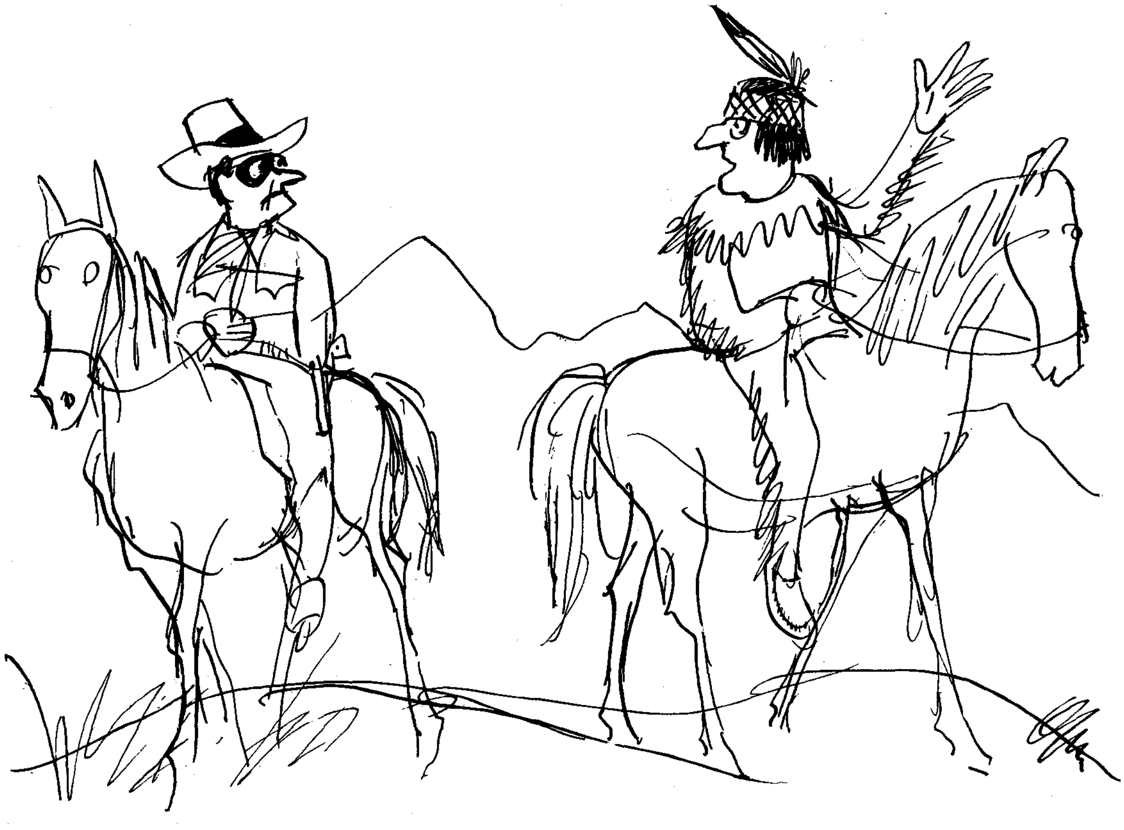
THE THEATRE

SHOPWORN

HAVING been radically overpraised last year for a not very robust pastiche of early Tennessee Williams called "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds," Paul Zindel now risks being underdamned for his "And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little," at the Morosco. The risk springs from a sorry fact about reviewing: to keep from being seen to have loved an earlier work not wisely but too well, reviewers encountering a later work that they don't like at all tend to mask their dislike and let the playwright sink by controlled stages, like a barge in canal locks, to his proper level, thus augmenting their reputations in the course of diminishing his. It is a practice related, in a reversed, mirror image, to what is known in Wall Street as "averaging," and I am sorry that Mr. Zindel should have to become a victim of it. Since he has written a much worse play this time than his erstwhile admirers can afford to admit, they bring up all the usual cant phrases of indirect apology for their previous praise, beginning with "Mr. Zindel can write, but . . ." And what evidence of his ability to write do they adduce from the present play? None whatever. They are thinking nervously of what they said about his *other* play, and they are assuming that few people will go back and check up on the quality of writing manifested in that work. A serious playwright must not be dealt with gently in order to preserve the self-esteem of a handful of journalists; much more is at stake here than "averaging," and if Mr. Zindel is to survive as an artist we owe it to him to say, with concern, that "And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little" has put his professional life in jeopardy.



"Got to split for a couple of moons, kemo sabe. Demonstration at Alcatraz."

"Miss Reardon"—I am not going to bother using the whole title, which is scarcely less irritating in its pretentiousness than "The Effect of Gamma Rays, Etc."—is a play so shopworn in form, so flyblown in content, that one would suppose it had been written several decades ago by a bookish hermit thoroughly out of touch with the theatrical innovations of even his day. The mysterious fact of the matter is that Mr. Zindel is a comparatively young man, of thirty-four, and his play appears, on the strength of at least one piece of internal evidence—the currently fashionable scatological language that he puts in the mouth of a middle-aged Irish Catholic woman schoolteacher—to have been composed within the last couple of years. Still, who would believe that in 1971 the curtain would rise on an apartment-house living room in which the first significant action consists of a doorbell ringing, someone emerging from an offstage kitchen to answer the bell, and the visitor at the door proving to be the building superintendent's wife, fat and unlovely, introduced partly to make us laugh (with malapropisms of a mind-numbing improbability) and partly to provide us with clues to the fact that something is desperately wrong with one of the occupants of the apartment? Step by step, through three conventionally carpentered acts, we are shown the plight of a family in whom we cannot believe, since its members are literary constructions designed to support certain structural weights but incapable of evincing life. Everything that befalls the three Reardon sisters in the grim shadow of their dead mother bears the mark of fabrication. The single surprise of the evening is revealed when the curtain falls for the last time and we perceive that the poor playwright has had nothing to tell us; the dreary surface of his melodrama was all, and was intended to be all, and it plainly never struck him that it would not be enough.

Bad as the play is, it serves as the occasion for two or three fine performances. Estelle Parsons is especially resourceful as the bibulous Miss Reardon of the title, and Rae Allen, Bill Macy, and Nancy Marchand are admirable in roles made difficult by their papery thinness. Julie Harris has to play a Reardon sister who has gone mad; she does her best, but the taint of Ophelia is in the role, and Miss Harris has brought it out instead of concealing it. The casting of the three sisters is odd—as an amateur geneticist, I consider it the unlikeliest thing imaginable that Miss Parsons, Miss Harris, and Miss

Marchand could be siblings. The director of "Miss Reardon" is Melvin Bernhardt, and the designer of the set is Fred Voelpel, who has fallen into the extraordinary aesthetic error of supposing that the way to convey the squalid tackiness of a middle-class apartment-house living room is to reproduce to the last detail the squalid tackiness of a middle-class apartment-house living room. I can tell you it was a horrible thing to have to stare at for three acts.

—BRENDAN GILL

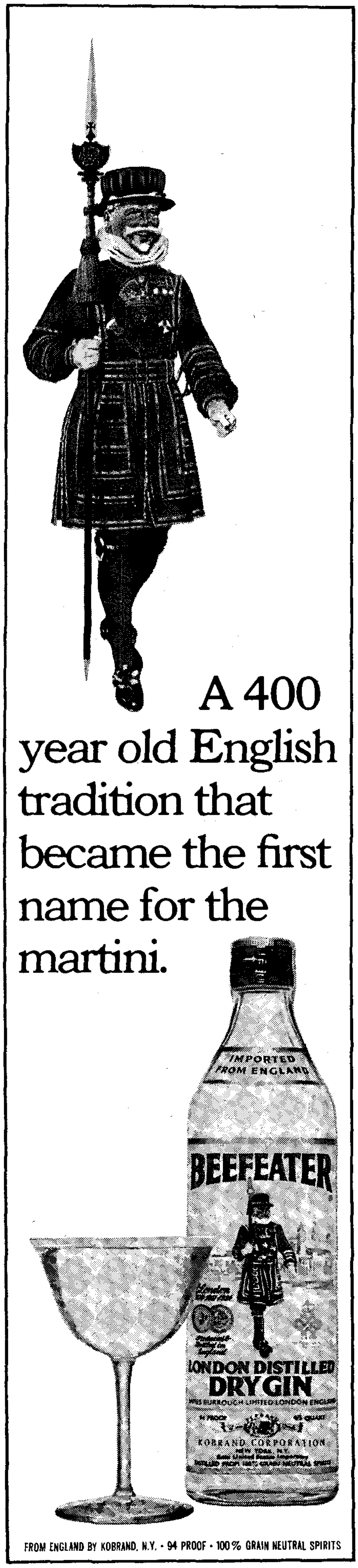
OFF BROADWAY

Miss McKenna, Mr. O'Casey, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Joyce, et al.

SIOBHAN MCKENNA's performance in "Here Are Ladies," an anthology of scenes and poems that she selected from the works of Irish writers, is by miles the best I've ever seen her give—one that does honor to the charming Estelle R. Newman Theatre, at the Public; to its former tenant, the great Jack MacGowran; and, incidentally, to the memory of James Stephens, from whom she borrowed the title. The evening, as it happens, opens with her recitation of a brief lyric by Stephens, "A Woman Is a Branchy Tree." She has come out in a long black gown with long sleeves. Behind her at stage left are three free-form columns that look something like Stonehenge, and at stage right is a clothes tree hung with the few simple props she uses. There is a lighting effect of clouds racing across the sky and a feeling of wind all around. Sean Kenny, who designed and directed the show, can be considered a full-fledged collaborator of Miss McKenna; the visual images enhance the words at every turn. After finishing the poem, she speaks to the audience. This is to be an evening of women seen through Irishmen's eyes, she tells us. On the evidence at hand (as if we needed it!), Irishmen look upon women with delight, malice, amusement, love, and a comprehension that is occasionally disconcerting. Miss McKenna introduces each of the characters in turn, and their authors along with them. Her connective narration is exactly what it should be—light and precise and anecdotal—and in every instance it breaks the mood of the last selection and sets the mood for the next one. She populates the stage with her ladies. In a skillful bit of trompe-l'oeil, she switches from thin to fat and back again in the comical squabble of a thin woman and a fat woman from Stephens' "The Crock of Gold." As Yeats's mad, enchanting Crazy Jane ("I met the bishop on the road"—grimace, curtsy), she runs off, whirling her shawl behind her. Shaw's St. Joan, in dynamic quiet, stands on a darkened stage picked out by a spotlight ("Am I not then to be set free?") as the flames flicker behind her. There are two women suddenly turned old and empty by the death of their sons: Maura, of Synge's "Riders to the Sea;" and Mrs. Tancred, speaking her great lament from O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock." There are also, by the way, a couple of men: Fluther Good, of O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars," tentatively on the wagon and his resolve ebbing as he is put down by honey-and-acid Ginnie Gogan; and a pompous actor, from Lennox Robinson's "Drama at Inish," rehearsing a scene from a Russian play with his prima-donna wife in the lounge of a provincial hotel.

The first act is all variety. The second act is all James Joyce, and the setting has changed to white. For the Anna Livia Plurabelle section of "Finnegans Wake," Miss McKenna, dressed in white and with a white sheet hanging on a clothesline behind her, kneels beside the Liffey, and as the lovely speech pours out in a whispery, gossipy voice—several voices, actually, for the other laundresses murmur and question—she scrubs away at her apron and then stands, as the stage slowly darkens, and sings out the final "Night." Molly's soliloquy from "Ulysses" ends the evening in triumph. There she is, her red hair streaming out on the pillows of the big brass bedstead, a rumpled sheet and red blanket over her and a red book in her hands. This ravishing, restless Molly is so funny, so beguiling, so shrewd, and so innocent that she temporarily (only temporarily) blots out all the women who have come before her. Miss McKenna is the everlasting Molly—Molly forever—as Milo O'Shea is the everlasting Bloom. "Here Are Ladies" is a bountiful evening of theatre.

A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD English dramatist named David Hare takes a somewhat more narrow-eyed view of women than his brothers across the Irish Channel. His "Slag," in the Anspacher Theatre, also at the Public, is an odd, highly stylized, rather puzzling try at satire about three teachers—a headmistress and her two assistants—at a rapidly dwindling school for the daughters of the nobility and aristocracy. (There are eight stu-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dents when the play begins and none when it ends.) In the course of the action, the headmistress and one of the teachers play lesbian games or else are really having a lesbian affair, and the third, an impassioned militant feminist and revolutionary, furiously accuses them of poisoning her and otherwise making her life at the school insupportable while, at the same time, preventing her from leaving. These latter-day belles of St. Trinian's may, for all I know, be meant to represent society in the throes of change. The play as a whole doesn't add up to much (to this off-islander, at any rate), but it does offer any number of eccentric notions and funny lines, a wry outlook all its own, and a lot of possibilities in the staging, all of which are realized in the excellent production, under Roger Hendricks Simon's direction. It also offers one rich, funny part—that of the feminist. Roberta Maxwell, without makeup, her hair scraped back, and with a thumping, downright gait, gives a fierce and fiery performance. Miss Maxwell, who gets better and better, is becoming one of the most interesting young actresses around. I also admired Kathryn Walker, as the unflappable headmistress. Daisy Page Pickman designed the ingenious settings.

—Edith Oliver

•

Q. How can inflation continue while unemployment keeps rising?

A. The course of inflation is like that of a ship entering a strange harbor, the momentum carries it forward even after the captain has signaled "slow" to the engine room. Key business indicators alert economists to the changing course of inflation, but like the myriad signal flags on a ship, the general public is not aware of their meaning. The unemployed dock workers are on the pier eagerly waiting to unload the cargo, but the tidal currents make the ship's progress toward port seem painfully slow. The experienced harbormaster knows the ship is coming in, but he is unable to communicate this certainty to those waiting to serve. Mid course corrections by the captain only cause the uninformed to doubt his ability to bring the ship in successfully.

—*United States Investor.*

Next question.

•

Richard Pistell, former chairman of General Host Corp. who shot an 1,800-pound buffalo here a year ago, says, "I've hunted for years all over the world, and to me the buffalo hunt was one of the most thrilling. It's a lot different than going after lions or tigers. A buffalo is a piece of Americana."—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Whereas a tiger is just a piece of junk.

If experience makes a pro, this man has 11 years on jets. If it's skill, he has 2 FAA licenses. And if it's some personal quality, he's got what it takes. He's Joe Leyden Delta lead mechanic. Another Delta Air Lines professional.

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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

MARCH

Two of the year's topmost events stud our schedule this month. This Monday (8) Joe Frazier and Muhammud Ali, a.k.a. Cassius Clay, meet at the Garden for the heavyweight boxing championship of all the known world. Sold out it is, of course, but there may be a few ducats remaining for the giant-screen, full-color closed-circuit telecast at local theatres.

Equally earth-shaking is the unprecedented 9-week engagement of the Greatest Show on Earth, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus which begins on (30) and will continue right through Memorial Day, May 31. For the first 7 weeks, it's the all-new 101st Edition, with more trained animal acts than ever before and the all-time mightiest cast of international performers, including 22 unparalleled acts never before seen in America. Then, for the final 2 weeks of the engagement beginning May 18th, it's the Gala Return of the famed 100th Anniversary Edition. See newspaper ads for show-times and prices.

In the nonce, the important music events festoon the month's calendar.—Three Dog Night is the night of (5), James Taylor hits the scene on (10).

On the athletic side, there are college basketball doubleheaders (4) and (11) leading up to the big National Invitation Tournament—(20), (21), (22), (24), (25) and (27). Check newspapers for teams and times.

The $210,000 Tennis Champions Classic final (18) matches the world's two top pros chasing after both the devastating shots of their opponent and a happy helping of cash.

And through the month, the Knicks and Rangers advance towards the championship playoffs as follows:

KNICKS
(6) Boston
(9) Seattle
(13) Milwaukee
(16) Los Angeles

RANGERS
(3) Oakland
(7) Los Angeles
(12) Philadelphia
(14) Toronto
(21) Montreal
(23) Buffalo
(28) Boston
(31) Chicago

This very weekend (6) and (7) the 1971 All-American Karate Championships are at the Felt Forum; the New York Nets celebrate St. Patrick's (17) against Kentucky in an ABA doubleheader also featuring Utah vs. Florida; and the Golden Gloves quarter-final boxing matches are at the Felt Forum (9), (10), (11)—semi-finals (15) and (18), and the finals in the big Garden (26).

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THE RACE TRACK

Through a Binocular, Darkly

A GEOMANCER I know, who lives in a hollow tree, divined that last Saturday would not be propitious for favorites in stakes races. Well, Fort Marcy finished third to Drumtop and The Pruner in the Hialeah Turf Cup, and Lion Sleeps, who had won his six previous starts, also came in third, behind Towzie Tyke and Dance to Market, in the Bowie Handicap. Ack Ack spoiled our prophet's afternoon, winning the San Antonio Stakes in a romp by better than three lengths at Santa Anita.

I may be slightly prejudiced, but I thought Fort Marcy ran as good and as game a race as I've ever seen him run. He carried 128 pounds, gave plenty of weight all round, led for most of the mile and a half (a large order for any racer, especially one seven years old), and at the end was beaten by less than two lengths for all the money in 2:26⅕—a new track record for the distance. Fort Marcy got away quickly and was first around the clubhouse turn, where he was joined by Shelter Bay, who had an advantage of nine pounds, and the two ran along together until Drumtop, who had been far behind for a mile, came up fast through the pack and passed them a furlong out. While Fort Marcy was odds-on (Hialeah horseplayers love a favorite), Drumtop was a shade better than 13–1. No doubt the talent forgot about her having won the Canadian International Championship Stakes, at a mile and five furlongs, over the turf course at Woodbine. It's too early to say what Elliott Burch's plans are for Fort Marcy, but he is sure to get an invitation to the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita on April 10th, in which he ran third behind Fiddle Isle and Quicken Tree in their dead heat last year.

APPARENTLY, Lion Sleeps tired under his impost of 129 pounds in the Bowie Handicap at seven furlongs, for Towzie Tyke, to whom he gave five pounds, whipped past him in the stretch to win from Dance to Market, a lightweight. It was Towzie Tyke's sixth victory in his last seven starts, most of them in Maryland.

THERE'S no telling how good Ack Ack really is right now. From all accounts, he won the San Antonio, the last serious public trial for next weekend's Santa Anita Handicap, with the greatest of ease from Good Manners, Hanalei Bay, Figonero, and the others. He also was Shoemaker's fourth winner of the afternoon. Needless to say, he's a hot favorite to win the Big 'Cap, as they call it out there, although only Rosemont, Seabiscuit, Talon, Round Table, and Pretense have won both in the same year. Another note from California: Johnny Longden, who was a jockey for forty years, has announced his retirement as a trainer after only four. One of the reasons, he says, is that Frank McMahon, whose horses he has been handling, intends to race on the Eastern tracks this season, and he doesn't want to leave California. Vance Longden, his son, has taken over the McMahon horses. I doubt whether Johnny's retirement is permanent. He's been around the race track too long to quit it cold.

FOR those who are bored looking over today's past performances—and who isn't?—may I suggest "The Great Ones," the most interesting and informative book about horses I've come across in some time. It is a collection of short biographies—most of them by Kent Hollingsworth, the editor of the *Blood-Horse*—of some seventy thoroughbreds, from Alsab to Yo Tambien (how many exacta players ever heard of that one?), who have had a part in making American racing. The book, beautifully bound, and illustrated with excellent photographs, is twenty-five dollars. The best way to get it is to write to the *Blood-Horse*, Post Office Box 4038, Lexington, Kentucky, 40504. It's worth owning.

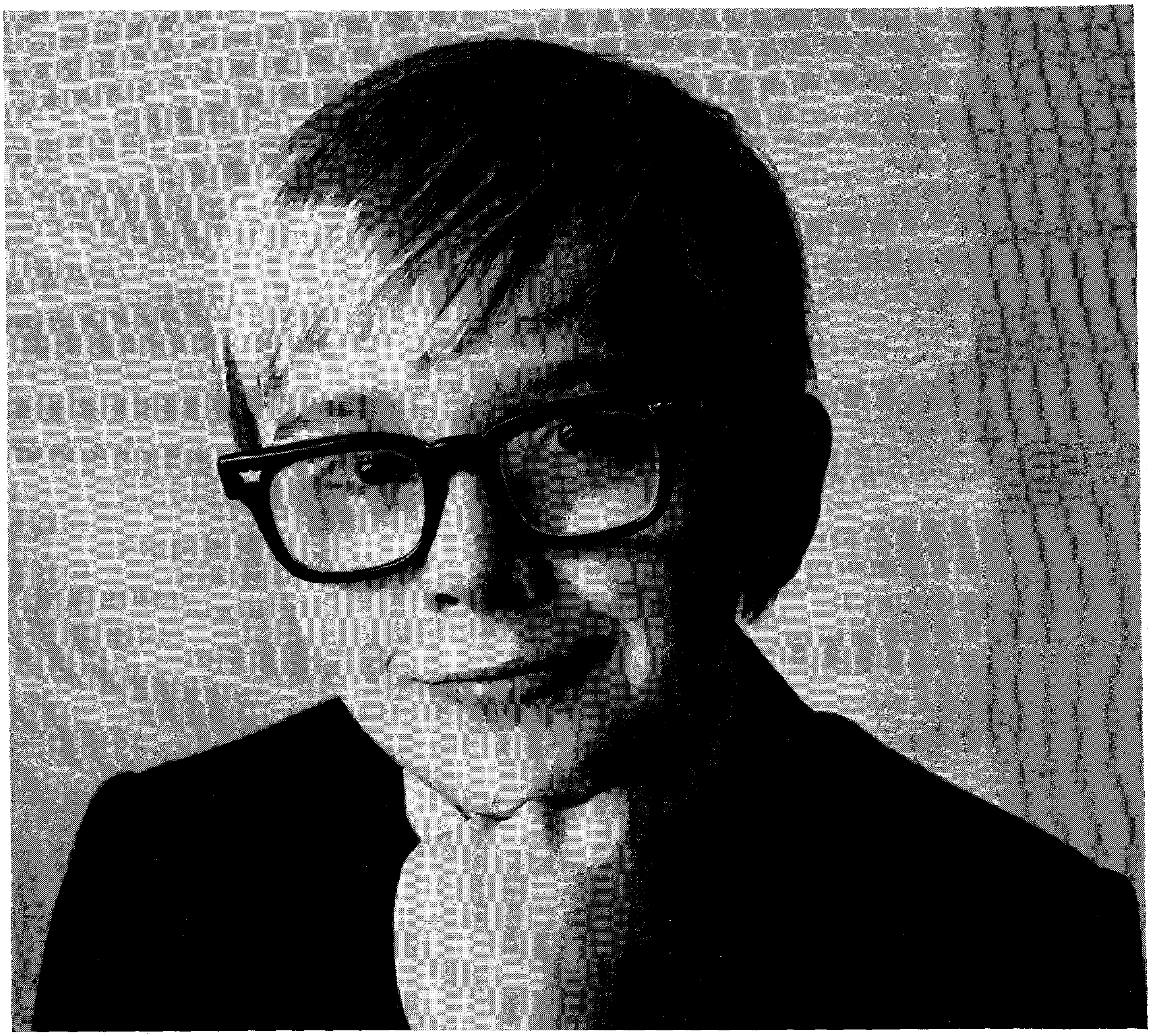
—AUDAX MINOR

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Photograph caption in the McGraw-Hill News, house organ of McGraw-Hill, Inc.*]

AT TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT—Arthur Erikson, managing editor, international, for Electronics magazine, spent three weeks in Vietnam researching 'the first digital war,' so called because of the arsenal of electronic gear being put to use by American troops. 'While undoubtedly effective,' he concluded, 'sophisticated electronic hardware is often hampered by the same conditions that bother flesh-and-blood GI's—heat, dust, rain, breakage.'



Glen Conway just gave birth to an eight-year-old.

It's true. And the whole Conway family is delighted. Glen knows about helping because his dad is a policeman and helps people all the time. So when Glen heard about Save the Children Federation in school, he wanted to do something. His parents decided it would, indeed, be wonderful to sponsor a child. To give their eleven-year-old a chance to learn how children in other countries, children less fortunate than their son, must fight for survival. And that's how Antonio Laverde came into their lives.

Glen and Antonio are separated by a lot more than the miles between Long Island and Colombia. Antonio lives in one room. With eight brothers and sisters. Soup made with potatoes and roots is his main meal. You see, his dad only has the use of one arm. And even though he works long hours at odd jobs, he still earns just five dollars a week.

Now, because of Glen and his family, much of that will change. Through Save the Children Federation the Laverdes will get an interest-free loan to buy hens. And the hens will lay eggs. Eggs to improve the family diet. Eggs to be sold at market and increase the Laverdes' income. And keep Antonio in school. For only with learning can there be hope. And some of the funds can be used to help make the community a better place for all the children.

Hope turned into reality. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation. Not a hand out. But a boost up. And there's more. For Glen, there are exciting letters from a friend in a foreign country. And pictures. And progress reports. Glen Conway gave birth to hope today. How about you?

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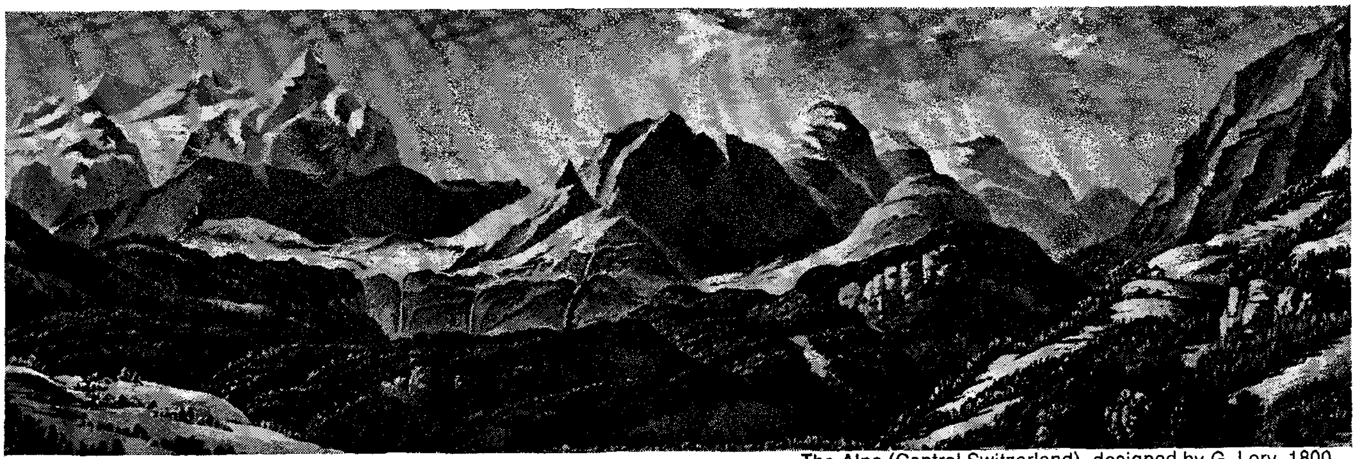

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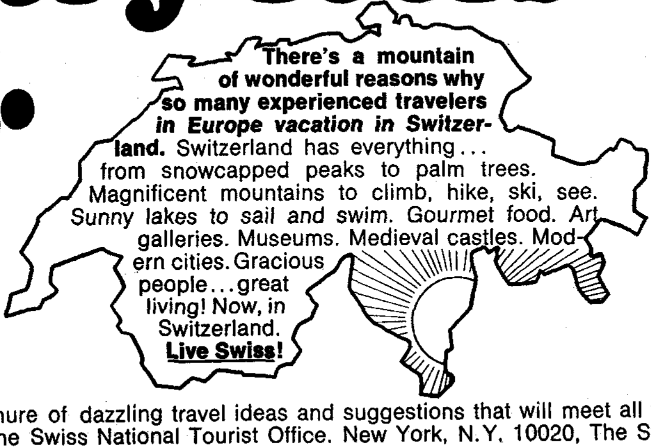

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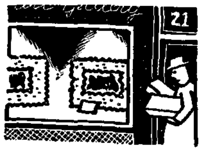
THE ART WORLD

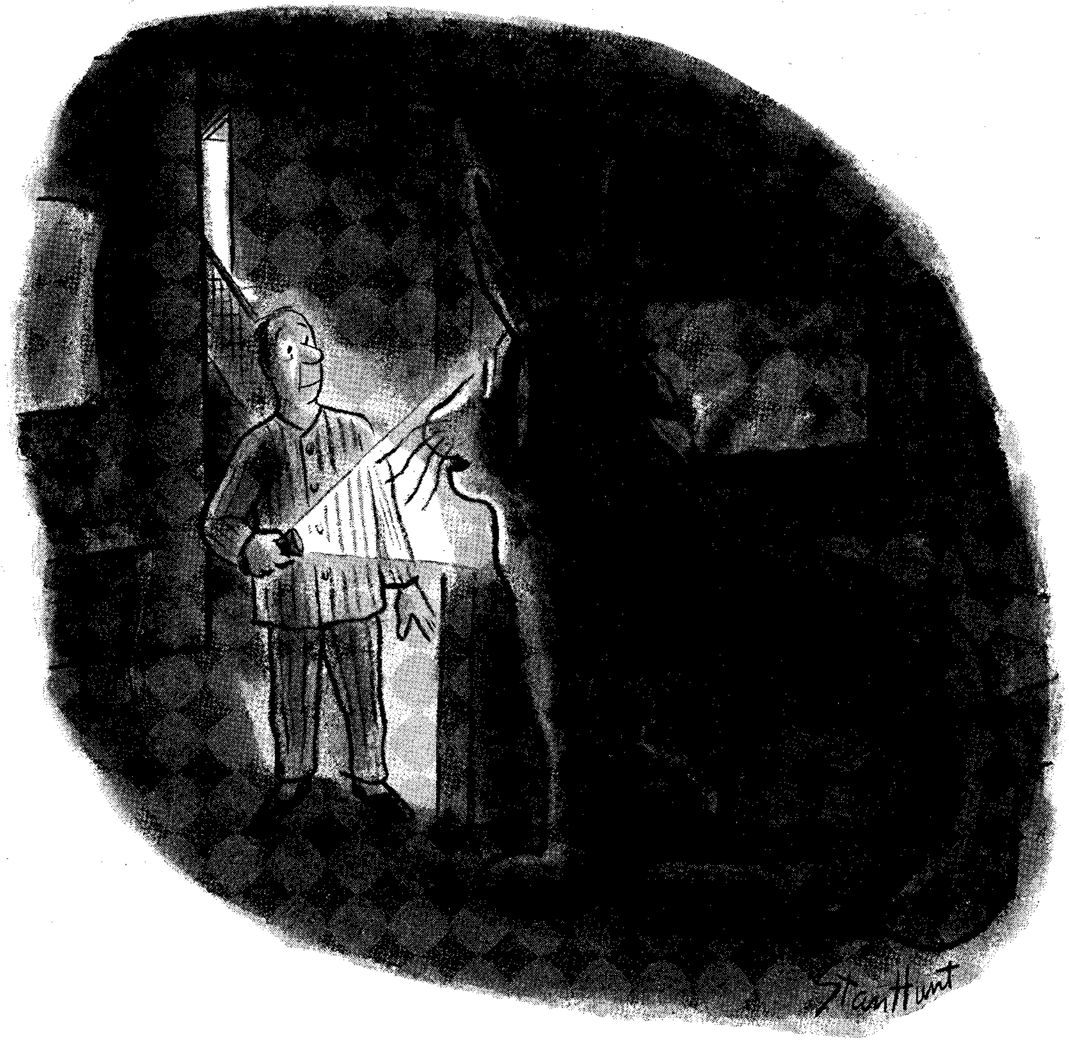
Shall These Bones Live?



WHEN is an art movement dead? When the publicity spotlight has moved off it. "Dead" is synonymous with "out of sight" (and not only in art movements). Usually, the darkening of one trend is accompanied by the lighting up of another. Art history in our time is a series of blackouts. The discontinuity is an effect of the novelty-hunting of the mass media, including the museums. Sometimes, however, all the movements are in the dark and the circle of the spotlight is vacant. This seems to be the case in 1971. Even the latest trends have become obsolescent, including some that were not actually trends in art. (The real function of the "information" and "software" movement presented at the Museum of Modern Art and the Jewish Museum last year was to supersede all art movements without being art itself, and these exhibits should be classified as belonging to a curator movement, not an art movement.) All at once, history has lost its drive. Art has the appearance of standing still. As art-world talk has it, "anything goes." All the past modes are suddenly the same age. Photo-realism is as up-to-date, and as out-of-date, as color-field painting and earthworks. Galleries uptown and in Soho exhibit paintings of parked trucks, geometrics in plastic or marble, designs that flare up in Day-Glo or neon, stripes that vanish into creamy grounds, modules, documentary reports of art acts. Never before have there been so many announcements of "first one-man show in New York," mostly of artists who emanate from university art faculties and who practice consummately one recent mode or another. They offer a generous supply of objects in all current formats and make it unnecessary to turn to the artists who originated these modes.

To the temperamental avant-gardist, the absence of a new trend and the continuous circling around the same models mean that the end of the line has been reached. This does not necessarily convince him that art ought to be given up. In our era of New Lefts, it is customary for the radical will, when faced with a stalemate, to attempt to force the issue of a historical advance. In art, radicalism has invented the aesthetic detour that carries art "beyond" painting and sculpture. To restore the pulse of art demands that art be discarded. "The static, portable indoor art object," writes a leading vanguardist artmaker in the January *Artforum*, "can do no more than carry a decorative load that becomes increasingly uninteresting." This commentator must be thinking of exhibitions like the ones I have been describing. The art movements have crumbled into countless atoms that are almost uniform, and each movement has left behind its heritage of manner and the promise of endless variations. Granted that decoration is uninteresting except to people interested in decoration, contemporary painting and sculpture may be considered to have nothing more to offer. If this is the case, art can continue only if it becomes something else.

No doubt most of the products of dead art movements are useful merely to fill a space on a wall. But what more is to be expected of art? The question is less likely to arise when new forms appear. Novelty itself is the content of art in our historically conscious culture; to justify Warhol's soup labels is unnecessary. Yet even at the peak of a movement most of the art inspired by it belongs to its manner rather than its substance. Nor is there anything to prevent an observer from reducing the most profound innovations to their decorative aspects. (I suspect that to the *Artforum* avant-gardist who repudiates painting all twentieth-century canvases are merely "carrying a decorative load.") The prevailing historicism in art accepts as the content of paintings only their contribution to the evolution of forms. Now that art is in the doldrums, even the masterworks of the recent past appear to belong to categories that need not be filled out any further. A few weeks ago, Mr. John Canaday,



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of the *Times*, reflected the current boredom with painting in a fable in which the various modes of American art from Abstract Expressionism on have been "hothouse" products designed for the delectation of Mr. Alfred Barr and the embellishment of the Rockefeller château, the Museum of Modern Art.

Content in art in excess of decoration derives not from the nature of specific art movements but from the relation of artists to them. An art mode, new or old, is for the creative mind essentially a point of beginning. Content is brought into being by the activity through which the artist translates the movement into himself. In such an appropriation, there is no difference between an ongoing movement and one that is finished. During the reign of Minimalism, a painter might realize the new through Impressionism. That art history has a schedule of continuous advances en masse is a fantasy of the historian. The shared syntax of art movements is constantly replaced by the sensibility and practice of individuals. The avant-garde art of yesterday is the only modern equivalent of an aesthetic tradition. The fading of the ideas of a movement does not mean that it can no longer be a stimulus to creation. At the very dawn of a movement, the work of its artists commences to replace the concept; instead of Cubism there appear Picasso, Braque, Gris. Compared to the activities to which they give rise, ideas in art have a brief life. In the last analysis, the vitality of art in our time depends on works produced by movements after they have died.

For example, every art student knows that Abstract Expressionism and Pop Art are dead. Yet Mr. Canaday was able to lift himself out of despair over the shallowness of American painting since the war by a gush of enthusiasm for Red Grooms' Pop Art duplication of a Midwestern discount store, recently on display on Madison Avenue. To Canaday, Grooms had eluded America's debilitating art movements and had shot up out of backcountry soil in an efflorescence of simplicity and mental health; Canaday spoke of Grooms as a blooming "sunflower" in contrast to the drooping exotics of the Museum of Modern Art. In reality, of course, nothing could be further from Canaday's ideal of small-town naturalness than Grooms' sophisticated country-boy charade, compounded of an ingenious mixture of naïve art and Pop. Like Oldenburg, Grooms has adapted the

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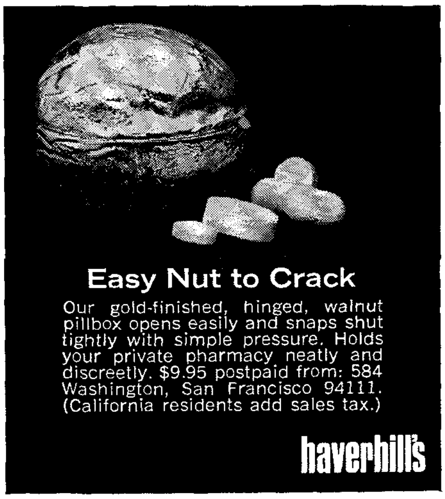
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visual vocabulary of cartooning, comic strip, and caricature to serve ends of fantasy and social comment not present in the original Pop movement.

As for Abstract Expressionism, the most distinguished exhibitions in the first two months of 1971 have been by artists who persisted in this tradition; among them have been the Hans Hofmann exhibition at the Emmerich Gallery, Edward Dugmore's paintings at the Green Mountain, Norman Bluhm's show at Martha Jackson, Paul Burlin's at the Museum of Modern Art, Adolph Gottlieb's and William Baziotes' at the Marlborough, and James Brooks', also at Martha Jackson.

FOR an artist such as Brooks, whose recent exhibition is the best I have seen of his paintings in twenty years, it is more rewarding to work in the Action-painting mode today than it was in 1950. Then judgments centered on the revolutionary aspects of the new movement and the dramatic personages who were bringing it into being. In that context, Brooks' canvases, consisting of areas of sunken pigment, had the effect of pleasing color patterns. It was plain that he would not have invented Action painting, nor did he personify its characteristic states of being. He lacked the crisis personality of Pollock, de Kooning, or Kline, the exuberance of Hofmann, the nervous self-questioning of Guston. Brooks showed no sign of being attracted to the metaphysical postulates of Action painting or to its aims of penetrating reality or changing the artist's self. It is significant that he approached the new, agitated style by way of Bradley Tomlin—like him, an artist of quiet temperament and primarily concerned with good painting. For Brooks, the new abstract art did not represent a radical break with earlier art that projected the artist's existence into the foreground, in defiance of art values ("I was never interested," said de Kooning, "in how to make a good painting"); it was a way of composing that was aesthetically more effective than Brooks' earlier Cubist-derived approach. Accident, which Brooks adopted in an original manner by experimenting with blottings of pigment, was to him not an aperture opening into a realm of revelation, as it was to Pollock, but the means for an enlarged repertory of decorative possibilities.

The distance that separates Brooks from the originators of Action painting has, however, narrowed considerably with the fading of the movement. Today, the creations of the pioneers fall

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within a formal canon that was lacking when their works first appeared and that they themselves helped to create. Art tames itself. And it has become apparent that, whatever secrets the innovators were intent on discovering, they were also intent on creating art. Great art is always a by-product, but of an activity that begins and ends in art. The passions, ideas, insights, and situations that impelled Action painting drop off like spent elements of a space rocket, and there remains the aesthetic. Pollock's mesmeric spillings, de Kooning's smashing brush sweeps become models of a new beauty; to grasp the paintings as they were in the beginning, a new act of creation is required. As Action painting is transformed into nothing but art, the insufficiencies of the painter devoted primarily to art recede. Seen apart from the adventure of innovation, Brooks' paintings have unquestionable merits. From the persistence of his experiments with the "volition" of pigments they derive a uniqueness that is all but organic. His forms repeatedly achieve the impact of unpredictable gestures, his color harmonies are at once daring and luxurious, his rhythms reflect freedom coupled with expertness. At his gradualist pace, Brooks has gained the self-development that was the ultimate aim of Action painting. But, whatever Action painting set out to be, Brooks' exhibition demonstrates that in the terms established by it it could be the inspirer of good painting.

In regard to creation there is nothing to indicate that a new art movement has any advantage over an obsolescent one; the contrary may well be the case. The movement carries a date, but the art produced in it is not necessarily of the same date. Granted that when a movement dies, some artists are buried with it and others feel obliged to flee the sinking ship, the enthusiastic response to the Cubist Picassos and the Fauvist Matisses in the Stein Family collections at the Museum of Modern Art demonstrates that art lives on past its ideological origins, and that those "static, portable indoor art objects" known as paintings have by no means become, as the *Artforum* writer claims, "increasingly uninteresting." Historicism—the search for ever-advancing formal phases—insists that only those creations that occupy a foreground position in time are significant. In art, historicism is the philosophy of the spectator in search of novelties that can be proved to be predetermined by evolution, and of the spectator's intellectual representatives among dealers, curators, and critics. Historicism is today the fundamental basis of conflict between creation in art and accepted methods for evaluating it.

PAINTINGS by William Baziotes, an outstanding figure among the first-generation Abstract Expressionists, are on display (through this Saturday, at the Marlborough Gallery) for the first time in New York since 1965. Baziotes' reputation has suffered through his style's lack of historical impact. His art does not go anywhere, or suggest a direction in which later art should go. It is lyrical, not epic. Baziotes departed from American painting, with its objectivist and rationalistic leanings, by introducing the idiom of his peculiar poetry. His stylistic connections with Abstract Expressionism are tenuous; his links are equally with Surrealism and Symbolism. The appeal of his canvases is direct; in demanding of the spectator neither knowledge nor theory, they are old-fashioned. A Baziotes arouses a sense of the fabulous, not the consciousness of art history or the impulse to make judgments about art. Yet in its very directness his approach to creation was a most difficult one for a mind of our time, when philosophers speak of "the death of the imagination." His art derived little from appearances, still less from ideas. Nor did he seek suggestions from random marks on the canvas, as did Pollock and Hofmann. Baziotes' compositions have no place for accident. Each of the paintings of his best period is a singular vision created, as it were, whole. This is very hard to do, if one can speak of "doing" a vision. A total image cannot be produced, it must be invoked; its apparition is a kind of happening. Baziotes would, he once told me, walk the streets of New York's West Side staring into the middle distance to draw out a clue to the unseen—a strange terrain might break through, or a personage: Circe, the one-eyed son of Poseidon, a sea serpent, Ethel Baziotes transformed into a semi-abstraction. The strain of this effort to "see" must have been immense. "Swamp" and "The Net," in the Marlborough show, are examples of the startling absoluteness achieved by his imagery, as if he were depicting realities that had come forward into the light. His pictures are close to dream, but they are less literal than those of the Surrealists, with the exception of Miró. Moons, suns, eyes, and strange

orbs hover in his nights, jungles, and submarine worlds, where invented creatures are netted in zigzag cordages and space is veined with thin lines. Baziotes is almost an artist of symbols; had he continued to live (he died in 1963), he might have converted some of his figures into emblems, in a manner comparable to that of Gottlieb (whose exhibition, also at the Marlborough, of impeccable paintings on paper contains several that rank with his best achievements in color). The psychic difficulties of Baziotes' visionary art appear to have intensified over the years. In his later canvases the figurations grow more fragile and sink into soft, muted grounds of gold, pinks, and grays as if seeking protective cover. The Marlborough exhibition is a welcome event, but what is needed is a Baziotes retrospective on a fuller scale than was the memorial exhibition at the Guggenheim in 1965.

DEAD art movements are the normal life of art; all that can be expected of them is good painting. Even when a new vanguard has appeared, the great majority of artists continue to pursue aesthetic—that is to say, professional—objectives. A valid avant-garde is a *necessary* avant-garde—one that arises in response to a crisis that prevents, or reduces to nullity, art that continues to be created in the old manner; such were, for example, the Italian Futurists in revolt against a tradition anchored in the ideal, and the postwar Abstract Expressionists who declared their independence in the face of the drying up of the European sources of American art. In the absence of a consciousness of crisis—and what does "anything goes" mean but that there is nothing to overthrow except painting itself?—vanguard movements can originate only in impulses irrelevant to creation. Under these conditions, adherence to a mode that has been superseded is the artist's most effective defense against the novelty obsessions of the mass media and the ambitions of the art world. In his voluntary abnegation of "the inevitable next step" he frees himself from the tyranny of progress in the arts, which, by all signs, can reach fulfillment only by bringing art to an end.

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LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

SAIGON, FEBRUARY 25

THE invasion of Laos by South Vietnamese troops with American support seemed to offer at best some dubious short-term rewards and at worst a potential disaster. The risk was great, for as we have been reducing the number of our forces in Indo-China we have actually been increasing our commitment and involvement here—first in Cambodia and now in what is described as an "incursion" into Laos, which began in full force on February 8th. It is still too soon to render a firm appraisal of the venture, whose purpose, according to the Americans who persuaded their South Vietnamese allies to attempt it, was to cut through some of the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex, thus "turning the tap," as one American commander put it, and reducing to a trickle the flow of North Vietnamese traffic southward. The traffic had been growing heavier. Between the first of January and mid-February, the North Vietnamese poured thirty-one thousand new soldiers in at the top of the Trail, and trucks carrying supplies were moving down at the rate of twelve hundred a month—a considerable increase in both men and matériel over the average monthly flow in 1970. Most of these resources were probably headed for South Vietnam, though perhaps a third of them were destined for Cambodia. But the severe fighting that has taken place indicates that from the start the odds were against the invasion's turning out to be a success, even if the weather—which has been worse than anyone anticipated—had been favorable.

In the third week of February, taking advantage of the mist and of the fact that invading South Vietnamese vehicles and armor had been slowed if not bogged down, the North Vietnamese troops of General Vo Nguyen Giap—whose response to the new developments in Laos had been described by associates in Hanoi as "enigmatic and smiling"—struck back hard at the advanced South Vietnamese fire bases. Giap's strategy has always been to wait and adapt himself to whatever new situation arises. (He did this brilliantly against the French at Dien Bien Phu in 1954.) Faced with heavy American air support of the South Vietnamese ground troops, he at first decided to pull back, apparently on the theory that the South Vietnamese attack would not be a major one of long duration. Then, when the weather got worse, he saw his chance. Still seeking to avoid a major confrontation, he moved elements of three regiments and many anti-aircraft and artillery units south toward the South Vietnamese positions along and around Route 9. First, he threw his heaviest and most modern Russian and Chinese rockets onto his opponents' hilltop posts. Then he sent in sappers and other ground troops, striking at the most vulnerable South Vietnamese outposts and mauling élite Ranger and airborne elements, which, with several thousand soldiers of the best of the regular South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) infantry divisions, the First, composed Saigon's invading force. Shooting from hidden anti-aircraft emplacements—many of them cleverly concealed platforms deep in the jungle that covers that forbidding region—Giap's forces took a heavy toll of American and Vietnamese helicopters delivering troops and ammunition. By February 23rd, about twenty-five helicopters had been destroyed on both sides of the border and at least that many were damaged. Casualties are already heavy, and they could become heavier if Giap decides to throw in more troops and, despite American and South Vietnamese air superiority, risk a larger battle on the ground. In any event, Saigon's early claim that its forces were enjoying a seven-to-one advantage over the North Vietnamese in men killed can no longer be substantiated—if it ever could have been.

At the beginning, the invading troops were obsessed by what one veteran American official calls "the Tchepone complex." Tchepone, on Route 9 about twenty-five miles inside the Laotian border, lies athwart the major invasion path. As a key station on the Trail, it had a hard-dirt airstrip capable of taking the Russian equivalent of DC-3 transports, and, as a liaison and communications center, it had sophisticated Russian equipment for guiding the Trail traffic to destinations farther south, west, and east. According to the invasion plans drawn up by General Creighton Abrams, the American commander in Vietnam, and his Vietnamese counterpart, General Cao Van Vien, Tchepone was to be seized and held, at least long enough for the South Vietnamese to conduct sweep-and-patrol operations around it in all directions in an effort to destroy as many major Trail supply caches as possible. Even after the South Vietnamese began running into trouble from bad weather and anti-aircraft fire, the airstrip remained an objective, although the communications equipment had already been carried off, and it became increasingly apparent that the basic concept of the attack would have to be altered "in time" as well as "in space"—to use the terms President Nguyen Van Thieu used in describing the operation.

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By then, though the invading forces had destroyed some sizable North Vietnamese caches near the border, it was only too clear that the success of the attack would be severely limited by the redoubtable complexity of the Trail network. Nine major Trail routes fan down from the Mu Gia Pass and two other mountain defiles in North Vietnam. (These three defiles, through which nearly all traffic passes, have been hit constantly by American B-52 and other bombers over the years, but with only limited success, since pinpoint targeting is extremely difficult in

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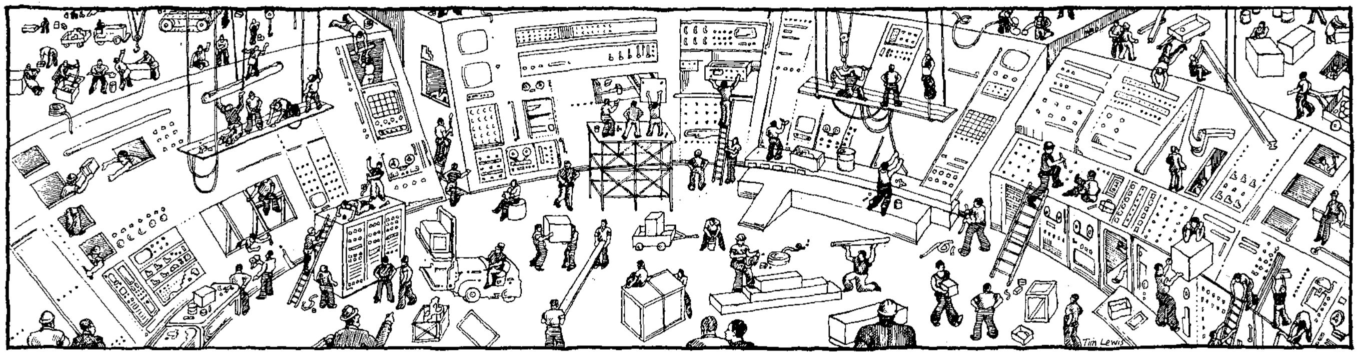

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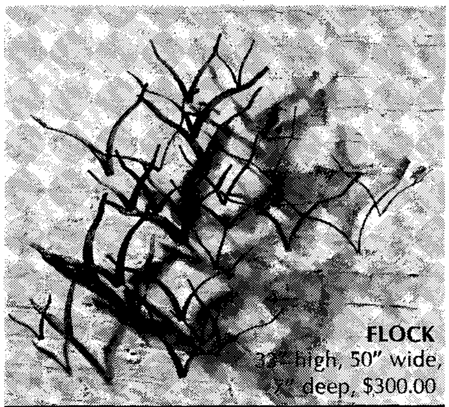

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such mountainous terrain.) Of the nine Trail arteries below the passes, the South Vietnamese apparently crossed over three in the first few days of the invasion and found some caches. Much of the truck traffic is believed to use these three routes, but I learned from South Vietnamese sources that the invading forces actually discovered and blew up only a few minor relay depots. From northern Laos down to the Bolovens Plateau, about a hundred and fifty miles south of the Mu Gia Pass, where the major routes turn eastward into South Vietnam or, dwindling into jungle trails, run on south into Cambodia, there are known to be forty-two major storage centers. So far, not one of these forty-two centers has been reached by South Vietnamese ground forces, though the centers have all been bombed regularly in the past.

The sixteen thousand South Vietnamese committed to the enterprise, it is now clear, were incapable of reducing the total Trail traffic to a trickle. The most that could have been done, military experts now concede, was to slow the flow for a short time—perhaps for two or three months. This might have served the oft-stated American purpose of "protecting" the withdrawal of our troops and helping the Vietnamization program. It seems doubtful, however, under any circumstances short of a miraculous stroke of luck, that a limited Trail attack could have made a really big difference at this late date. Back in 1968, there was serious talk of having American and South Vietnamese troops cut across Route 9 all the way to the border of Thailand. That would have required upward of seventy-five thousand men, and, if it had been synchronized with an invasion of the Cambodian sanctuaries, might have altered the course of the war. Of course, it might also have brought in the Chinese Communists, who are again making noises about responding to "a grave menace." Conceivably, the Chinese could still make an "incursion" of their own into Laos, moving toward Thailand from the northwest along a new road they have been building on and off for eight years. Recently, the Chinese have extended this road from Muong Sai, in the northwest Laotian province of Luang Prabang, to a point fifty miles from the Thai border. They have also extended a road eastward from Muong Sai to connect with one that runs through Dien Bien Phu, in western North Vietnam. The Chinese have some seven thousand troops in northern Laos, mostly engineers but includ-

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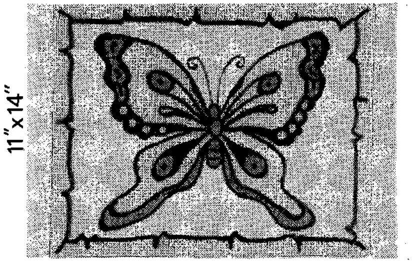

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ing some combat elements. Yet even if there should be any truth in rumors of large Chinese troop movements into Yunnan Province, in southern China, during the past month—rumors that are not substantiated by responsible Western intelligence reports—most observers do not believe that the Chinese will move in strength into either Laos or North Vietnam to reinforce the North Vietnamese, who don't particularly want them to anyway. Nevertheless, the new west-to-east road can certainly be of help to the North Vietnamese in the attack they have been mounting in northern Laos—an operation that seems to be more serious this year than it has been at any other time since 1964.

Depending on both military and political events, of course, the whole picture could change drastically overnight. The Laos invasion could escalate into a new major war, or it could place the North Vietnamese in such a difficult position that, as the Americans hope, they might be willing to negotiate seriously, or at least seriously enough to give themselves a respite. This is what President Nixon keeps talking about, but it actually seems less likely now than it did before the Trail attack was launched. Another possibility is that as we pull out of South Vietnam the South Vietnamese, primarily as a result of our planning and urging, will find themselves in the difficult position of fighting alone over ever-widening fronts in three and possibly even four countries, the fourth being North Vietnam itself. This might accord quite well with the revolutionary dynamics of the North Vietnamese and their Chinese—if not necessarily their Russian—allies. Though it would strain the Hanoi war machine to the limits of its capacity, it would also gravely interfere with all the paramilitary and political programs that have been undertaken to bring a measure of stability to South Vietnam, with the result that this beleaguered country, still the prize of Indo-China, would be torn apart beyond repair. Thus, far from having been helped as a result of the Cambodian and Laotian ventures, as many Americans would like to believe, South Vietnam could well be on the way to being lost irrevocably.

ONE important factor influencing those who conceived the Laotian "incursion" was that the loss by the Communists of the southern-Cambodian port of Kompong Som (formerly Sihanoukville) had made the long overland routes more vital than ever, and

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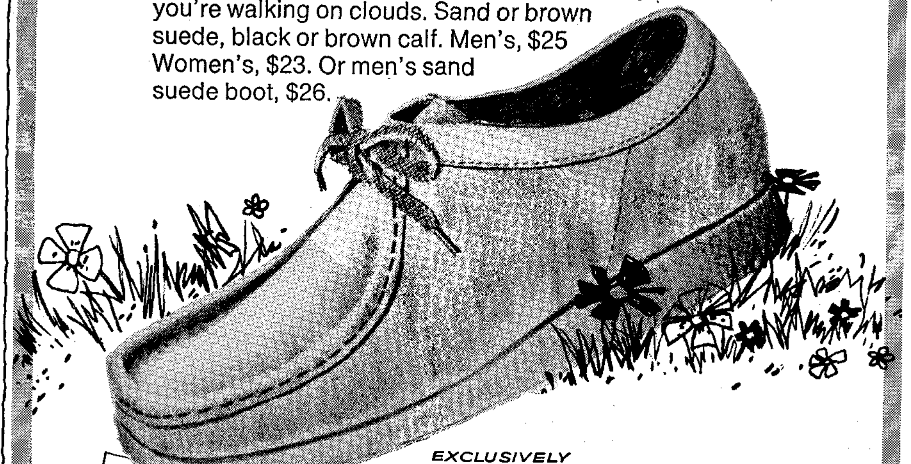

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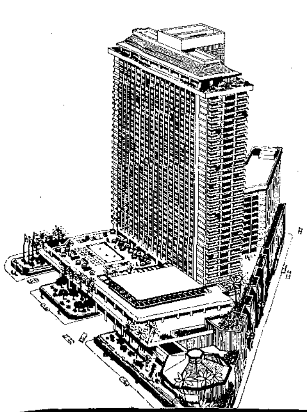

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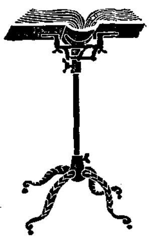
therefore more vulnerable. Because of a number of considerations, including terrain and logistics, the Laotian operation promised to be tougher than the Cambodian one, but, perhaps in part out of consideration for public opinion back home, no American ground troops were to take part, as they had in Cambodia. Most of the South Vietnamese divisions (including airborne and Marine elements) are now rated good or better, and giving them a chance to score a victory on their own may have been another factor in the planning. Nevertheless, contrary to some early predictions, the invading troops did not intend to stay in Laos until the end of the dry season, in May, though the possibility may not have been totally excluded. The idea was simply to stay as long, and do as much damage, as possible.

Almost six weeks ago, General Abrams' intelligence sources detected movements of North Vietnamese ground troops south toward the Demilitarized Zone. (The equivalent of about four divisions had been poised north of the Zone.) Even before the decision was made to go into Laos, it was decided to place an American blocking force along Route 9 in Quang Tri Province, where, at Khe Sanh and elsewhere, some of the fiercest fighting of the war had previously taken place. This was considered a separate preemptive measure, and it would have been taken no matter what occurred in Laos. From a public-relations standpoint, the airlift north from Saigon at the end of January of this American force and of the first South Vietnamese forces for the Laotian operation was badly botched. The now famous "embargo" of any news about troop movements in the northernmost military region of South Vietnam (Military Region 1) was quickly breached, simply because no one told correspondents they were not allowed to "speculate"—in fact, they were virtually given a license to go ahead and do so—and because, by mistake, some Japanese and Korean writers attended a briefing at American military headquarters that was supposed to be restricted to American correspondents and to one representative each from Reuters and Agence France-Presse. When the Japanese wrote stories about what they had heard (and one or two American correspondents managed to tip off their home offices), there was intense speculation in Washington about an invasion of Laos, and the possible use of American airpower "anywhere in the Indo-China area" was also discussed by various Administration spokesmen.



The entire operation has been marked by an absence of accurate information and a plethora of misinformation. During President Nixon's press conference of February 17th, more than a week after the invasion had begun, he said that "the South Vietnamese have run into very heavy resistance on the road into Tchepone." It seems that in a cable from military headquarters in Saigon a "not" was inadvertently dropped out after the word "have"—at that point there was virtually no resistance on the ground and, furthermore, the South Vietnamese had scarcely got started on the road to Tchepone. The President made a number of additional statements that can at best be described as rash, such as his declaration that the Communists "have to fight here"—which is to say, where the Trail is—"or give up the struggle to conquer South Vietnam, Cambodia, and their influence extending through other parts of Southeast Asia." Even the most sanguine American generals in South Vietnam never regarded the invasion as more than a temporary effort to stem the flow of men and supplies, and, from General Abrams on down, they fully expected the North Vietnamese to start building new trails at once. ("They never quit," one officer said.) There are few, if any, political observers who would agree with the President's statement that the long-term capabilities and intentions of the North Vietnamese might be seriously affected by the invasion.

In refusing "to place any limitation upon the use of air power," except for banning the use of nuclear weapons, the President indicated that his orders would apply even if the South Vietnamese decided to attack the Communists in the southern part of North Vietnam. Frequently mentioned by South Vietnamese hawks as likely targets are Vinh, about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of the D.M.Z., and Thanh Hoa, still farther north. Though commando raids cannot be ruled out—in fact, small ones have taken place regularly, and Hanoi also claims that defoliation raids have been made just above the D.M.Z.—one can only wonder how thinly the South Vietnamese can possibly spread themselves, what with the invasion of Laos, the activities in Cambodia, which have been stepped up considerably in recent weeks, and the preparations that are being made to deal with anticipated new Communist offensives across the Laotian and Cambodian borders in the highlands of South Vietnam. Some of the best South Vietnamese generals have recently adopted a very self-confident manner, but there is tragic irony in a joking remark made to an American visitor several weeks ago by General Do Cao Tri—who has just been killed in a helicopter crash en route to Cambodia. The visitor, a congressional investigator, asked Tri how far he intended to go. Tri, probably the ablest of the South Vietnamese generals, waved his swagger stick at his questioner and replied, "India!" The American blanched. Surely, at this point, an attack on North Vietnam by the South Vietnamese forces under American air cover could lead only to further disaster, and might well set off a larger Asian war.

THE war in northern Laos, some three hundred miles northwest of the action around the Ho Chi Minh Trail, has no immediate military bearing on this action, but it is bound to affect the course of political events in Laos and produce military repercussions throughout Indo-China. In brief, the Communists, who have been launching annual attacks during the dry season in the provinces of Sam Neua, Xieng Khouang, and Luang Prabang, in northern Laos, are at least three weeks ahead of last year's schedule. Elements of two North Vietnamese divisions, supported by Pathet Lao (native Communist) troops and porters, are threatening the two large bases of Long Tieng and Sam Thong, which are operated by General Vang Pao and supported by the C.I.A. Despite reinforcements by Royal Lao Government and Thai forces, the chances that the two bases will fall to the Communists are greater at this moment than ever before. The North Vietnamese are attacking hard from the northern rim of the Plaine des Jarres and have also moved west, again threatening the royal capital of Luang Prabang. They are likely to harass that capital and turn to the south to control the road to the administrative capital of Vientiane, which might also be subjected to harassment. King Savang Vatthana, who has been courted by Hanoi for the past two years, is under heavy pressure from the North Vietnamese in the east as well as from the Pathet Lao and the Chinese Communists to the north and east of his capital, and under these circumstances Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister in Vientiane, might be forced to resign or face being over-

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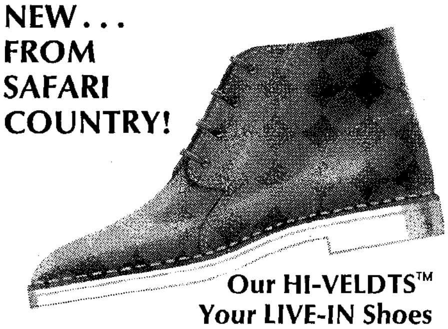

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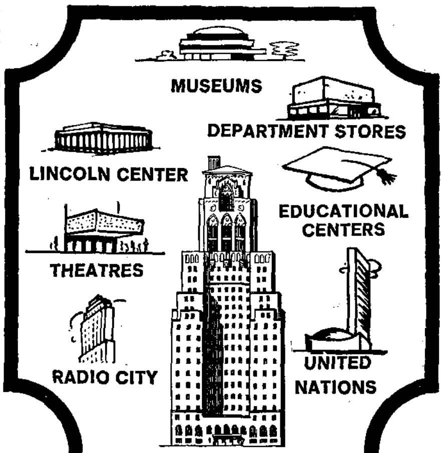
thrown by a right-wing generals' coup. He might resign anyway. He has offered to in the past, but his bluff has never been called by the right-wingers. It is hard to imagine how Laos could survive without Souvanna, but he himself may have come to believe that by stepping down, if only temporarily, he might be in a better position to bring about some sort of political solution for his country's problems.

Though Souvanna issued a mild statement of objection to the joint South Vietnamese-American action against the Trail, he has repeatedly made the point during the past year that what happens there is no longer his business but, rather, that of Hanoi and Washington. The right-wing generals have long been discontented with Souvanna's efforts to effect a political compromise with the Communists in Laos, which would restore the coalition government established in 1962 but would increase the Communists' strength in it. Souvanna has regularly insisted that the North Vietnamese must first get out of Laos, but since this now seems more unlikely than ever, the right-wingers have become increasingly impatient with him, and they therefore welcomed the invasion in the hope that it would bring the issue to a decision. When the invasion began, Prince Souphanouvong, Souvanna's half brother, who is the leader of the Pathet Lao, recalled the delegate who had been in Vientiane negotiating with Souvanna on beginning new peace talks to restore the 1962 formula. Souphanouvong also called on all the Lao people, including elements of the Army, to rise up against his half brother's Vientiane government, which he described as a "stooge" of the Americans; in effect, he all but urged the rebellious right-wing officers to move against Souvanna. Souvanna has since ordered a general mobilization under the leadership of officers he thinks he can trust, but his situation remains extremely precarious. The more ardent right-wingers, both in the Vientiane area and in the south, are biding their time, but if the situation gets worse in the north and along the Trail, and if the central and southern heartland of Laos is threatened by more Communist pressure, Souvanna could very well be ousted. The right-wingers would then openly seek increased military help from the Thais and the Americans, and this would be another way in which the scope of the Indo-China war would be further broadened, with consequent international complications.



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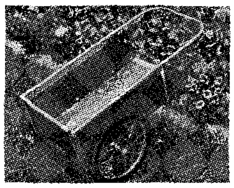

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Ignoring the open North Vietnamese aggression in northern Laos, Souphanouvong and his followers have taken advantage of the Trail invasion to call on Russia and England, the cochairmen of the 1962 Geneva Conference on Laos, to "take effective and firm measures to compel the United States and its lackeys to halt their aggressive operation immediately." Poland, which, along with Canada and India, is a member of the International Control Commission set up under the Geneva formula—and which has for years been chiefly responsible for stalling the Commission and keeping it from functioning—has belatedly seconded Souphanouvong's complaint. There seems little the Commission or any other international body, including the United Nations, can do right now to keep the war from spreading. The Communists are surely not going to relax their pressure on Laos, and if they repel the Trail invasion their appetite for gains in that country is likely to be even greater. Souvanna will thus become increasingly isolated, especially since the southern Lao of the Champassak family—notably Prince Boun Oum and the generals around him—will undoubtedly seek to save their own skins. General Phasouk Somly, the only good "fighting general" in the country besides Vang Pao, has been doing practically nothing in Pakse, on the Mekong, for several months while the Communists have overrun most of the Bolovens Plateau, widening the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex in order to funnel men and matériel into Cambodia as well as into South Vietnam. If Souvanna and his weary Royal Lao Government forces should be able to hold out until May, when the dry season ends, the situation could again become "normalized," as they say in Vientiane, and Souvanna's and Souphanouvong's delegates might resume negotiations. However, the chances that these talks could get anywhere are not nearly as bright as they seemed a few weeks ago. If Souvanna should fall, a markedly conservative alliance of "practicality" would undoubtedly take his place, and even without a wider war the Nixon Administration's policy would be put to a new test. How far would the President go to help such a new combination of shady "allies" save their territory and their long-held political and commercial privileges? Would he supplement the C.I.A.'s long-existing counter-insurgency support to General Vang Pao with a new military-assistance program for the rest of Laos, and send Military Equipment Delivery Teams (MEDT is the newest acronym for American advisers) to central and northern Laos to stop the Communists, as he is doing in Cambodia? And how would Congress and American public opinion react to that?

THE situation in Cambodia, which must also be taken into account, is no less difficult. In recent days, the Communists have continued to apply pressure on the Phnom Penh government, which is being run by Acting Prime Minister Sirik Matak in the absence of General Lon Nol, who suffered a stroke several weeks ago and is now recuperating in Hawaii. Immediately after Lon Nol became ill, there was some fear that there might be a power play by a group of officers who were disturbed about the slow pace of the government's fight against the Communists, but Sirik Matak has so far given every indication that he will prove to be an able administrator; though there have been rumblings among students and intellectuals about corruption and inefficiency, no upset has taken place. This relative stability can possibly be attributed to the presence of more and more American advisers, upon whose continuing aid Cambodia obviously depends. The total of MEDT personnel inside Cambodia is only about a score, but about sixty more who are based in South Vietnam shuttle in and out by way of the Phnom Penh airport. (Late in January, the airport was partly destroyed in a Communist raid, and the Cambodians lost most of their small air force of T-28 fighter-bombers and helicopters and other small planes and equipment. Both the Americans and the Australians had warned them that such an attack was to be expected, but the casual Cambodians did nothing to avert it.)

The South Vietnamese invasion of Laos coincided with a new "incursion" of more than fifteen thousand South Vietnamese troops into Cambodia. This action, being carried out by crack troops that had originally been commanded by the late General Tri, has been concentrated in the same sanctuary areas across the border that were struck last May, but this time Tri was hoping to go northwest to Kratie, on the Mekong. No matter what purposes the Communists may be hoping to accomplish in Cambodia—whether to topple the Phnom Penh government or use the country as a springboard for fresh

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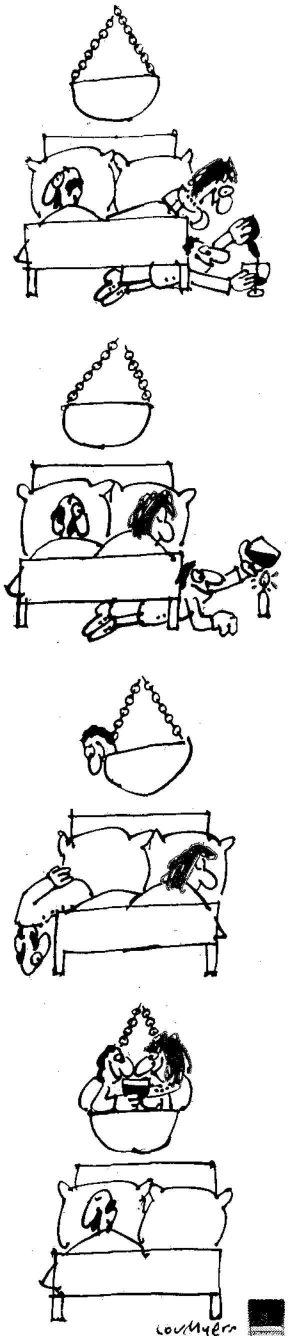

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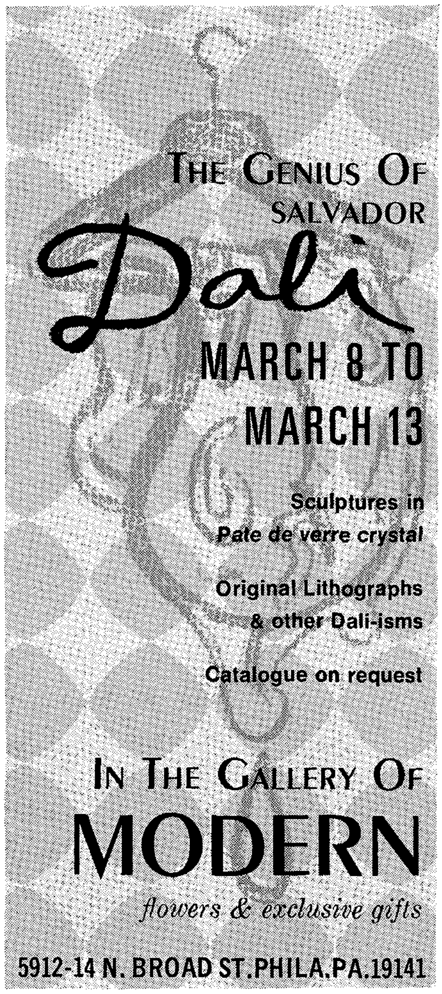
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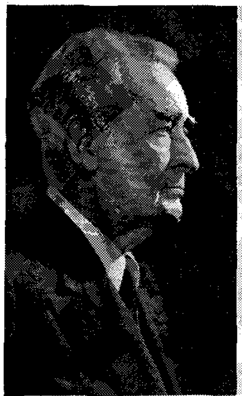
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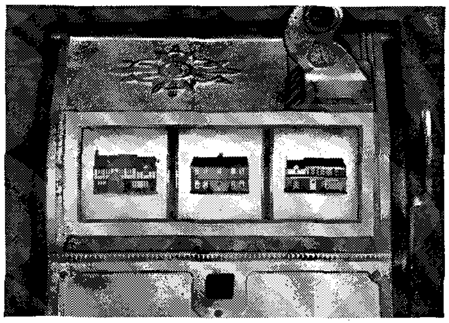
offensives in South Vietnam—the Kratie area is probably their main communications and supply center. Fighting in relatively flat country, Tri soon ran into trouble, as was the case in Laos, and had to send for reinforcements. By the third week in February—just before he was killed—he had still not reached his first main objective, which was the bend of the Mekong north of the vast Chup rubber plantation, and so he was still a good sixty miles from Kratie.

At this point, it should have been quite apparent that the Americans as well as the South Vietnamese had all along underestimated the Communists' capacity for continuing to fight on all three Indo-China fronts, despite the loss of the port of Kompong Som and the difficulty of sending fresh supplies, especially ammunition, down the Trail. Perhaps the Communists had hidden some supply dumps west as well as east of the Mekong long before the attacks on their sanctuaries last May; they may also have managed to get a lot of what was in the sanctuary areas out before the Allied attacks occurred. At any rate, they obviously have enough matériel to keep up a staunch fight and to go on cutting all the main Cambodian highways virtually at will.

There is no doubt that the Cambodians are becoming better fighters; their army of some thirty thousand ill-trained troops has now grown to a force of more than a hundred and fifty thousand which is beginning to learn the rudiments of spreading out along the sides of the roads to avoid ambushes and is beginning to dig trenches at night. In view of these and other changes, many observers here believe that the Communists may make a serious attempt to overthrow the government before it grows too strong. American supplies, especially M-16 rifles, have undoubtedly made a difference, but the difference has created new problems for the Americans. As one European diplomat here put it, "It's a rule that when you help someone very weak you create a link by which your fortunes are bound to his." Americans in Phnom Penh now privately admit that the United States has committed itself to helping Cambodia indefinitely. This may involve more help than some people imagine. Perhaps the clearest indication of the Communists' intentions has come from a defecting North Vietnamese lieutenant, Tran Van Hong, who said late in January that Hanoi has formulated two strategies for Cambodia—designated as "a glass half full of water" and "a glass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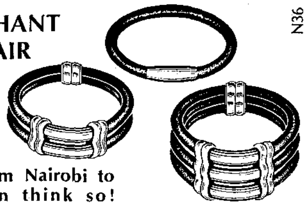
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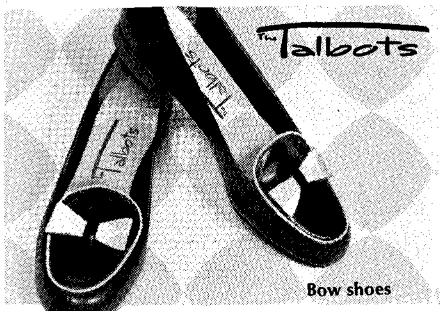
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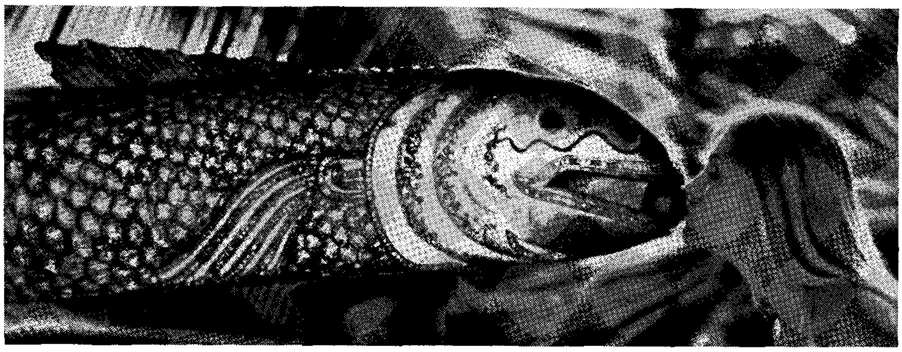
full of water." The former phrase, Hong said, denotes using the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong, the local Khmer Rouge, and elements still supporting the deposed Prince Sihanouk to occupy as much of the countryside as possible, gain food supplies, build up an infrastructure among the Khmer population, and isolate the cities still further; the latter denotes moving as fast as possible to establish a Communist government in Phnom Penh.

Sihanouk, who in late January and early February was allowed by his Chinese Communist "hosts" in Peking to visit Hanoi and Sam Neua, in Laos, and then to return to China, is obviously in favor of the "full-glass" policy, insisting that his government-in-exile, the National United Front of Kampuchea, has now "liberated" two-thirds of Cambodia's territory and half of its population of more than seven million. Though Sihanouk has made fresh appeals for unity and solidarity throughout Indo-China since the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos, it seems clearer than ever that his principal use to Peking and Hanoi is as window dressing. Lieutenant Hong remarked that the Communists knew eight months before Sihanouk was deposed last March by Lon Nol that he was on his way out—a statement that lends further credence to the conclusion that the Chinese do not take him very seriously, since they apparently took no steps to save him. Even if Sihanouk should someday be permitted to return to Cambodia as a Communist puppet, he wouldn't be allowed to stay there long, and he himself has all but admitted this in some recent speeches. The man whom Peking has designated to head a new Cambodian regime seems to be a former Paris exile named Thiounn Prasith, whose present job is described as Minister for the Coördination of Efforts of the Struggle for National Liberation. Hanoi has a different choice—Son Ngoc Minh, an alias for an underground Khmer leader who has not been heard of in some time but who is believed to be somewhere around Kratie or farther north.

WHATEVER differences North Vietnam may have with its allies, and whatever difficulties it may be experiencing internally, one thing that is abundantly evident is that Hanoi's leaders are determined to prosecute the Indo-China war to a successful conclusion, no matter how long it lasts and how many lives it takes. This determination is matched in strength by a determination to remain independent



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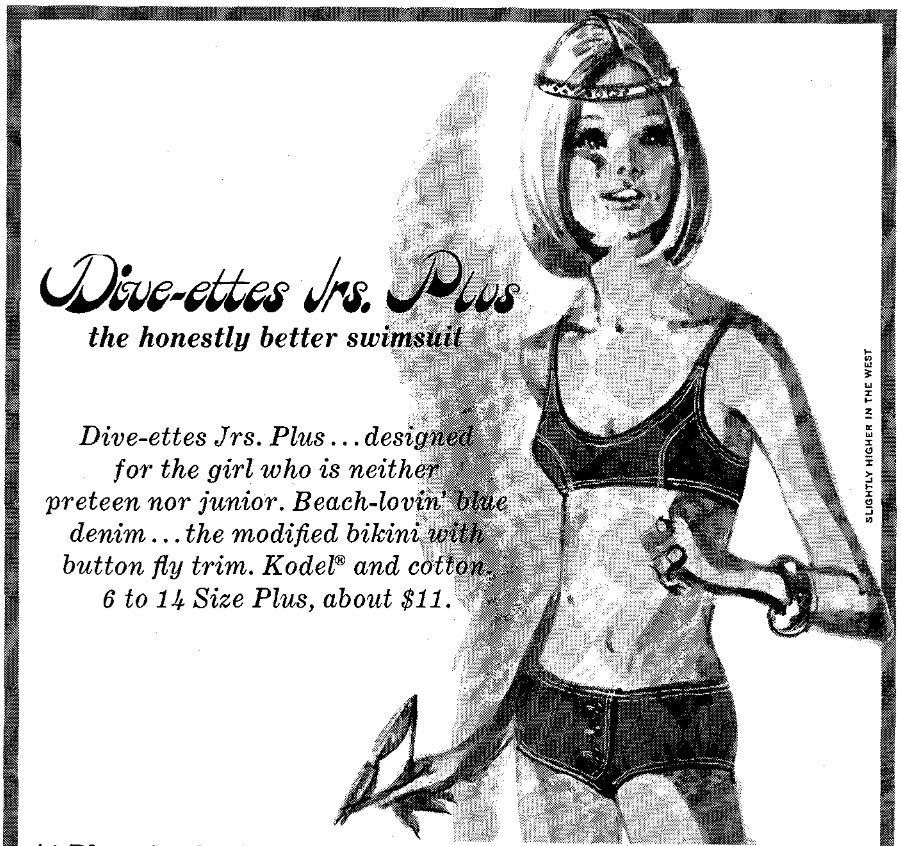
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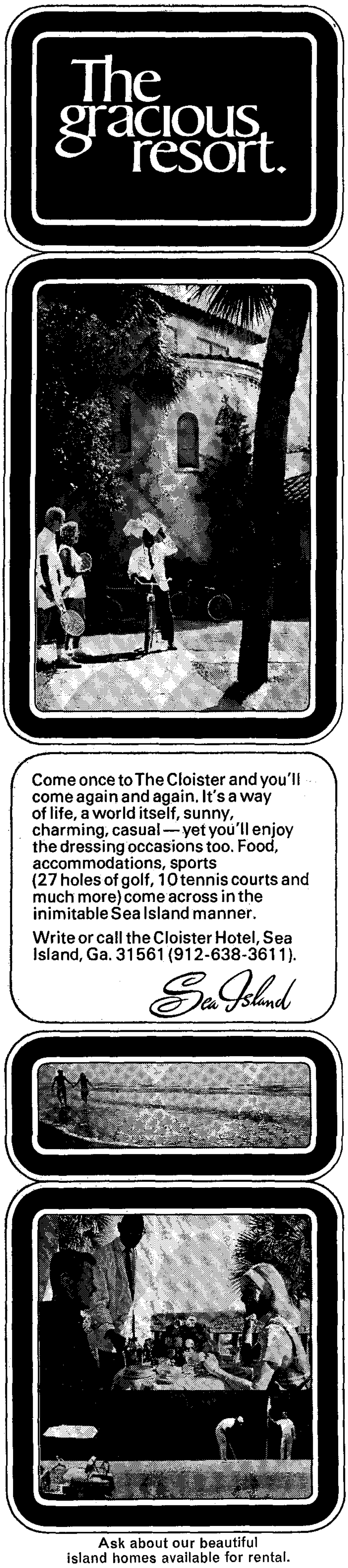

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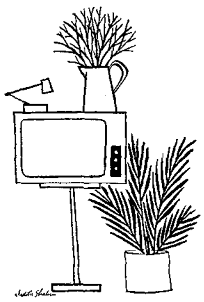
of both Moscow and Peking in as many ways as they can, despite their need for military supplies. Ultimately, the policy may prove suicidal, but one must always remember that the Vietnamese people have been at war for most of the last two thousand years and that they are both inured to it and obsessed by a desire for unity, which they have very seldom enjoyed. Consequently, if in the pursuit of that elusive goal the North Vietnamese at present appear to be courting their own destruction, one must also remember that the South Vietnamese have been unable to get together and create anything approaching a non-Communist version of North Vietnam's solidarity. To say that North Vietnam is a dictatorship is far too simple. It is one, of course, but Thieu's government in the South also has many dictatorial aspects—shadowy and ineffectual though they may be—and is far less given to self-appraisal and self-criticism. Right now, the North Vietnamese, tired of war but morally exalted, are making effective use of the Communist process of self-examination, which results in fresh exhortations to fight harder and make more sacrifices. And the people are being offered as their own "light at the end of the tunnel" the prospect of eventual victory and domination of the entire Indo-China peninsula.

Under these circumstances, the recent extension of the war in Indo-China, with the South Vietnamese spreading themselves thin as the Americans leave, may be just what Hanoi wants. In the past month, Le Thanh Nghi, the Hanoi Politburo's leading economic expert, paid visits to Peking and Moscow. In both capitals, he exacted promises of continued all-out aid. A chorus of propaganda has since been heard throughout the Communist world, warning the United States of the consequences of the new move in Laos, which one Moscow writer said might lead to "the Koreanization of the Indo-China conflict." The Chinese have been even more bellicose than usual. In mid-February, Vice-Premier Li Hsien-nien said, "The revolutionary situation is getting better and better," and, after praising the North Vietnamese for "raising the national revolutionary war against imperialism to a new level," he declared, "The Chinese people will on no account permit the United States aggressors to ride roughshod over Indo-China." Invective is cheap, of course, and it may only be that Peking is prepared to fight to the last North Vietnamese—just as, to a lesser but nevertheless sadly comparable degree, there are increasing indications that the Nixon doctrine implies an American willingness to fight to the last South Vietnamese.

Within North Vietnam, there continue to be incessant campaigns for the improvement of various cadre elements, and so far the campaigns are clearly not producing results. Oddly, on the day after the Laos invasion Hanoi announced that the election for the fourth North Vietnamese National Assembly, three years overdue, would be held on April 11th. This will be the first such election held since 1964, and the fact that it is being called now, under the leadership of Truong Chinh, the chairman of the Assembly's standing committee—who at least for a time appeared to be the chief rival of Le Duan, First Secretary of the Workers' Party, for the mantle of the late Ho Chi Minh—may be connected with reports that Chinh is dying of cancer. Now that Chinh, who is known to be pro-Peking, realizes he will not be around much longer, he may want to leave as many of his supporters in power as possible. On the other hand, there are those who maintain that the power struggle in Hanoi is a superficial matter and that Le Duan and Truong Chinh are agreed on persevering to ultimate victory, whether this takes a few more years or a full decade. In sum, the differences may be over minor questions of priorities rather than over basic strategy, and this could be one reason the North Vietnamese feel that they can afford the unusual luxury, for a Communist country, of airing their differences in public, as they have been doing in a surprising number of pronouncements and speeches. These statements range from detailed accounts of grave economic and management problems, especially in agriculture, to criticism of the failures of workers' and peasants' organizations to perform better—both ideologically and in terms of production. The theme underlying the usual Communist self-flagellation is one of supreme confidence, and if there is an anti-Communist underground waiting to be summoned to action in North Vietnam—as some South Vietnamese, American, and neutral observers maintain—Hanoi is obviously convinced that it can be smothered by a certain amount of controlled criticism and dissent, to



the accompaniment of chauvinistic appeals for more patriotism and party loyalty.

THE situation in South Vietnam is far different. There is less nationalistic fervor, more concern for personal goals, and scarcely any loyalty to a cause or a man, including President Thieu. Thieu, already campaigning to be reëlected, not only is concentrating on building up his apparatus of military men and government bureaucrats around the country but is travelling about more, and attempting to play the democratic politician by joking with his audiences. During Tet, the Vietnamese New Year, he is said to have spent some twenty million piastres—the current rate of exchange is two hundred and seventy-five piastres to the dollar—on printing and distributing more than a million fancily printed personal greeting cards (they were virtually small pamphlets); these were handed down the line through province and district chiefs to village chiefs and, eventually, a miscellaneous collection of citizens, ranging from rich businessmen to cyclo drivers. The trouble with Thieu, his critics contend, is that he has a political apparatus but no firm policy. (This, of course, can also be said of just about all South Vietnamese politicians.) One of the Vietnamese I have known longest and admire most remarked recently on "the sense of malaise and the immobility that still characterize this administration." There is a persistent atmosphere of intrigue and uncertainty, he said, despite the obvious progress in some areas of pacification and in the steadying of the economy. "The political air must be cleared," he went on, "but this is difficult to manage when there are so many indefinite factors, such as not knowing what either the Communists or the Americans are really going to do next year or the year after." This appraisal points up one of the dangers of escalating the war into Laos now, at a huge cost in money and possibly in men. Most experts believe that President Nixon wants to have no more than fifty thousand Americans left in the country by mid-1972—though some recent reports put the figure closer to a hundred thousand—but, whatever the number turns out to be, no one has as yet come up with an inexpensive way to fight a three- and possibly four-front war, which is still costing the United States about fourteen billion dollars a year. (Three, or sometimes four, billion dollars annually is generally regarded as the maximum the Congress would allocate to South

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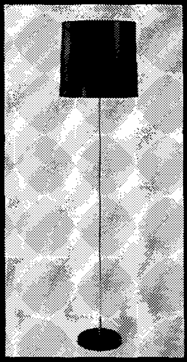
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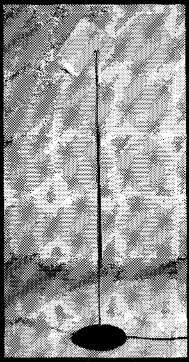
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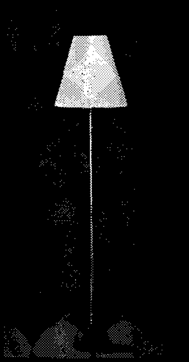
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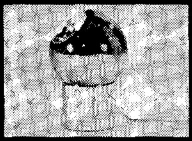
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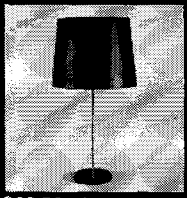
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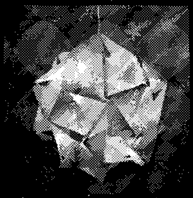
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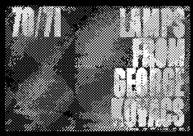

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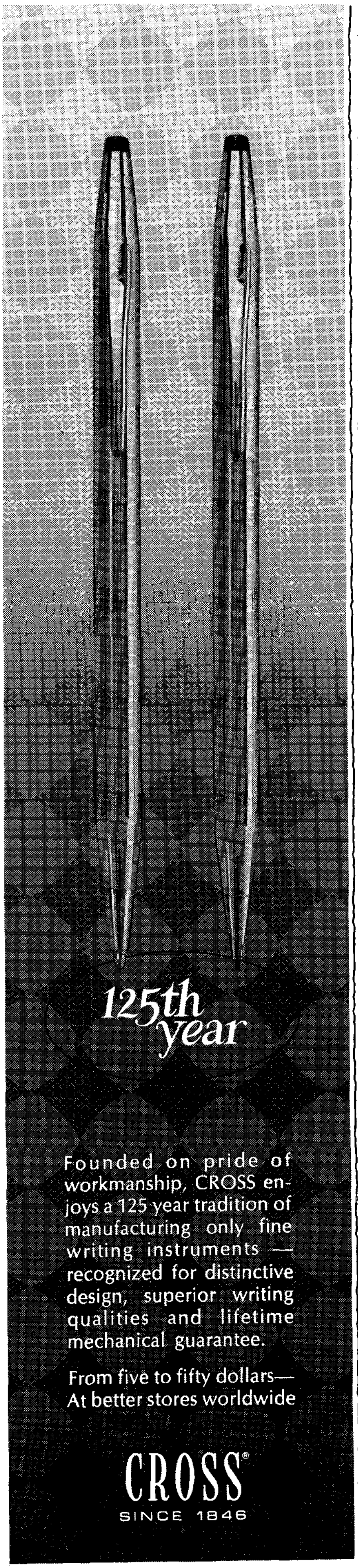
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Vietnam once most of the American troops have left.) Gerald Hickey, of the Rand Corporation, observed the other day, "The next thing that has to be done is to Vietnamize Vietnamization, and no one has thought that through yet."

The question of what the American role will be in the forthcoming South Vietnamese elections—for a new House of Representatives, late in August, and for President, early in October—is an increasingly touchy one, particularly since so much hinges, both for Thieu and for Nixon, on the progress of the military campaigns in Cambodia and Laos and on the degree of stability that can be maintained in Vietnam under the present process of Vietnamization. One astute American military leader took note of this problem the other day by commenting that it is all well and good to be happy about the progress ARVN has made but that if the rest of the present program fails to hold together—the improvement of the police and the territorial forces; the establishment of proper lines of authority for pacification all the way from Saigon, at the top, down to the villages and hamlets; and the economic programs to help ordinary people struggling to make ends meet—the whole structure will collapse and the Communists will take over. Most of the American bureaucracy, in Saigon and throughout the country, remains optimistic—though its most experienced members are less so, and skeptics have usually turned out to be the soundest prophets here. Most of my Vietnamese friends remain cynical and despairing, but then that is their nature. There has been a steady increase in xenophobia here, and, particularly, a growing anti-Americanism. For this reason, and because the policies of Thieu—never a popular figure—are so closely tied in the eyes of all Vietnamese to American policies, most people agree that the best thing President Nixon could do now is make it emphatically clear that Washington will remain completely neutral in the forthcoming Presidential contest.

Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky assured me two weeks ago that he would definitely run for President, on a platform of "unity, integrity, social reform, and social justice," and that under no circumstances would he be Thieu's running mate again. The American mission insists that Ky will either run with Thieu once more or stay out of the race. A few days after I spoke with Ky, he saw Thieu and spoke to him openly about the political issue, thus beginning to untie the knot that has bound them together so uncomfortably. The two men now apparently detest each other, and I doubt whether even the Americans can bind them together again. If the Americans tried, all sorts of trouble might ensue, including the kind of chaos and violence that followed the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, in 1963. Whether Ky follows through on his decision to run or, as has been hinted, decides to make some sort of bargain on the Presidency with former General Duong Van Minh (Big Minh), who was once chief of state, the Americans are surely underestimating Ky's perseverance and his drawing power. He is popular with many young military men, with wide segments of the country's youth in general, and with many Catholics; he is even improving his standing among the Buddhists, whom he crushed during the so-called Struggle Movement in 1966, when he was Prime Minister. Money, of which Thieu has plenty, is a problem for Ky, but he is confident that in the next few months he can raise enough to run. People here are always willing to make bargains, and there are enough rich Vietnamese and resident non-Communist Chinese around to bargain with Ky and support either him or Minh against Thieu, who has made many enemies and, quite apart from his failure to fill the stomachs of the poor and of people on fixed salaries, is still widely regarded as being too isolated and too devious.

"No Northerner can be President of this country," the Americans say with assurance—as they have said so many things before, only to be proved wrong. The fact that Ky is from the northernmost part of North Vietnam is a mark against him, but things have changed over the years in South Vietnam, and many people here are now beginning to realize that if the South is to survive in its struggle with the North it may be sensible to come up with a Northern-Southern mixture in their leadership. Thieu himself, who comes from central Vietnam, is surely aware of this as he shops around for an alternative running mate. As for Minh, a southerner, he is still undecided about whether to run. He probably will, but, unlike Ky, he vacillates, believing one day that he can beat Thieu and musing the next upon the impossibility of a fair election as long as Thieu controls the nation's military and civilian bureaucracy and its purse strings. If Minh doesn't run, it will perhaps be because he is figuring on improving his chances by biding his time, in the belief, which he shares with a number of other Vietnamese, that Thieu, if he were reëlected, would not be able to sustain himself in power for another four years. If all three men run, and if Ky and Minh agree not to attack each other and perhaps even agree that one will withdraw in favor of the other at a propitious moment, Thieu could lose.

In the light of the uncertain military situation and of the Communists' apparent intention of doing no negotiating in Paris until after the October election in South Vietnam—and possibly none until after the American elections of 1972—it becomes increasingly important that a fair vote be cast here, both for the new House of Representatives and for President. Not only does the future of the still hazy Vietnamization program hang on it but the whole American policy of prematurely force-feeding Western-style democracy to the Vietnamese will very probably be put to its final test. Of course, all this must be seen against the backdrop of international politics. If Moscow and Washington show any ability to agree on some other issues—notably, on strategic-arms-limitation talks and on the Middle East—it is conceivable that they might, together, apply enough pressure to force a neutralization of the whole Indo-China area, which is what many South Vietnamese are now urging. This might momentarily outflank Peking, and thus arouse its anger as well as Hanoi's, but in the long run both the Chinese and the North Vietnamese would also benefit by such an outcome. For the fundamental truth is that there can be no winners in this awful war, and that some sort of compromise or accommodation is the only way out for everyone.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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JULES FEIFFER's 1967 play "Little Murders" was a wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations—on the national level and on the level of local snipers. The movie version, which he also wrote, and which has been directed by Alan Arkin, has lost the play's bit of dramatic logic and has become rather gross. Feiffer's dialogue has comic authority, and the movie has volatile moments of rabid farce, yet the humor keeps sliding into something ugly and slightly rancid. The material overlaps "Weekend," Godard's surreal parable of bourgeois violence, but it's specifically and eccentrically American. The American adjustment to random violence in the movie is only a slight exaggeration; the setting is New York, but Chicago may have got there faster, and other cities aren't far behind. Though the Newquist family, who talk in sunny banalities and slogans wholly inappropriate to the facts of their lives, are meant to be middle-class, perhaps their musicales of huffy talk are closer to working-class *Reader's Digest* rococo. However, speeches in the movie like Patsy Newquist's determined refusal to let the horrors of the day ahead spoil her good temper, and her father's explanation of how he gets through each day in planned segments, are psychologically true (although I think hers is stated falsely). We do, increasingly, view the day ahead as an obstacle course, and when we hear ourselves describing the madwoman who jabbed at us with an umbrella, or the screams in Central Park, or the muggers on both sides of the street on warm nights divvying up the passersby, we know that we probably sound paranoid. Normal life does seem to have gone mad, and since the newspapers and the television news show us daily that in large areas of the world things are even worse, we hardly complain anymore. Our lives have become a psychopathic comedy, so we are prepared to laugh at Feiffer's jokes—perhaps even overprepared; we're willing to laugh at Freudian family gags and freaked-up vaudeville turns. At first, despite many misgivings, one thinks Arkin may be able to bring it off, but though in most movies the good parts help one over the bad, they don't this time.

The movie begins with an ingenious comic hook: Patsy (Marcia Rodd) saves Alfred Chamberlain (Elliott Gould) from a gang of boys who are beating him; rescued, he walks away while the boys beat her. Patsy runs after him, crying, "I helped you! Why didn't you help me?" It's a good question, and when they begin going together we ask ourselves, Will Patsy change Alfred, and if so will it be for better or worse? Having got us interested in where he's going to take us, Feiffer dumps everything by killing Patsy off with a sniper's bullet. This spares the movie from sorting out its attitudes toward Patsy's get-up-and-go involvement and Alfred's apathy; Alfred Chamberlain may be a cousin to Neville, but he is played straight—as a saner figure than Patsy, or her family, or his own parents. The movie encases the apathetic, catatonic hero in a protective hip saintliness, and it has nothing to put in the place of the comic situations it abandons except Alfred, covered with blood, on a long subway ride, Alfred on a cinematic stroll in the Park, Alfred, with his slack jaw, looking like an elongated Harpo Marx turned into a Morgan gorilla. We're into the fashionable new movies in which politics and subversion have become a matter of style and of what jokes one laughs at, and apathy is the new heroism and the new chic. (The middle class still gets attacked for *its* apathy; middle-class people just can't do anything in the right style.)

The cinematographer, Gordon Willis, helps things by keeping the action *looking* lyrical, but Arkin may be too honest to direct some of the sequences. When there isn't enough comic truth in them—and there's none at all in Alfred's visit to his cold-hearted old-radical parents—Arkin can't seem to think of any way to cover up. He's best on the Newquists and in one great revue sketch set in a Village church, with Donald Sutherland in a wickedly funny performance as the all-accepting minister. The frenzied-family situation and the characters talking at cross-purposes are reminiscent of Preston Sturges, and Vincent Gardenia's squalling, combative Newquist is in the garrulous Sturges tradition; we begin to feel punchy as soon as he begins to talk. But Sturges's comedies stayed free of ideology, whereas Feiffer's work is a collection of ideological points.

Feiffer's attempt to show that the middle class has created the violent situation it's caught in isn't convincing. (We all know that there are stable bourgeois societies and that there are some remarkably violent societies without much middle class.) He seems to be pushing on this point, trying to convict the middle class of self-destructive lunacy, and this works against the theme: because he takes pleasure in its follies, there's no enveloping horror about what's happening to this way of life. The movie misses on the mood—the sense of helplessness Americans feel at the way the chaos accelerates and fresh insanities seem a natural development. Did the newscaster reporting on the nun who was killed by a sniper actually say that there were a hundred murders this year in Detroit, or did we hear him wrong? A hundred in two months? By now, we can believe anything, true or false. But the movie doesn't concede the middle class enough humanity—or any grace—so it isn't much more than a domestic farce with intellectual pretensions.

That funny but falsely worded speech Patsy makes about not letting the city destroy her spirit goes, "Alfred, do you know how I wake up every morning of my life? With a smile on my face! And for the rest of the day I come up against an unending series of challenges to wipe that smile off my face," and so on. Patsy is the All-American cheer-leading, castrating female, the sort of woman who makes up a questionnaire for her husband's parents to fill out about his eating habits and his toilet training. You miss Patsy, the aggressive girl-clown, after she's gone (and recognize that she has the only force and spirit in the film), but while she's there she stands for square values and speaks lines like "Alfred, do you have any idea how many people in this town *worship* me?" When, at the end, the Newquists, having lost two children to snipers, are so frustrated and forlorn they themselves become snipers, there's no grisly humor in it, and no true despair, either. One feels that the movie enjoys saying that America is psychopathic; the shooting spree at the end isn't a comedy of horror, it's a disaster-bash.

"Little Murders" is not an ordinary bad movie, and it's disturbing in some difficult-to-define ways. It goes out of kilter quite early, when a gasbag judge (Lou Jacobi) delivers a long harangue. This is a cleverly written tirade about

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how hard his immigrant parents worked and how their faith in God sustained them—it's like a Lenny Bruce routine. The judge reminds you of the hardhats who use God and the struggles of their parents and their own lean years to justify their hanging on to everything they've won and keeping black people and new immigrant groups down. But as the speech goes on, the movie turns sour, and invites the audience to laugh as if the immigrants had *not* suffered to raise and educate their children in freedom. This sequence becomes part of the new retroactive anti-Americanism. I think many of us want to giggle whenever anyone launches into one of these speeches, because we know the person is really talking not about the past but about his hatred of the present; still, our past isn't all rotten just because rotten people use it as a self-serving mythology. If this sequence were meant to be an attack on sanctimoniousness and the perversion of American principles—if it were the self-righteous old son of a bitch we were supposed to react against—the judge would be played as a character, the sort of tiresome character who can turn bread into stone, and not as a booming-voiced symbolic figure standing under a flag in a courtroom. There's another monologue, delivered by a police lieutenant (played by Alan Arkin), which is intended to show the breakdown and corruption of police authority. At the outset, it's a very funny speech—a sort of "Catch-22" speech about how unmotivated homicides are a plot to destroy faith in the police—but as Arkin gets hysterical and turns into a gibbering idiot it becomes just embarrassing.

We're doubly embarrassed to have the police lieutenant who spins a paranoid fantasy turn into a spitting, drooling maniac in front of our eyes, since only a little while before, when our hero spun an anti-Establishment paranoid fable, his eyes were clear and the camera kept him in adoring closeup, as if he were unravelling a tale from Kafka. Nothing else on the screen is as grandiloquent as a long closeup of a person making a quiet speech; it's like saying "Listen to this—it's pure gold." The movie's reverential attitude toward Alfred's fable about how he turned the tables on the government spy who was reading his mail is just as crazy as the police lieutenant's attitude. How can a movie attack inflated, false piety and present the ascension of Elliott Gould, the saintly dropout? There's hip cant, too;

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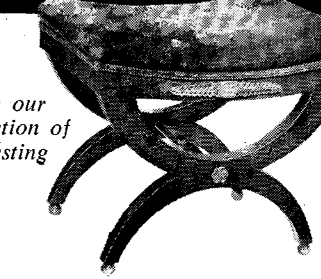

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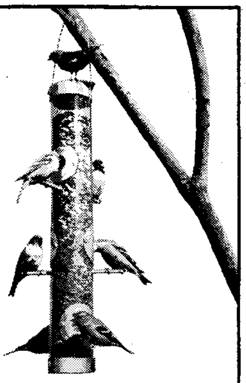

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Feiffer and Arkin have their own false piety about fashionable anti-Establishment attitudes. Feiffer's ideological attitudes are just as inappropriate to the theme of this movie as the sunny slogans the characters mutter in the midst of chaos. He's writing about the collapse of order and authority, and he still can't resist making anti-Establishment statements. He's attacking "the system" and at the same time satirizing the collapse of the system. He seems to be angry that it's so contemptibly weak that it hardly merits his anger. And he's satirizing the middle class, who, by the evidence in this film, brought it all on their own heads by tipping their doormen or trying to protect themselves against muggers and robbers, or maybe just by their vulgar desire to survive. His point of view is as hysterical as the Newquists', since he winds up saying that there are no choices except apathy and violence. The ads have always told us that a Jules Feiffer cartoon was "an act of aggression camouflaged by humor." The camouflage fails in "Little Murders."

THE Argentine film "The Hour of the Furnaces"—which takes its title from Che Guevara's rallying cry "*Esta es la hora de los hornos. Y lo unico que se ha de ver sera la luz*" ("It is the hour of the furnaces. And all that need be seen is their light")—is designed to be the movie equivalent of a revolutionary manifesto, and to serve those who cannot read. Made between 1966 and 1968, it is perhaps the most spectacular example of agitprop moviemaking so far, and it demonstrates in a classic way the problems that seem to be inherent in propaganda movies. It is painfully affecting, since it shows the diseases and miseries of the poor, but it is also upsetting and maddening, since it throws facts and figures at us that we cannot evaluate while we're watching it, and calls for revolution as if the case for it had been made on plain, objective grounds. But though the methods of the director, Fernando Solanas (and his co-scenarist, Octavio Getino), may undercut the film's effectiveness with skeptical viewers, it is conceived on an epic scale and it flings so much powerful material at the audience that, even for the skeptical, viewing it is like trying to sort out an avalanche. You don't know whether to give up or give in.

The film was planned as a revolutionary seminar—to be shown in sections, with discussions between—and that's how it's used at illegal, "under-

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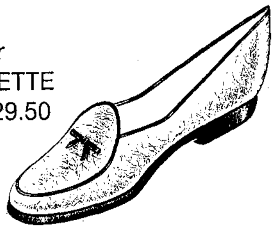

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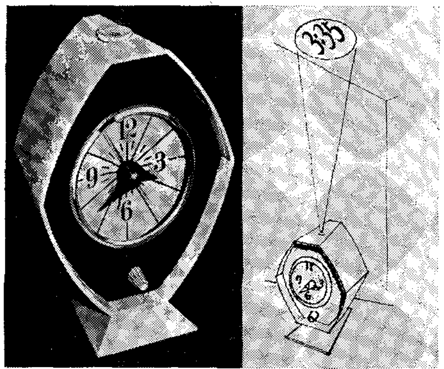

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ground" showings in Argentina. The entire film—or, more properly, teaching course—is four hours and twenty minutes long; Part I, which is being shown in New York, is a ninety-five-minute section of widely varying quality called "Neocolonialism and Violence." This section is informed by revolutionary-puritan fanaticism and by an anti-Americanism so strong that even Argentines having a good time dancing to rock music are intercut with images of deprivation, as if American decadence had turned them into Neros fiddling while the city burned. At first, it's difficult for us to understand the way Peronism, which we still think of as a Fascist movement, is treated as the beginning of the mass struggle for liberation from foreign powers, but gradually it becomes apparent that the Frantz Fanonian left (of which Solanas and Getino are part) hope to seize power with the help of the Perónistas, and that the big issue which unites them is anti-Americanism. (Perón, whose policies were inimical to United States interests, was deposed with the help of the United States.) I think it's easier for us to believe the film's statistics about American and British domination of the economy, and the statement that the Pentagon trained and financed the anti-insurrectionist force that occupies parts of the country, than it is for us to accept the case the film makes against American mass culture and advertising and European culture as calculated elements of deception—as the aesthetic forms by which capitalist societies keep their old colonies enslaved. The film construes the work of the Peace Corps as a deliberate attempt to corrupt the national consciousness that it considers a necessary prelude to revolutionary struggle in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. Even non-violence is considered a technique of bourgeois repression. Perhaps it is the elation of producing this unified vision of systematic oppression that leads the moviemakers to their mystique that death in the revolution isn't death.

The film is an emotional assault, punctuated with quotations from Fanon, and including a long still shot—held for minutes—of the dead Guevara. At times, the narration says so much more than the images show that the contrast is risible, as when the sound track unloads data about the exploiting class while one sees people playing golf, but despite such crudeness it is a highly sophisticated assault. In modern films, it's no longer easy to separate documentary footage from "re-created" documentary footage;

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violent sequences that are staged look startlingly "caught." And when rhythmic editing is used to overwhelm one with misery while the sound track punches home statistics and slogans, it's clear that the propaganda potential in movies is finally being exploited.

It's ironic, of course, that Solanas rejects European art and makes his film in the style of Buñuel and Eisenstein. But even to notice this sort of contradiction seems like a form of bourgeois decadence when you're looking at sickness and starvation. One knows that a comparable picture of poverty, sickness, and slaughterhouses could be made in the United States or almost anywhere else, that similar images could be used to make a case for any political theory, and that when a documentary film uses the track not to explain what one sees but to assert what one doesn't see, the images have been chosen merely to illustrate a thesis. But that is what one *knows*—and is on a different level from how one experiences starving children begging for coins. A movie like this *is* a gun in a struggle, and a far more effective gun than Godard's revolutionary movies, because though it may aim at both the heart and the mind, it strikes the heart.

—PAULINE KAEL

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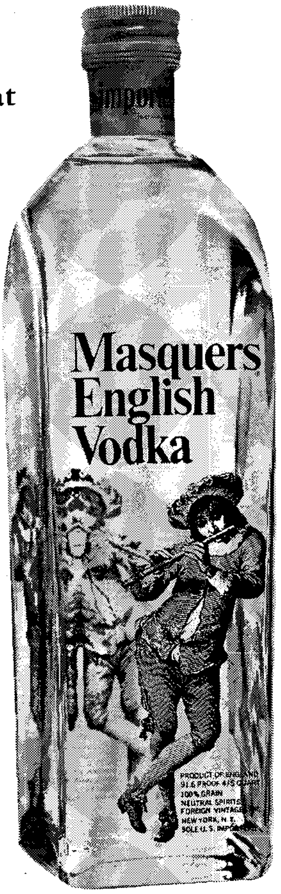

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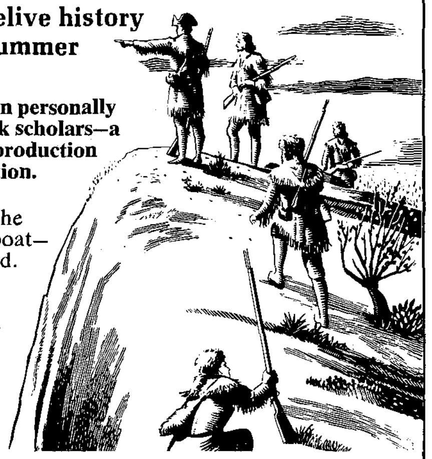

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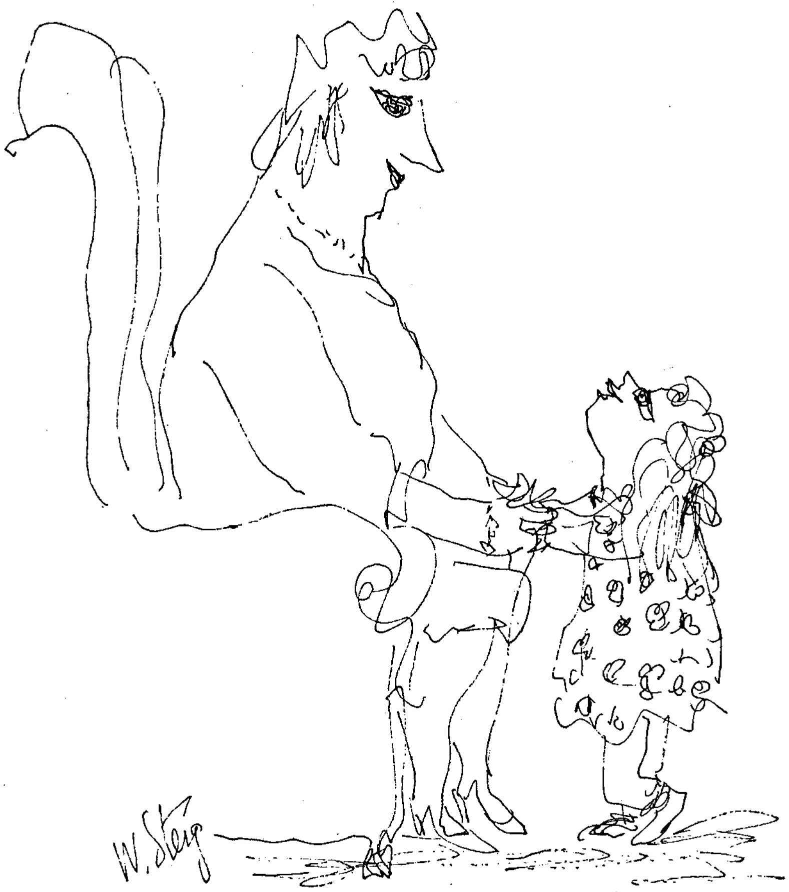

"How much alimony do we get?"

The stubborn eccentricities in the old model now loom large. The cracks widen and afford glimpses of a very different perspective. In the manner of iron filings when the magnet moves, numerous details, local perceptions, heretical conjectures, theorems stumbled across but discarded in more confident moments gather to form new patterns, new fields of meaning. Reconsidered, the ancient anecdotal detail—medieval pilgrims finding seashells and fossil ferns near mountaintops—or the old parlor trick (white light being fractured into a rainbow through a prism) becomes a crucial aspect of a new manner of seeing the evolution of the earth or the laws of optics. And, most significantly, the shapes of science itself, the relations of inclusiveness and of method between the sciences, change. Specialized branches become the main trunk, areas formerly at the heart of the pattern are seen to be inert or minor offshoots. After Descartes, geometry—once the queen of exact sciences—becomes largely a localized topic of algebra. Not much of classical chemistry is now active: physical chemistry, molecular biology, the investigation of atomic particles have subsumed the raw material of chemistry, and the questions it once asked, under new mappings. Astronomy as it was once understood is a local case of astrophysics. One need only look at the lives of Fermi, Oppenheimer, Wolfgang Pauli to remember that as late as the nineteen-twenties atomic physics was a bizarre field for a young scientist to choose and one that a number of the greatest physicists chose only because traditional, established academic sciences were difficult to break into, on social and ethnic grounds.

Scientific revolutions—and there have not been many in Western history—show certain characteristic symptoms. The old framework is not wholly scrapped. Only in regard to Mercury have substantive changes been made in the beautifully accurate plottings of planetary motion achieved by Ptolemaic astronomers. And the foundations of Euclidean geometry have, since the mid-nineteenth century, been seen to be a special case—a point of view among several of equal validity and formal reach. But we continue to order almost the entirety of our lives and cognitions as if space were indeed a three-dimensional construct of solid geometry. Ideally, the new horizon incorporates the old. This is not always possible. Modern psychopathology cannot comfortably house the old theory of "humors," and our present understanding of gases and chemical bonds will not accord with the once powerful notion of phlogiston. But more often than not the principal data and techniques of the previous model fit into the hierarchy of the new. They are seen to have been in some sense a special or preliminary statement of a more comprehensive, more dynamically flexible syn-

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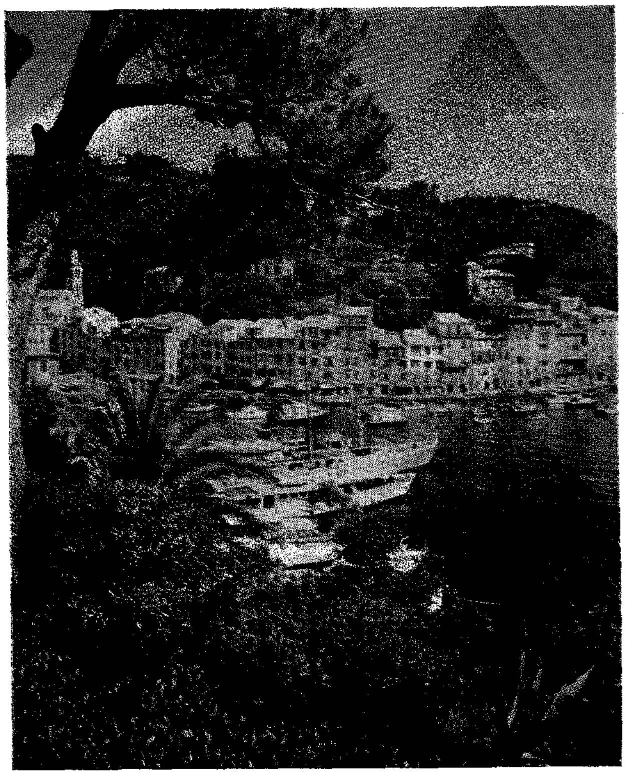

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Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes: 36 South Franklin Street; Chicago, Illinois 60606 thesis. The second distinctive trait of a full-scale revolution is the shift to a new center. Renaissance ballistics were much concerned with the mathematics of weight and directed flight. With Galileo and Newton, this sub-topic moved into the very heart not only of the natural sciences but of man's consciousness of ordered intellect. The study of hysteria and aphasia had subsisted on the "melodramatic fringe" of classic mentalism; after Charcot and Freud, it became the pivot of a new working image of the human person.

A further identifying mark of a first-order scientific revolution is the emergence—indeed, the proliferation—of new and intermediate disciplines. The altered landscape shows new contiguities, new traverses between key territories, new stream junctions and deltas. A classic unity splinters—into chemical physics, physical chemistry, molecular biology, biogenetics, biophysics. Radio astronomy, X-ray astronomy, astrophysics emerge from the ancient node of philosophic cosmology and celestial mechanics. Already there is a "geology of the moon," or selenology, and already there are perfectly coherent plans for a paleontology of the planets. A modern crystallographer works amid the debris and conjunctions of half a dozen obsolete or regrouped disciplines.

Finally, a revolution in and of the sciences will escalate outward, to have an impact on sensibility, on the general climate of civilization. The effect may not always be rapid. The Copernican-Galilean revolution was slow to penetrate lay consciousness; even the celebrated quarrel between Galilean astronomy and the Aristotelian orthodoxy of the Church was a specialized, esoteric affair. The impact of Newton, on the other hand, seems to have been rapid and wide-ranging. Via high gossip and literary metaphor, the world picture of the "Opticks" and the "Principia" became fashionable. We can speak of a post-Newtonian mode in prose and poetry, in social argument, in the general style of educated feeling. Something analogous followed on the confirmation of Einstein's predictions of the curvature of light passing through the gravitational field of the sun. A "relativistic" vocabulary spread across the arts, philosophy, and even certain schools of music. The actual content of the new science may not be accessible to common insight. As it reaches further into the world of the layman, the particular revolution in biology or physics may be more blurred by metaphor, rough analogy, and plain misunderstanding. (Even Voltaire simplified or misconstrued a good deal of what Newton was saying.) But the great transformations will be felt. A boulder-strewn New England field does look different since Louis Agassiz; the color of our children's eyes has new meaning—and beauty is a part of meaning—since Gregor Mendel.

The scientific revolution that began in the late nineteen-fifties, and in which we are now involved, seems to have all the marks of first magnitude. It may lead to the most evident transformations of feeling and world picture since the Galilean and Cartesian models of reality, which so largely created our modern world. The new mappings now in progress are obviously grounded in the great accomplishments of electromagnetic theory, of the physics of wave and particle, of Darwinism and of neurophysiology as it developed from Claude Bernard on. The formidable scientific successes of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, with their deterministic emphasis and linear forms, are not being repudiated. They are being regrouped, lit from a different angle, connected to new mains. But the center *is* shifting. The current state of particle and high-energy physics is a complicated topic. In a sense, theoretical physics is in a pre-Copernican phase. A multitude of discrete observations are being organized in various conjectural designs of immense complexity and some strangeness. A unifying insight into the fundamental fabric of matter seems tantalizingly near. But so far it has not been achieved, and there are grounds—related to problems of high-energy generation and to the fantastically small scale on which subatomic phenomena occur—for supposing that the confident expectations of the fifties may be disappointed. To put the argument with great caution, it seems reasonable to say that the primacy of mathematical physics as the science of sciences, as the exemplary core of general scientific progress, which it has been since the seventeenth century, is now passing. The new hub is that of the life sciences, of the lines of inquiry that lead outward from biology, molecular chemistry, biochemistry, biogenetics, and ethology in its largest sense. These lines now seem to radiate and spiral

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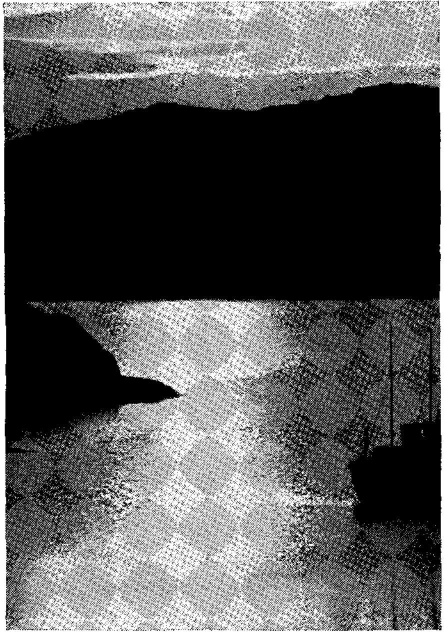

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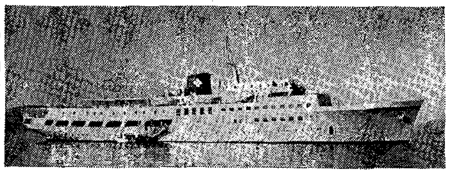

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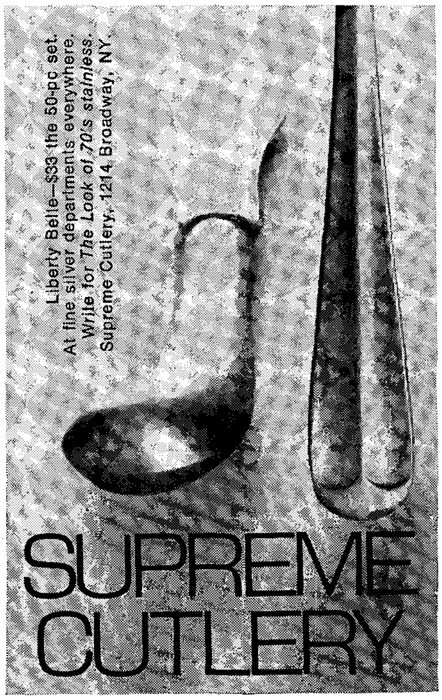

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toward every quarter of scientific and philosophic pursuit, as did the physics of Descartes and Newton.

Another trait of a major change is also evident. New and "relational" disciplines are proliferating. Biochemistry and biophysics are themselves in course of fission. Virology, immunology, the several branches of crystallography, the chemistry of enzymes are being drawn into new configurations and proximities. They are interacting within the larger hierarchy of genetics and the molecular biology of life processes. Most significantly, these regroupings are drawing upon or actually triggering certain branches of mathematics. Topology, the theory of measures, the algebra of lattices are meeting and also directing the new, exceedingly sophisticated demands of the biological sciences. One of the key figures in this change is the French mathematician René Thom, who is working on the multidimensional "spaces" in which processes of genetic coding and transmission take place. In short, the "life-science revolution" of the twentieth century will have its distinctive mathematical arsenal, as did the physics-mechanics revolution of Galileo and Newton.

Lastly, we are experiencing just now a symptomatic diffusion of new scientific concepts into general literacy. As the sciences become ever more abstruse and mathematical, such diffusion is bound to be mainly metaphoric and imagistic. It is real, nevertheless. It is not only the double helix of DNA that has entered the repertoire of common reference. A history of idiom and simile over recent years would register how markedly such concepts as "information," "coding," "life system," and "environment" have filtered through from specialized, mathematically formalized usage into the speech of everyday. The fact that Newtonian physics found expression in the poetry of Pope, whereas the current scientific changes are being imaginatively echoed mainly in science fiction, does not mean that their impact is less great. It points only to the present vulnerable condition of literature.

To define a revolution of such scope and intricacy in what may be only its early stages is difficult even for the best-placed of scientists. It is nearly impossible for the layman. All he can do is to try to sense the shapes of change, the alterations in the direction and intensity of light as it falls on the scene. Inevitably, he will get things wrong. He will seize on the dramatic episode and miss the basic drift. But similar difficulties prevail when we try

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to grasp—to organize within our own, personal field of reference—a new movement in the arts, in music, in thought. And the scientists are saying that it is to some of these same movements that their own new vision relates.

It is the critical notations, the crucial counters that are changing. The Galilean scheme of point, line, and trajectory, the straight-line coördinates and plotted curves of Cartesian algebra and trigonometry were more than instruments of formal perception. They provided modern science and technology with a graphic logic, with a linear, causal bone structure of almost unrivalled resilience and predictive force. Today, it is the "field," the "manifold," the "vibratory amplitude" of phenomena that are being stressed. The contours of vision of classic and even of Einsteinian physics, however abstruse and mathematically "imaginary," were hard-edged. Today, our sense of dynamic processes is beginning to focus on the unstable shell, on the membrane whose functions now appear to be as much a matter of permeability, active transmission, and metamorphosis as they are of separation and distinct identity. In part, the new module arises from the well-known adjustments in the statistical and predictive criteria of particle physics that are called the "principle of uncertainty" or "indeterminacy." The center cannot—is not meant to—"hold," and one need only read the fascinating recently published letters of Einstein to Max Born to realize how deeply Einstein, an essentially classical physicist, feared the intimations of Yeats' "mere anarchy is loosed upon the world." But more is involved than the observational limits of indeterminacy. The observer himself, and the act of cognition, are increasingly enmeshed in the observed fact. We grow less confident than were Newton and Laplace that "the facts" have a stable eternity "outside" the contaminating range of our altering culturally and linguistically governed psyche. To observe is to alter; to define and to understand, even in the most neutral, abstract fashion, is to incorporate within a particular matrix of human choices images and symbolic reflexes. Not since the sixteenth century has scientific and philosophic thought been as conscious of the woven texture of experience, of the multitudinous skeins and cross-weave of relations whereby human consciousness, language, and the phenomenology of the "real world" are close-bound. In a marvel-

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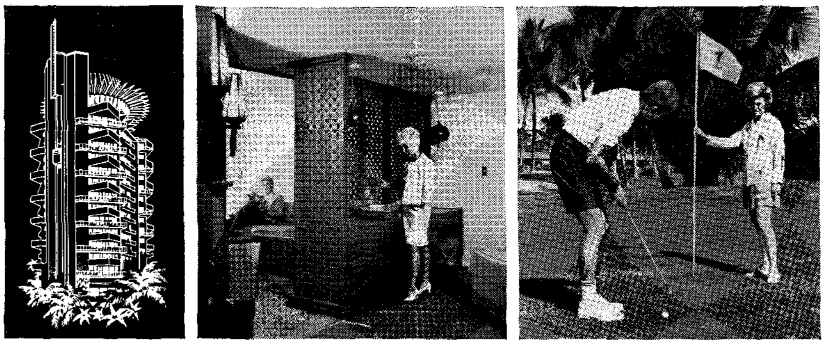

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lously subtle way, by innate analogies that one cannot fully account for, salient changes in art have mirrored those in science. Mondrian is probably the last of the great Cartesians. The shifting manifolds and provisional spaces of Klee, the dynamic fields and "flow-charts" of Pollock, Rothko's pulsing light are not only metaphors of what is happening in the logic of the sciences. They, too, draw the observer inward, into the active, unstable locus of energy. In his recent "Behind Appearance" (Edinburgh University Press), C. H. Waddington, the eminent geneticist, has looked at these mirrorings of modern art and science.

The scientific world picture of post-Newtonian physics, of thermodynamics, of old-style biology was characterized by assumptions, often so well-worn as to be unconscious, of linearity, of uniform causal logic, of determinacy. If a process could be viewed "mechanically"—that is to say, in the light of a blueprint with a firm mathematical basis—all the better. It is, to put matters crudely, the inadequacy of this mechanistic ideal to account for major areas of biological and psychological fact—at a time when this ideal was being challenged and modified in physics itself—that has brought on the great shift to the life sciences. To put it another way, where the natural sciences have since Galileo and Kepler been largely concerned with the transmission of *force* (gravitational, electromagnetic, thermal), we appear to be moving toward a model in which it is the transmission of *information* that matters most. It is the sense of the life processes as realizations of the storage, coding, retrieval, transmission of information that is now in the forefront. Thus the striking encounters of vocabulary—even allowing that they are metaphoric approximations—between linguistics and biogenetics. Thus the conviction in both domains that the radical wonder of live matter is not mechanical force but *meaning*. Again, there are far echoes of the Renaissance and sixteenth-century integral view, of the Orphic belief that the grammars and creative modes of human speech have their counterpart in all nature. There is a haunting if deceptive modernity in the notion, so often celebrated by baroque poets and thinkers, that arteries and the branches of trees, the dancing motions of the microcosm and the solemn measures of the spheres, the markings on the back of the tortoise and the veined patterns on rocks, are all ciphers. To the symposium of psychologists, neuropsychiatrists, zoologists, and neurobiologists who gathered at Alpbach in the summer of 1968, as it was to Francis Bacon and to Giordano Bruno, life is language, and organic processes are articulate forms.

ALPBACH is a handsome village in the Tyrol. It is also the summer home of Arthur Koestler, who has over the past ten years been concerned with the philosophic and social aspects of the life sciences. Himself a great writer with strong scientific interests, Koestler has been exploring the mind-body problem from two related viewpoints. He has been studying the process of creation, of the genesis of new forms in biology, in art, and in the history of scientific discovery. At the same time, he has been grappling with the question of the nature of human freedom and moral responsibility within the context of seemingly deterministic chemical and neurophysiological theories of the mind. In the course of this work, he has felt deepening discontent with the analytic tools and mechanistic presumptions that the biological sciences had taken over, more or less unargued, from nineteenth-century physics. The Alpbach Symposium and the proceedings, published in "Beyond Reductionism" (Macmillan), were the result of this malaise. Edited by Koestler and by Professor J. R. Smythies, of the University of Edinburgh, these papers and informal discussions make for a profoundly interesting and controversial statement of the new vision.

Koestler's own essay is a useful place to start. He is intent on breaking out of the circle of reductionism, by which he means the use of "nothing-but" definitions. Life is *nothing but* a set of chemical reactions. Behavior is *nothing but* a case of stimulus response. The brain is *nothing but* a computer, or holograph, with a large storage capacity. This way of thinking, argues Koestler, and the "bits-and-pieces" image of the world that it entails violate the true nature of organisms. A living form is more than the sum of its parts—not in any mystical sense but because the many-levelled, stratified arrangements or hierarchies of parts within parts constitute a dynamic whole. Laid out on the table, the gears and ratchets of the watch are not a working instrument, and—what is, intuitively and intellectually, more im-

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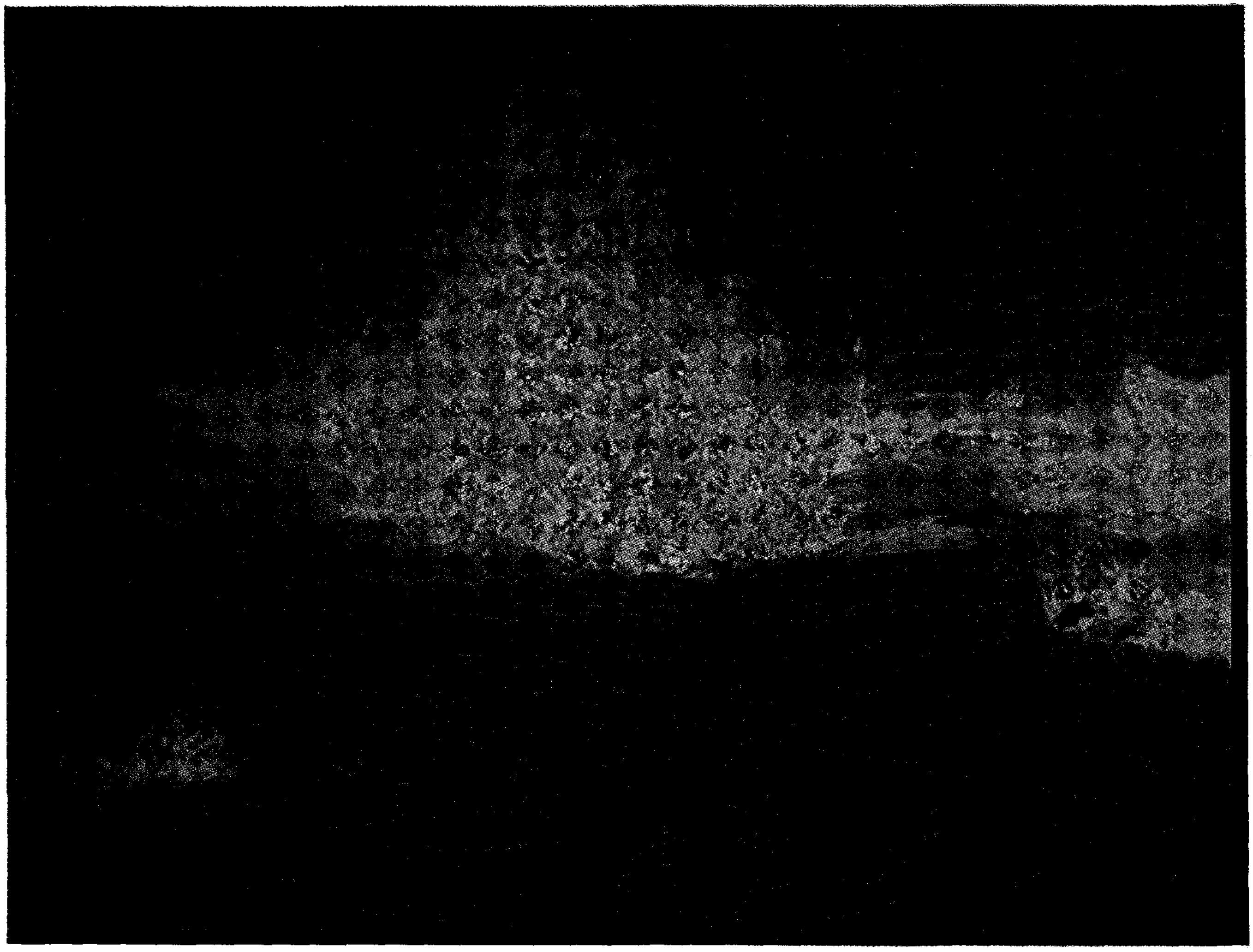

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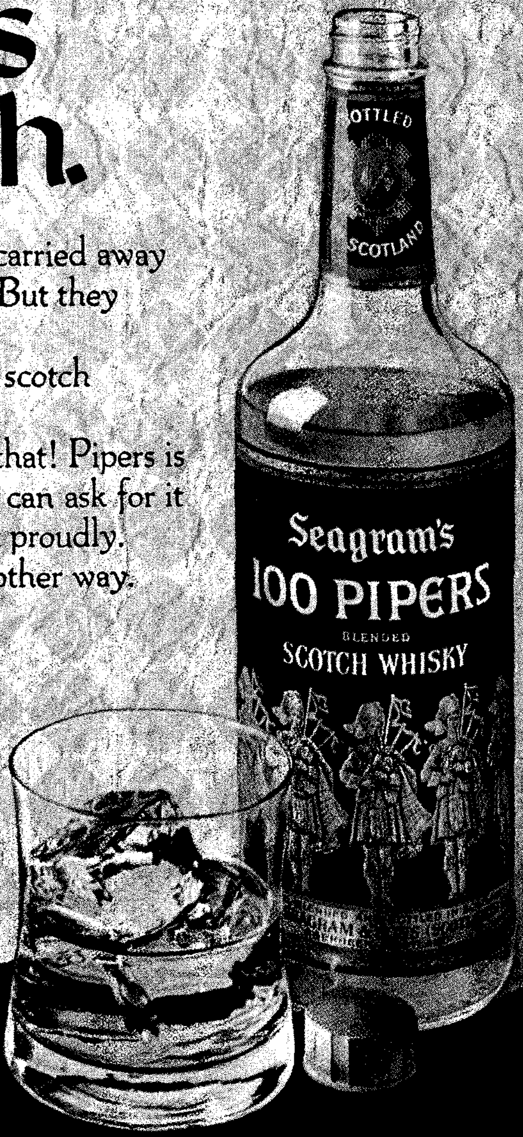
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portant—they are not a just model or picture of a working timepiece. But the "dynamic whole," says Koestler, is itself only a bit of shorthand: "Wholes and parts in this absolute sense do not exist anywhere, either in the domain of living organisms or of social organizations. What we find are intermediary structures on a series of levels in ascending order of complexity, each of which has two faces looking in opposite directions: the face turned toward the lower levels is that of an autonomous whole, the one turned upward that of a dependent part." Each of these levels will have its own laws of organization and intrinsic patterns. By remembering the dynamic status of these "holons"—at one moment the nodes from which other branches spring, at another the boughs that lead to the main trunk—the scientist will overcome the atomistic fallacy: the erroneous image of complex units as mere composites of small, divisible parts. He will understand why complex organisms and social phenomena cannot be taken to pieces and put together again, as in a taxidermist's shop. This does *not* mean—Koestler is emphatic—that the application of analytic techniques and detailed examination of components should be abandoned. It is legitimate to analyze mental phenomena, for instance, in terms of brain physiology, and to approach the immensely complex structures of the brain via its cellular, molecular, and subatomic constituents. But, urges Koestler, we must be clear about exactly what it is we are doing. Each of our analyses will apply only to a fragmentary, specific aspect or parameter of the phenomenon. By isolating it for study, we produce a kind of necessary fiction. Each subassembly derives meaning only from its place in the complete hierarchy. It is the lines of communication between hierarchic levels that constitute life. That is, a systematically organized whole cannot be "reduced" to its elementary parts; it can only be "dissected" into its constituent branches. And, however useful, such dissection will produce an ambiguous result: we acquire partial, perhaps novel information but lose something of the organizing vital pattern. The magnifying glass will show the grain of the canvas; only when we step a good distance back will the thinking eye reconstitute, by a process of scarcely understood intuitive selection, the picture as a significant whole.

Professor Paul Weiss, of the Rockefeller University, gives, in his contribution to "Beyond Reductionism," an eloquent statement of the vitalist, or "integralist," case. To him, as to the Neo-Platonists of the Renaissance, the universe presents itself "as an immense cohesive continuum." Analytic dissection "can yield no complete explanation of the behavior of even the most elementary living system." Such a system incorporates an irreducible duality of predetermined organization and of freedom. The component activities have many degrees of freedom, of potential spontaneity and innovation. But they submit to the ordering restraints exercised upon them by the integral activity of the whole. There is a constant feedback process whereby "parts" and "whole" interact. The hierarchy is open to ascendant and descendant energies. In a living system, the structure of the whole determines the operations of the parts; in a machine, the operation of the parts determines a preset outcome. Organisms are doubtless made up of molecules, but they "are not just heaps of molecules." At present, says Weiss, it is not clear that we can go much further. The achievements of molecular biology and of neurophysiology are tremendous. "However, we still do not have any inkling of how these fragmentary items of information, obtained analytically, could be combined into a faithful image of the unitary and orderly behavior of our central nervous system, of which we are privately conscious, and the expressions of which we can observe in the overt behavior of others." All we can guess is that the capacity of living things to alter while retaining their identity seems to depend on a subtle interplay between indeterminacy in the small and determinacy in the gross.

The dynamics of the "whole" are not, of course, limited to internal processes. Again, in a way that no "taking-to-bits" analysis can show, living matter is a structure of constant interaction between hereditary or endogenous factors and environmental influences. It is virtually impossible to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the innate and the acquired—the more so because of the "presence between the two of the all-important zone of self-regulations." This is how the eminent experimental psychologist Jean Piaget and his colleague Bärbel Inhelder describe in the symposium the level of self-adjustment or equilibration through which an organism adapts its hereditary potential to the

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demands and opportunities of the environment. The ability to self-regulate is innate, but the specific modes of adjustment are not. What is unchanging is the capacity for change. In a remarkably wide-ranging paper, Piaget and Inhelder apply this concept to the acquisition of fundamental logical, relational, spatial insights by very young children. Theirs is a plea against behaviorism. The child's action transforms reality as he is triggered or transformed by it. The organism imposes a schema on the surrounding world. As it develops, as its relations to the environment become more intricate and creative, that schema is modified. Thus the fascinating hypothesis that our memory code, far from being fixed and essentially automatic (as is that of a computer), is itself in a constant process of restructuring. We repack the past for our new needs as we travel ahead.

The meat of this book is Professor Waddington's paper on "The Theory of Evolution Today." The problem of evolution crystallizes the attitudes and methods of the present scientific revolution. It does so not only because evolution signifies meaningful change and the transmission of the fantastically complicated life code but because it embodies, at its most evident, the unique faculty of living matter to replicate and yet to change in interaction with the environment. If we can think of a gravitational-algebraic focus for the world picture of much of the natural sciences from Newton to Maxwell, we ought to think now of an evolutionary fulcrum. And it is exactly at the "interface" between that Darwinian-Mendelian theory of random mutation and natural selection and the recent discoveries in genetics and biochemistry that one finds some of the most characteristic speculative arguments in current science.

Waddington's presentation is tough going. It draws on fairly recondite aspects of information theory and on the kind of statistics and topology that can handle an organism, such as man, carrying up to a million genes. "Now if we consider each gene as an instruction, and think of the number of ways these instructions can be combined with one another and interact with the surroundings, the possible number of combinations is truly astronomical. If one wants to make a diagram of the situation, one cannot really do it on a blackboard of two dimensions, but topologists nowadays have made us get used to thinking in terms of spaces with an almost or quite infinite number of

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dimensions." Intuition, together with certain very abstruse mathematical models, suggests to Waddington that this immense number of possible genetic combinations in fact makes for "homeorhesis." This is a coinage, and we may hear a good deal about it in the years ahead. It means a kind of dynamic stability, a "stable course of change" profoundly distinctive of living systems. The first problem is one that in a more rudimentary form perplexed Darwin: Why does the whole system not come to an equilibrium, what keeps life evolving? The answer might lie in that zone of creative self-regulation I have mentioned before. As soon as any organism evolves, it will change the environments of all other organisms with which it interacts. Life bends and alters the space that surrounds it. If the living system is to exploit these new environments, there have to be mechanisms to disperse organisms sufficiently and mechanisms to produce new variations with a hereditary potential. The first condition offers little difficulty. It is the second that must be brought into accord with recent work on the genetic code and on the reiteration or replication of the genes that code for RNA.

Professor Waddington's suggestions are not easy to paraphrase simply. He argues that it is the function of random mutation not to throw up just the one gene needed for evolutionary adaptation but, rather, to replenish the stores of variation already contained in the population. He seeks in a most interesting way to introduce the idea of a "very generalized form of learning" into the fundamental mechanics of evolution. Certain genes may be concerned with the capacity to respond to stress. If the given stress is often met, these genes will be kept in being by the natural selective advantage they confer. Continuing over the generations, the concentration of these genes in the organism will actually modify the otherwise stabilized evolutionary course and produce an altered phenotype (which means simply a type determined by visible characteristics). That is, living forms create their environment and are in turn re-created by it—not in the Lamarckian sense of a direct influence of the environment on the genetic constitution but, rather, by long-continued selection of appropriate responses. It is not the response itself that is inherited but the capacity to respond to the environmental stresses in the appropriate way. "Thus genetic assimilation makes it possible for evolution to exploit what

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one might call the cleverness of physiological reactions to stressful situations." Discomfort is the spur of life.

This scheme, which, as other participants in the Alpbach Symposium point out, has some provocative analogies with current theories on the generation of language, hardly answers all questions. The notion that the gene pool is changing while the species remains essentially the same bristles with difficulties. Experimental work seems to show enormous differences in the reiterated DNA of organisms that are otherwise closely related. What sort of selection process can possibly account for the drastic shuffling around of the genetic material that takes place in a few cell generations? We do not know. What is clear is the point made by Koestler: "It is sheer nonsense to say that evolution is 'nothing but' random mutation plus natural selection. That means to confuse the simple trigger with the infinitely complex mechanism on which it acts."

The name of Lamarck turns up a number of times in "Beyond Reductionism." As Koestler himself observes, Waddington's theory *looks* like a Lamarckian process, though one that is brought about by Darwinian means. Waddington puts forward, cautiously, the thought that the structure of proteins is to some extent modifiable and that "the structure of DNA is not quite so inflexible as we now think." How else is one to account for the notoriously difficult case of the rapid, specific formation of antibodies that resist the introduction of new substances into the organism? None of this means Lamarckianism in the old, primitive sense of the immediate inheritance of acquired characters and of characters implanted by the direct impact of the environment. Lysenko's uncomely ghost is still at rest. But it does mean that thinking about the interactions of hereditary material and the environment—certainly at the level of the individual cell—is far more complex and cautious than it was in the heyday of neo-Darwinian orthodoxy.

TO the Sherardian Professor of Botany and Regius Professor of Biology at Oxford, such interactions are the prime stuff of history. Professor C. D. Darlington's "The Evolution of Man and Society" (Simon & Schuster; twelve dollars and ninety-five cents) is nothing less than a world history in terms of biological principles. Human history is a special instance, though undoubtedly the best-documented, of the interrelations of organic inheritance and changing environment. The battles, institutional chronicles, biographies, and social-economic surveys of which nearly all history books are made up are, as it were, the surface structures of the underlying, incomparably more important and exciting course of biological and biosocial evolution. C. D. Darlington is unquestionably one of the world's ranking plant biologists and cytologists. His interest in the evolution and interplay of genetic systems dates back to the early nineteen-thirties. "Genetics and Man" (1964) extended the argument to human affairs. Like the great Russian plant geneticist N. I. Vavilov, Darlington is one of the pioneers in the branch of social history that deals with the relations of cultivation and culture. Any book by him commands attention, the more so because the Keeper of the Botanic Gardens of the University (another of his ancient titles) writes with an exhilarating clarity, with a power of organization and a turn of phrase that shame many so-called professional writers. The result is a tome of formidable scale and zest that challenges comparison with H. G. Wells. Darlington's panoptic record goes from the origins of man to the most recent crises of renewal and fragmentation in Africa and in China. Though nearly the whole of world history is looked at, there is a heavy stress on the classical and Western lineage. There is little question in Darlington's mind but that Greco-Roman and West European civilization has been the chosen ground of social and intellectual genius. If "the last three thousand years have produced more evolution than the previous twenty million," it is in the tradition of mental adventure which leads from the pre-Socratics and Isaiah to the world of Marx and of Einstein that this fantastic *accelerando* can best be traced. In this vast argument, America and China earn only one chapter each.

Darlington's criteria are firmly based on Mendelian genetics. With inbreeding, heredity is all-powerful and the human group becomes an invariable caste of the type illustrated by Sparta. Outbreeding produces unpredictable variability and the chance of endless innovation. Every human species seems adapted to preserve some kind of balance between these two poles. Failures of adaptation lead to historical crises and to the disappearance of societies. The evolutionary advance in human intelligence varies between races and

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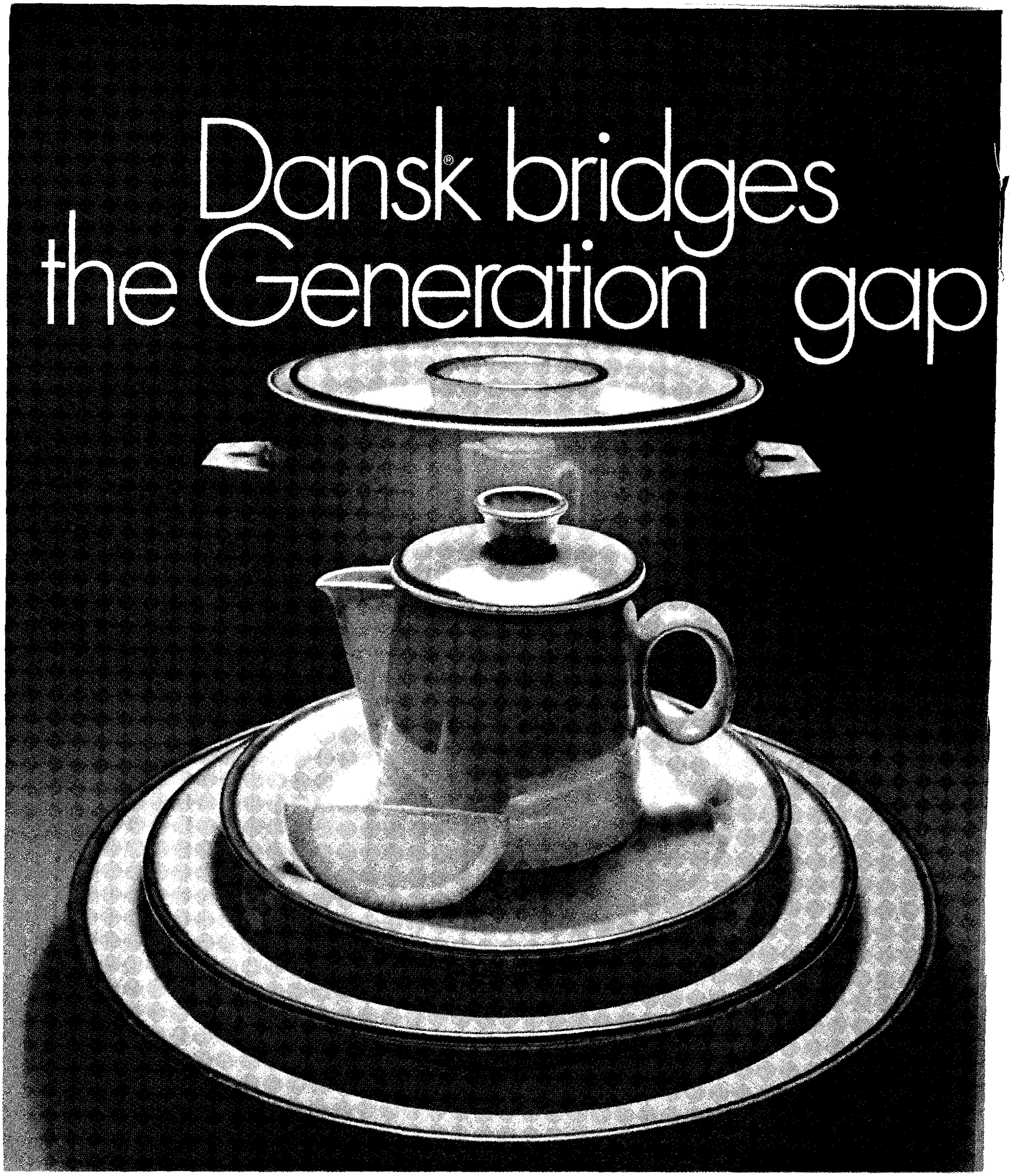

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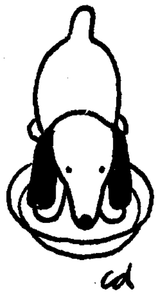
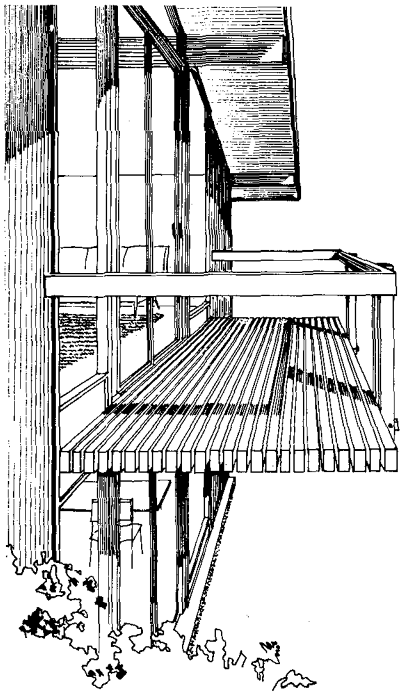
peoples because the breeding balance deviates by a greater or lesser extent from the ideal. Rarely do we get on the scale of an entire nation or community the equilibrium achieved by the Rothschild family, for example, in which half of fifty-eight marriages by descendants of the founder were between first cousins and half were between unrelated couples. The principal creative mechanism of history is the coming together of different races to form stratified societies. Societies made up of governing classes and of slave classes will always compete favorably against unstratified bodies. (The analogy with current thought on the hierarchy of organic systems is obvious and striking.) Stratified societies—Egypt, Greece, Rome, feudal and eighteenth-century Europe—"were more competent because their genetically different classes coöperated to give a more complex, more efficient product than any primitive homogeneous societies. They were also more adaptable because hybridization between classes could, and in the event of social change always did, release new variability in the stratified society." The most successful of governing élites, be they Aryan, Chinese, or Bantu, have hybridized with their subjects but at the same time, as a caste, kept away from them. Again, the formula is one of finely judged balance. A governing class cannot exercise sole power over breeding behavior, for it will inbreed and disintegrate. There is need of a priesthood, perhaps recruited in the dominant caste but also independent of it, to organize a religion whose rules and myths lead to the right practices of crossbreeding. Darlington considers the Mosaic code one of the most enduring solutions to this difficult problem. The lesson is plain: Intelligent hybridization is the necessary condition of human progress. The loss of any community, however primitive, cuts down on the potential of genetic encounter and diversity. This, if one will, is the "liberal" aspect of Darlington's case. The other aspect is no less clear: The best circumstances for hybridization are those that prevail in strongly stratified societies and in societies in which individual behavior is subject to the pressures of traditional authority.



Pursuing these guidelines, Darlington recounts the history of Neolithic man, of Sumer, of ancient Egypt and Israel. He deals with the fragmentation of the Greek city-states and the process of empire from Alexander to Augustus. He traces the "genealogy," in the true sense of the term, of Christianity, Islam, and Hinduism. He tells of the unique ferment of energy that brought reformation and revolution to Europe and caused the white races to dominate and instruct so much of the earth. He concludes with a magisterial analysis of the interrelations of biological and social man. This great traverse of time and the map abounds with arresting, often recondite touches. We learn that Charles Darwin never realized that fertilization was accomplished by a single sperm—a failing he shared with the headmen of Indian hill tribes. The understanding of words is ancient, but we have no evidence for any understanding of numbers among Paleolithic peoples. It is because Pope Felix IV begot children that the Church had Gregory the Great. Muhammad committed two grave errors in natural science: by adopting a lunar year, he threw the festivals out of kilter and ruined the Mecca trade fairs forever; by forbidding the men of Medina to pollinate their female date palms, he ruined the harvest. The Kadars in Kerala are "perhaps the only human tribe which can hunt by scent." Stalin's fatal mischief lay in his ignorance of the biological fact that a revolution is successful only when it is followed by hybridization with its opponents and not by their extirpation. The extinction of dynasties such as the Ptolemies came about not because of incest—uncle-niece marriages and brother-sister unions were equally fruitful—but because of the unfortunate occurrence that the legitimate progeny were more often murdered than the illegitimate. The Barca family, which produced Hannibal, and the Bonapartes both had connections with Majorca. And who but Professor Darlington would affirm that Christendom has been permanently deflected away from crowded southern climes "by its neglect of cleanliness, its opposition to nudity and washing"?

In brief: an immensely stimulating and comprehensive world history, beautifully written. Yet, *on its own terms*, a serious disappointment. All his use of flow-charts and dynastic genealogies does not make of Darlington's book a true "biological history." When the tide of ordinary historical record is interrupted by genetic statements, these are almost invariably extremely generalized. We are told of the "genetic cleavage between nations," of the "gene-flow" between conqueror and conquered, of the universal principle



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that there can be no equal fusion of "unequal races, genetically and ecologically contrasted races." Precise analyses are not infrequently naïve: Charles I and Louis XVI were both "virtuously wedded to a foreign wife and deprived of advice from any native mistress." Whence their unfortunate destinies. At other points—and they are often crucial—Darlington's statements are, at best, unproved. How does he know that among Mongolians not one gene has mutated in twenty thousand years? What possible proof has he that the Phoenicians were "real individuals" who did not respect divisions of language and of religion? Precisely what is meant by the statement that the Jews who returned to Israel had a genetic continuity "which stored their wrongs in a collective memory"? In what way does the observation, fascinating in itself, that the Etruscan lion statue at Vulci recalls a Hittite relief almost a thousand years older authorize the pronouncement that "the genetic continuity overrides the cultural discontinuity"? Does the observation, again fascinating, that Lenin's four grandparents were of four races and religions really contribute much to our understanding of the Bolshevik revolution? Can it be shown that the "intellectual leaders of the Christians of all later times" are in fact the result of the genetic assimilation of newly converted Jews into the Hellenistic community? Or take the matter of language. Darlington's formula is striking: "It is through human language that the heredity of the races becomes the environment of the individual." And I believe he is right when he stresses the profound differences between languages and between the related evolution of thought patterns. But when he says that "every people has a genetically different sound-producing apparatus from every other" he is going entirely beyond and probably against the available evidence. All too often the proofs offered for key statements are no better than they were in Carleton S. Coon's disputed "The Story of Man" (1954) and "The Living Races of Man" (1965).

This is a criticism not so much of Professor Darlington, whose erudition and range of expert passions must make one diffident, as of his enterprise. Even in a present-day community, under rigorous observational conditions, the determination of genetic facts and possible social correlates is exceedingly precarious. When we deal with the distant past, and with phenomena on a continental or millenary scale, the

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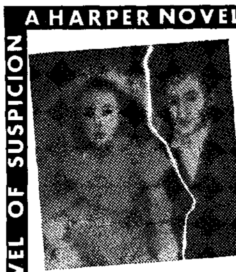

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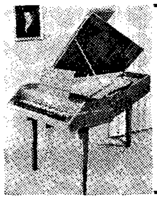

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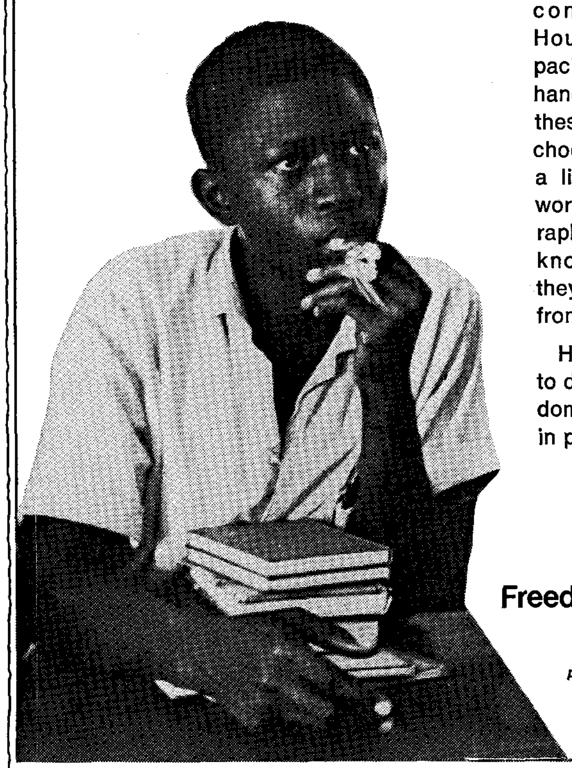
documentation is simply unavailable. Looked at closely, a good number of Professor Darlington's clinching arguments are arrived at after the fact: A brilliant historical or cultural development is proof of successful hybridization. Failure, in turn, shows genetic crisis. The demonstration can be turned on its head with dangerous ease.

The point can, perhaps, be made most simply by contrasting "The Evolution of Man and Society" with "A History of Bubonic Plague in the British Isles" (Cambridge University Press). Professor J. F. D. Shrewsbury's monograph is almost as long as Darlington's *summa*. It deals with a single though very important point of interaction between biology and society. It is masterly in its scruple, in its analysis of the acute difficulties of judgment that arise even where evidence is precise and extensive. Seeing Shrewsbury grapple with the question of whether it is possible to assess the social, genetic impact of the Black Death in a single county, one comes to wonder at the assertive sweep of Darlington's conclusions.

BOTH the Alpbach Symposium and Darlington's history have been vehemently attacked. Many orthodox and experimental biologists have seen in Koestler's "holons" and in Waddington's picture of regulatory agents animist phantasms not much different from the oracular vapors of Teilhard de Chardin. The "Koestler clique" has been assailed for abandoning those very ideals of empirical verification and analytic determinism to which the natural sciences owe their prodigious advance. Recent progress in the laboratory reconstruction of the complex molecular chains of enzymes seems to represent precisely the approach that the Alpbach vitalists are rejecting. Darlington has been denounced as a racist. This charge cannot, I think, be sustained. But damaging critiques have been made both of his Spenglerian generalities and of specific details in his argument. Yet in the case of both books the sharpness of controversy points unmistakably to the importance of what is being said. Working outward from highly technical issues in genetics, biology, biochemistry, linguistics, Professor Darlington and the scientists who met at Alpbach have put forward suggestions that touch on almost every facet of human history and social conduct. Theirs is precisely that centrality of concern which so little of current philosophy and literature succeeds in communicating. I have no doubt that theories of "coding" and of "fields" will soon be extended more



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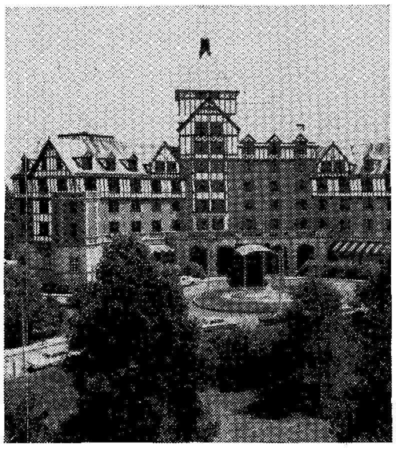

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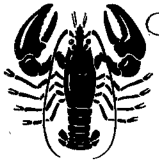

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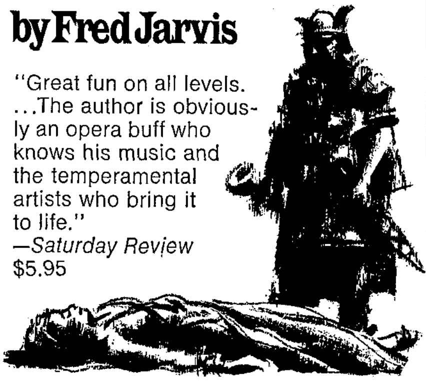

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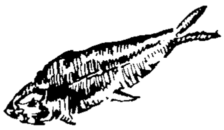

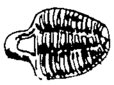

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and more to a reconsideration of art, of music, of social institutions. Already the biological disciplines, linguistics, and anthropology are working in close mutual awareness and with an often shared vocabulary. This is a revolution of perspective that concerns us all. The biogenetic and biosocial investigations now under way touch directly on the shape of our lives, on the beliefs we profess, on what expectations we may have of the survival of a sickened culture. The anti-reductionism of Alpbach may be no more than a polemic salvo in the early stages of a scientific revolution. Darlington calls his vast treatise "merely a sketch which raises more questions than it settles." Once raised, however, such questions will not rest.

The prospects are exhilarating but not without menace. Since the Renaissance, Western civilization has operated on the confident assumption that the needs of man, that the requirements of social justice and personal worth would prove to be in more or less natural accord with the discoveries of science. There might well be awkward patches, such as those caused by the excessive spread and pressure of industrial technology. But, all in all, man and the truth were companions. Certain trends in the life sciences now cast doubt on this assumption. It is as if the biochemical and biogenetic facts and potentialities we are now beginning to elucidate were waiting in ambush for man. It may prove to be that the dilemmas and possibilities of action they will pose are outside morality and beyond the ordering grasp of the human intellect. We seem to be standing in Bluebeard's castle. For the first time, the forward-vaulting intelligence of our species, so intricate yet so vulnerable a piece of systematic evolution, finds itself in front of doors it might be best to leave unopened. On pain of life.

—GEORGE STEINER

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Keeping New Hampshire and Vermont roads open in the winter is crucial to the state's economic wellbeing. Well-healed skiers travel from all over the East to enjoy the deep powder at Stowe, Killington, Cannon and Wildcat.—*Boston Globe.*

Some in plaster casts with autographs, a few on crutches.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

The Episcopal Churchwomen will present a spring fashion potpourri Passion tomorrow at St. Cyprian's Church, Turk and Lyon streets, from 4 to 6 p.m.

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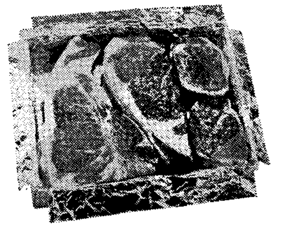

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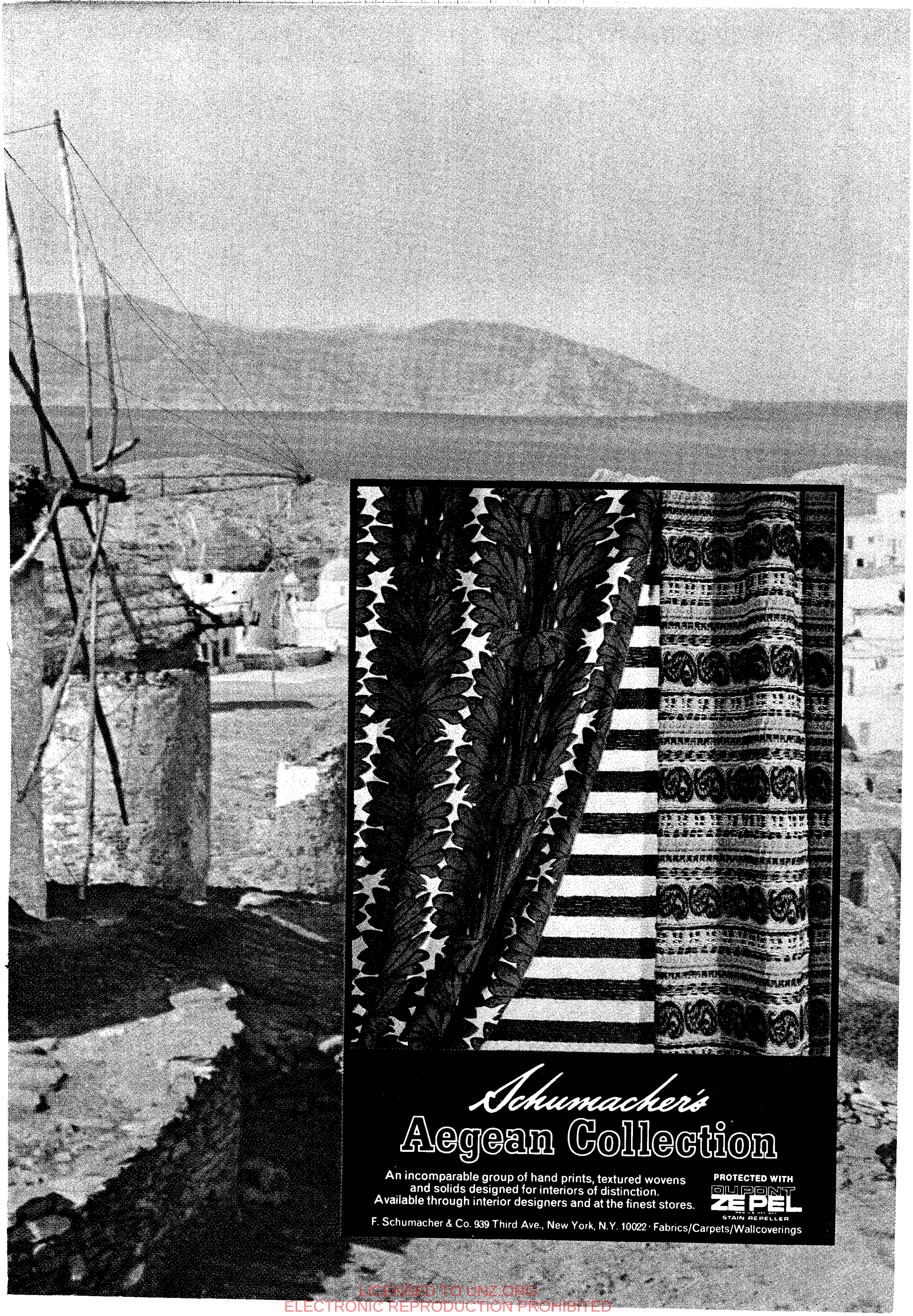

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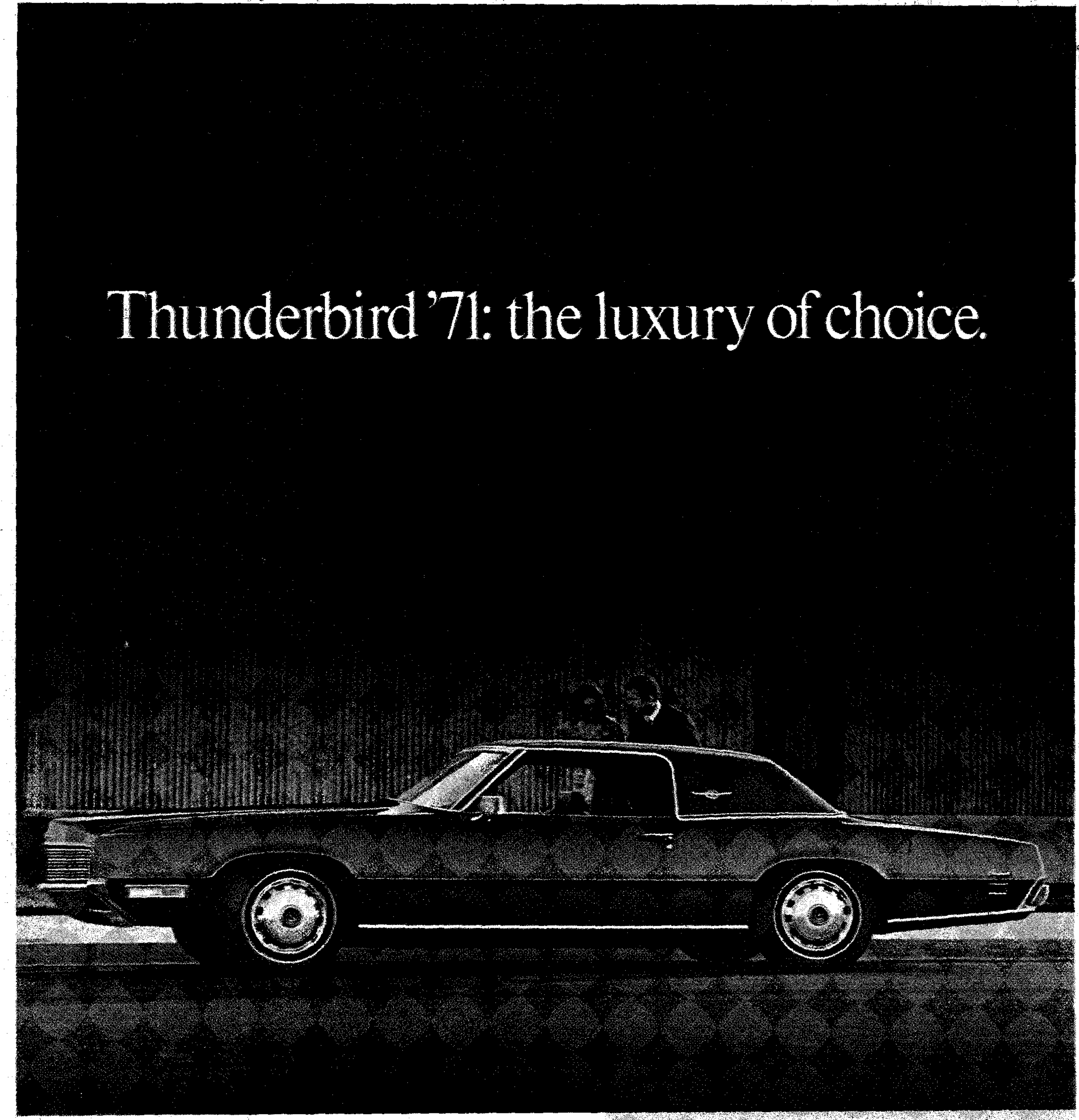

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